VOL. LXXXVIII NUMBER 1

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

July, 1930

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(*Scribner's Magazine is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*)

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

July 1930

VOL. LXXXVIII NO. I

Cotton Mill

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

A protest against an unbalanced view of industrial life. No other American writer, perhaps, could do so fine and understanding an article on the machine, and the people who run them and own them.

Of all the American industrial developments none I have seen excites me more than the cotton mill. The cotton mill—all of them I have seen are in the South—is usually housed in a long brick building. The building is as large as a city block. To this building the cotton comes in its bales from the gins. You go in. It is a little difficult to get into a Southern cotton mill these days. Cotton-mill owners and managers have become suspicious of writers. I wish they would not be suspicious of me. I would like to stay in such mills for long, long hours. I would like to go in day after day, to sit for hours watching the mechanical wonders of these places. To me modern industry is like an ocean, it is like a river in flood. It is irresistible. There is a Mississippi of machinery here. There is something stirring to the blood here. Here, in this Southern cotton mill I have come into, is one of the finest manifestations surely of the modern American mind. There is something singing here, something dancing. Here, in making this mill, man has created something as complex and strange as the growth of a tree or a stalk of corn. I am enamoured of it all. Little fingers seem playing over my nerves. See that doffer there. He is a workman. He has tuned his young body to the dance of the machine he attends. It frightens me a little when I think of him making those strange, rapid movements all day, in tune with that machine, but I am not he. I am a man out of another age. I am getting old. Old men are of no account. I do not understand my own sons. See that workman there. He is fitting all the movements of his young body to the rapid, jerky movements of that machine.

I would like to write prose like that. If I could write a volume of such prose and the writing of it shook me to pieces, so that I died, what would I care? I would like to make prose dance with the strange, rapid, jerky movements of these machines. I would like to make it dance as the machine dances and as that young cotton-mill doffer is dancing there. I would like to make it dance with the machine.

In here, in this mill, I forget the grim streets of this Southern mill town. I forget the tired "lint-heads" pouring out at the gates of the mill yard at night. I for-

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get the long, hot, sultry summer days in the mills, the dust and lint in the air. I am an American enamoured of the machine. In here something inside me dances with the machine.

You see here—in this cotton mill—it is a modern one—the cotton coming in. The bales are broken open. It is attacked by the pickers. They are loosening and shaking the baled cotton. They shake it out of the bales in which it has come from the gin, they roll and toss it, they pick at it, they shake it.

See, it is becoming a fluffy, rolling mass now.

It is, however, not clean; it is not shaken, loosened enough. The room is full of dust. Negroes work in here. Dust and dirt gather in great pans under the machines, the pickers. The bales have come directly from the fields to the mills. You know about the movement in the South, the great movement, the movement to take the cotton mill to the cotton fields.

The movement, when it started, sprang up all over the South. It came after the South had begun to recover a bit from the depressing effect of defeat in the Civil War and after reconstruction, after the Tragic Era.

The cotton barons of the old South had come near ruining agriculture over great spaces of the South. In the State of Georgia there are, I am told, millions of acres of unproductive land. The land, after the great cotton barons had passed on, was being cropped by tenant farmers, mostly blacks.

The people all over the South were poor. After the Civil War it was thought rather a disgrace to have money anywhere in the South. It meant you had not given all to the Cause. They have got well over that.

Besides the merchants, the professional men, and the blacks there was, from early days, a huge number of poor whites. These people had lived miserable lives. Their lot had been a sorry one in slavery days. It was worse afterward. They had fought for the old South and after Lee's surrender came home to live on the depleted land and in the hills. Every one has heard how they are of the purest Anglo-Saxon stock, what fine old Anglo-Saxon names are to be found among them, and all that. It is true enough that there are some fine human types. They are certainly not all fine. They stood absolutely still for a long time. America moved forward into the new industrial age but, until the coming of the cotton mill to the cotton fields, they did not move. As a class they were poor, uneducated and miserable. There was no money for education. The South was ruined. How can you have schools to educate people if you cannot tax the people or collect taxes? It is difficult to collect taxes from people who have nothing.

So there the South was and then the cotton mill came. A few mills had been established before the Civil War and, when intelligently managed, they had been profitable.

They were profitable in more ways than one. Besides bringing in money for their owners these early mills began at once to do something else. A few poor whites began to trickle into the mill towns. The mills began to bring into employment a class of people who, under the old Southern system—the labor in the fields being largely Negro labor—had been apparently quite useless, not taken into account. After all, only a very small percentage of the whites in the old South were slave owners. There weren't so many barons.

These early mill builders were often quite heroic men. They had to fight

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hard to get capital for the new and untried enterprise, they had to educate their labor to the work. Theirs was not an easy task.

The poor white labor was scattered. It lived in the hills. It lived in little, unpainted shacks out on the hot, red plains.

The people had to be gathered in, they had to be trained. Because most of the early mills were run by water power they were built on the banks of creeks and rivers, often far from the towns and cities.

It was necessary to build villages for the people. All of the early mills had their villages. A tradition was established and it is to be said for these early mill builders, the pioneers of the cotton-mill industry of the South, that from the beginning they realized the need of education for their people. It was the only way to raise the standard of workmen. The early mill-village children were worked at a tender age but this had been the old tradition of cotton mills. In New England mill children of twelve were being worked fourteen hours a day.

There was William Gregg, of Graniteville, in South Carolina. Doctor Broadus Mitchell of Johns Hopkins has written a book about Gregg. He was the master of one of the more famous pre-Civil War mills. Here he comes, down along a dusty Southern road on a spring day. He is coming from his own big house on a hill and is going to his mill, at Graniteville.

He is driving his horse Jim, both he and the horse being widely known in all that country, and sits there in his buggy, a huge figure of a man with a buggy whip in his hand. Surely, at any rate, here is not the typical figure of the old South as we, in the North, have been taught to see it. There is no long, black coat and black tie here. This man has not the orator's mouth.

It is a hard, strong-looking figure of a man with a shrewd eye. As you look at the man, see him in an old print, you at once begin thinking of sturdy determined Northern men who helped to bring on the industrial age—let's say Mr. Mark Hanna, of Ohio, or Cyrus McCormick, of Illinois.

Mr. Gregg is looking about him with a wary eye as he rides along the road. Now he sees a movement in the bushes. He climbs quickly from his buggy and dashes into a thicket.

Some boys of six or eight are hiding in the thicket, having seen him coming. They are playing hooky from the school set up by the mill. He drives them out. He is holding his buggy whip in his hand.

"Get out of here, you. To school with you. If I catch you again, not going to school, I'll take your hide off."

This William Gregg, who thus drives the children of the poor whites into his school house and later to the mill, will go on picnics with them. He will drive through his mill village in his buggy, back of his old gelding Jim, the buggy piled high with peaches and apples from his farm, throwing the peaches and apples to children running beside him in the road. He died at sixty-seven, after the Civil War, after he had re-established his mill, died of a sickness got standing all day to the waist in icy-cold water —it was in the winter—working among his workmen, repairing the broken dam that brought the power to the mill.

The Civil War came and went and the South was a destroyed South. The old cotton barons were gone now, the blacks were free. No one knew quite what to do with them and they did not know what to do with themselves. The South was broke. It was a wreck.

Then the people began a little to stir about. Life did go on. The Negroes were

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getting back to the land. Gradually the carpet-baggers were driven out. A new kind of Southern life began.

What began in the South then is going on now. The South had to make a complete readjustment.

There were the Negroes, brought thus suddenly into a new relationship with the whites. That problem had to be handled and it was a real problem. It isn't settled yet. In trying to settle it the South has had to go through terrible times. There have been outbursts of brutality, race riots, lynchings, queer cross-currents of religious and social prejudices of all kinds.

Out of the old South, however, something did survive. The new cotton mills survived. In some way, in some of the mills, after the Civil War, the wrecked machinery was repaired, money was found (at cruel rates of interest), new machinery was bought, dams were repaired, the wheels started turning again.

The South knew how to make cotton and at that time the boll weevil had not yet come. There was the land. The labor of the land, Negro labor, knew how to crop for cotton, how to tend it. Cotton came rolling in. The wheels in the mills turned. Profits began to trickle in.

The white South shook itself. It blinked. "Well, here's something," it cried.

The cotton mills were something for others besides the poor whites. Not every young man who wanted to rise could be a lawyer or a doctor. Already every Southern town was overloaded with young lawyers and doctors. The North had gone in for industrial development and wealth was pouring in. Men from the South, going North, looked about. The Civil War had passed, apparently almost unnoticed there. There were a few old soldiers standing about and telling war tales, politicians were waving the bloody shirt and there were parades, but new lands were being opened up, new factories being built everywhere, towns were springing up and everywhere great, brick school houses and colleges. "The mills will do it for the South too," the Southerners cried, going back South.

"Take the mills to the cotton fields."

"Take the mills to the cotton fields."

The industrial movement in the South took on something of the nature of a religious revival. There was Henry W. Grady, of *The Constitution,* at Atlanta, crying out of the new South. Even Northern schoolboys recited his rolling sentences. You may see his statue on a busy street in Atlanta now, not far from the press rooms of *The Constitution*—a short, strong, little figure of a man he was—he stands there with an arm raised, one foot advanced.

"There was a South. . . .

"There is a South. . . ."

The new South wasn't yet, in spite of these stirring cries, but it was in the air. Every one was in the movement, every Southern town wanted a cotton mill. American towns, North or South, have never yet had the courage to say to industries, "Come in but come in on decent terms." They have always let them come on any terms.

Capital was in some way found. The records for profits, under adverse conditions, made by the Southern mills that had survived the Civil War, brought in Northern capital. The East always has been financially friendly to the South.

There was labor, cheap white labor, plenty of it. White labor was poor, miserably poor. It could be had on almost any terms and pretty much can yet.

Mills and mill villages were built everywhere. The South is dotted with them. They are clustered about the edges of the larger cities, strangely isolated, set distinctly off from neighboring

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houses, they are in the very heart of big Southern American towns. Sometimes the mill village stands alone. It very near makes up a town. There are only a few houses, set outside the circle, and these are for the necessary white men, the mill superintendents, doctors and others. There is a sense in which the mill hands of the South are not white men. They are "lint-heads." The mill village is not a village. It is a hill. It matters not how level the land on which it stands, it is on a hill. The mill village is called "Mill Hill."

The cotton mill is a complex thing. Here is this cotton, brought into the mill in its bales. The machines begin to handle it. They roll and toss it. Now it has begun to move forward in the mill, a moving snowy mass.

As it moves forward the machines caress it, they stir it—iron fingers reach softly and tenderly down to it.

The cotton has come into the mill still impregnated with the dust of the fields. There are innumerable little black and brown specks in it. Tiny particles of trash from the fields, bits of the dry, brown cotton boll, cling to it, tiny ends of sticks are enmeshed in it.

The cotton gin has removed the seed but there are these particles left.

The fibre of the cotton is delicate and short.

Here is a great machine, weighing tons. See the great wheels, the iron arms moving, feel the vibrations in the air now, all the little iron fingers moving. See how delicately the fingers caress the moving mass. They shake it, they comb it, they caress it.

Every movement here is designed to cleanse the cotton, making it always whiter and cleaner, and to lay the delicate fibres of the mass, more and more, into parallel lines.

And now it is clean and has begun to emerge from the larger machines in a thin film. You have been in the fields in the early morning and have seen how the dew on the spider webs, spun from weed-top to weed-top, shines and glistens in the morning sun. See how delicate and fragile it is.

But not more delicate or film-like, not more diaphanous, than the thin sheet now emerging from yonder huge machine. You may pass your hand under the moving sheet. Look through it and you may see the lines in the palm of your hand.

Yonder great ponderous machine did that. Man made that machine. He made it to do that thing. There is something blind or dead in those of us who do not see and feel the wonder of it.

What delicacy of adjustment, what strength with delicacy. Do you wonder that the little mill girls—half children, some of them—many of them I have seen with such amazingly delicate and sensitive faces—do you wonder that they are half in love with the machines they tend, as modern boys are half in love with the automobiles they drive?

I myself have heard mill girls talk. I have sat with them in rooms in their houses in the mill villages talking. They are almost always tired. The great body of these girls and women in Southern mills work twelve hours a day, sixty hours a week. They are, by any decent modern standard of living, criminally underpaid and often criminally young for such work. No doubt there is being done through them, through this exploitation of the young white working womanhood of the South, what the cotton barons once did to so many thousands of acres of the Southern soil. They are being depleted, sapped of their strength while they are young.

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They talk, always of the mills. They speak of the low wages and long hours, but that is often but a passing phase of their talk. They are quite hopeless about any remedy for that now. "There are so many of us wanting work," they say. "There are so many of us."

They speak of that but you should see the fire in their eyes when they speak of the superintendent or the mill owner who does not know how to run his mill, who does not know how to keep the machines clean and in order, who is not up to the efficiency of the machines. There is American scorn of the bad mechanic in every one I have heard talk.

But now the thin sheet, the diaphanous film-like sheet that has come from the more ponderous of the machines—quite clean now, the fibres lying in their parallel lines—comes forth and gathers itself together to be spun. It passed over and, by some inner convolutions too complex for my brain, about a flying spool.

It has emerged from the great machine in a thread as large as my finger, soft and fluffy.

Now it begins to travel, faster, faster, faster. The thread flies through the air. It darts down into other machines and emerges again. It flies on and on. It flies in the air. It is picked up by iron fingers. It is caressed by rolls covered with leather made from the tender bellies of sheep. It is elongated. It is twisted. The air in the great room is filled with the flying thread.

The room is as large as a city block.

There are flying belts everywhere.

Long rows of spools whirl and clatter.

Fingers, like the fingers of a violin virtuoso, touch it.

They pick it up.

They grasp it.

Two threads are twisted into one.

Now four, now six, now eight, now ten.

The thread breaks and a little mill girl springs forward.

Her quick fingers clutch it.

They twist it, they tie it.

On it goes.

(A conversation overheard.)

"Jim, did you see the face of that kid down there? Look at the forced intensity of the eyes. The eyes look tired, don't they?"

"Well, it is a killing pace. Faster, faster, faster. We are sure nuts on speed, Joe."

"The speed-up, eh? Sure."

"Well, cotton is still king. Long live the king."

"Do you know, Jim, that they speak of kids like that in this town as 'trash, Crackers, lint-heads,' do you know that travelling salesmen, insurance agents, soda fountain clerks, a lot of gabby guys, that couldn't do nothing with their hands, have contempt for such kids?"

"Does she do that all day, Joe?"

"Sure, Jim, she can't take a chance on losing her job, can she?

"Take a look at these machines, Jim, listen to them. You don't think they can stop, do you, because a kid like that is a little tired, because maybe she's sick? If she can't stand the gaff let her get out of the way. There's plenty of kids."

The thread is moving. It is getting firmer and harder. It flies here and there faster and faster. Watch and, if you are made that way, you will think of gulls flying.

You know how the gulls above the red river, down at Savannah, whirl and dive and fall and rise.

The thread you see flying there will make cord to tie Christmas packages, it

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will make cord for fish nets, it will make thread for weaving fine cloth and rough cloth, firm soft cloth and hard cloth. It will make a thousand kinds of cloth, ten thousand kinds. The journey of the spun thread has just begun.

II

It is with an odd feeling of futility that a man interested in modern industry, sensing something of its possibilities, moved by the strength and power of its marching stride through the world contemplates the attitude taken toward it by so many of our modern American writers. To be quite in line now a man should be quite hopeless of everything American and surely America is industrial. There the factories are. They are everywhere. They have crept out through the Middle West. They are invading town after town of the South.

The factories are there and they have walls, too many walls. Nowadays more and more of them have fences built about them. Every one speaks of them in an impersonal way. It is too much taken for granted that all of this marvellous American advance in the manufacture of goods means nothing, that there is, in the American people, in the American character, nothing that may eventually turn all this to account.

We see communistic Russia striving desperately to industrialize. What does that mean?

The attitude toward the factories and industrialism is too much like the present popular attitude toward the American small town.

We all remember that, a few years ago, there was published here a certain very popular novel built about an American small town. It has been read all over the world. It has made a certain definite fixed picture of life in the American small town in innumerable minds.

It is because I am interested in labor and industry as I am in the small town that I speak of this matter. It is because a particular book brought to a kind of focus a general attitude here toward all American small towns and all life in American small towns.

So there it was. The book came into my hands on a certain summer afternoon. I got it at a book store one day several years ago (the windows were piled full of them) and went with it in my hand to a certain house. I sat down in a room in the house and began to read.

There is no doubt the book was done with a certain skill. As I read, people passed before me in its pages and when I lifted my eyes certain living people, seen through a window, passed before me along the streets of the town I was in. In the pages of the book held in my hand that day people were living their lives. I remember yet the peculiar feeling of disdain the lives of these people gave me. I had myself always been a small-town man. On the whole I like the people I have found in American small towns and have many friends among them. I like to hang about the court houses of small towns, go to ball games there, go fishing with small-town men in the spring and hunting with them in the fall. I like to go to county fairs and the Fourth of July celebration. At night, when the moon is shining, I like to get with some small-town man and take a walk with him on a country road, preferably in the hills.

But let us return to the town of the book. I haven't a copy of that book with me as I sit writing of it but I remember a man back of an ugly little house on a side street, shaking ashes through an ash sifter.

I remember hot and dusty places. The

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air is filled with heavy, rank smells. I remember pretentious people, mentally dishonest people.

When I think of the book town people are always, it seems to me, spitting on the floor. Rotarians are always making speeches. I smell people's unwashed feet. I do not mean to suggest that all these details are in the book, but what I am trying to suggest here is the effect the book had on one man's mind. I am trying to suggest the kind of memories and feelings for the American small town left in the mind of every man to whom I have ever spoken of this book.

We have got, through this type of American literature, this picture of the American small town. It abounds in Rotarians who are always Rotarians. They are always absurdly boastful and hopeful, never discouraged, never tender about anything or anybody, never human. I am not saying that this kind of writer has worked with this end in view. I am telling what has happened. They have made for us towns in which no grass ever grows. Grapes and apples never ripen there. There are no spring rains. They are towns to which no ball teams ever come, no circus parade. I am convinced that, to a large extent, the success of books, written in this tone, is due to just that quality in them that arouses people's contempt. There is that streak in all of us. We all adore hating something, having contempt for something. It makes us feel big and superior.

And how does this concern the field of labor?

I have seen recently a sample of what can be done in the field of Southern industry. A certain well-known and very popular writer recently issued a small book about the cotton mills. As I understand the matter the writer went to a town in the South in the employ of a certain newspaper syndicate. There was a terrible situation there. Certain people, mill hands, were fighting for better working conditions in the mill. They wanted, of course, better wages and shorter hours. A strike was called.

The strike was called at night when the night shift was on and the workers, men and women who had left the mill, gathered about the mill gate. This was in the early morning, in the gray dawn. The strikers at the mill gate tried to stop the workers of the day shift from passing through the gate. The sheriff, with his deputies, had been called.

A struggle started and five or six workers were killed. It is said they were all shot in the back as they were fleeing from the scene. It is about this incident that the story of Southern industry, as told in the booklet, is built.

It is a booklet that sets forth the wrongs of labor, and I have no quarrel with that. It attacks certain people, mill managers, a certain merchant and others. Let these people look out for themselves. All the usual stage figures, so commonly used nowadays in writing of the small town, are in this town. There are, of course, the Kiwanians and the Rotarians. There are bullies swaggering through the streets.

It is like so many of this kind of books and magazine articles. You can't quarrel with its facts, only it does not tell enough facts. This sort of thing is no doubt good reporting of certain phases of life now in all American towns and, in particular, of our industrial towns. It is good reporting of certain phases of life now in towns and cities all over the industrial world.

It is good reporting and it is to my mind very bad reporting. There are too many bullies, too many Kiwanians.

For example, in the description of the Southern town to which I refer, there

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is a lot of space devoted to a certain lady stockholder of the mill. We are given a quick, sketchy picture of the woman. She, it seems, is a maiden lady who sits, I presume in a great house, somewhere in a distant city, and receives dividend checks. From time to time she is presumed to issue orders. The screws are put to the little mill girls of the South at her command. It is this kind of writing that seems to be all nonsense, and that is at the bottom of the harm such ink-slinging can do.

To my mind this particular rich woman (I know nothing of her, but let us take her as a type) is simply an American woman who has money.

But who makes money more easily than some of our popular American writers? I cannot help wondering in what stocks and bonds they invest.

There is this unknown maiden lady of a distant city who has this money invested in a cotton mill. Let us say she inherited it. She may never have been in a mill town. As an individual, put into personal touch with one of the little mill girls, she might well be more moved, more personally sympathetic than the writer who uses her as a kind of terrible example.

Labor in America, and in particular in the South, has got a long struggle ahead of it. The situation is infinitely complex. As we all know the coming of the machine and the constant improvement of the machine has everywhere intensified the problem of American life. The machine—and at work it is a gorgeously beautiful thing—is every year throwing more and more men and women out of employment.

And out of all this situation what will we get from much of the writing about the Southern labor situation? We will get new people to hate. A few individuals, a few mill managers will be selected. We will be made to feel that he or she is to blame.

American people need now, more than they ever did need anything in the whole span of our complex civilization, to realize that working people are people. They need to know that the woman investor in a cotton mill is just a woman, caught in the trap as we are all caught. They need to know that the little mill girl, flying about down there, so intense, so weary sometimes, beneath that huge beautiful machine, is a little girl. They need to know that she is exactly like your daughter and my daughter. The travelling salesman needs to know that, the Rotarian, the mill owner, the intellectual.

As to a particular woman investor in the stock of a cotton mill, selected here as a type, I know nothing of her, but a few days ago, as an experiment, I went with her case into a mill village.

It was a Sunday afternoon. There was a little mill girl I had met who lived in the worst mill village in the Southern city I was in, a mill village of which the other mill owners of the city were all ashamed, and I went to see her.

Her father was ill. He was an old workman lying on a cheap bed in a cheap, ugly room. I sat in the chair beside his bed. The day was cold and gray, and there was a small fire burning in a fire-place. The old workman had hurt his back, lifting a bale of cotton in the mill, and said he would have to stay in bed for two or three weeks. I passed him a cigarette and we smoked.

It was just such a house and such a mill village as I had seen described in many of the articles about mill towns. The walls of the room were dirty. There were old newspapers pasted on the walls to keep out the cold.

The old workman's daughter sat there, and during the afternoon other

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girls, all mill girls, all lint-heads, came and went. There were fat girls and slim girls. Some of the girls had coarse sensual faces, while the faces of others were fine and sensitive. They were just people.

And so I took up with them the case of our lady investor. I described her position, gave her a fictitious name. I spoke bitterly of her. I blamed her for the poverty of the mill village in which they lived. They did not know who owned the mill in which they worked. I pretended my fictitious lady owned it.

We discussed her. One of the girls laughed. I remember that she had just explained that she was tired. She couldn't have been over fifteen. All of these girls worked in that particular mill twelve hours a day. "I never do get rested," she said.

She laughed about my fictitious lady and her case. "I'd sure like to have a million dollars myself," she said. "I wouldn't speak to any of you kids," she laughed at the others.

"Gee, but I would wear swell clothes," she said.

Again I brought the conversation back to my rich woman investor. "Ah, you let her alone," the girls said. They were all agreed that she should not be thus attacked.

"Ah, you let her alone," they said, "what does she know about us?"

Again I have returned to the mill. I am in a weaving room now. It is another huge room. This room is a forest of belts. The belts, hundreds of them in this one room, go up to the ceiling as straight as pine trees in a Georgia wood.

They are flying, flying, flying.

There are fifteen hundred looms in here. This mill has fifty thousand spindles. The looms are not so large. They come up to a man's waist.

They clatter and shout. They talk like a million blackbirds in a field. Here, in this room, as everywhere in modern industry, there is something vibrant in the air. The inside of such a room is like the inside of a piano, being played furiously. It is like the inside of an automobile, going at eighty miles an hour.

All modern industry is like that. We who stand aside from it know nothing. (Most of us do stand aside. We know nothing about it.) It is only these women in this room, these boys, these young girls, these dim figures that come here in the dawn, stumbling along the streets of mill villages—some of the villages quite neat, well-built villages, with paved streets and flowers in the yard—others horrible enough—these people stumbling home at night filled with a weariness unknown to us who do not stand all day by these machines, these are the ones who know.

Drive a high-powered automobile at sixty miles an hour, twelve hours a day for twelve months. That will tell you something.

How can a man stand for even an hour in the presence of modern machinery and not get into his own being at least some desire for something of the balance, the delicacy, the truth that in some queer way do lie in the machine?

I am protesting against an unbalanced view of modern industrial life. I protest against the point of view that sees nothing in the small town but Rotarians and boosters, that sees nothing in industry but devils and martyrs, that does not see people as people, realizing that we are all caught in a strange new kind of life.

Is this man, this mill superintendent, showing me through this mill, a brute? Is every man and woman in America who owns stock in a mill thereby outside the human circle?

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It is true perhaps that these people do not see what all this modern, gorgeous machinery is doing to people. Who does see?

There is, in a recent article I have seen regarding a Southern mill town where there was a strike, the figure of a little merchant. He is a little brute. Often the merchants of these small towns where there are mills do turn against labor when labor is in trouble, when labor is striving to better its conditions.

But in the article to which I refer the particular merchant is again taken as a type of all American small-town merchants. He swaggers up and down the lobby of a small hotel. He calls people names. He tells what he would do to labor if he had a chance.

He is but one figure. Right now, in towns all over the South—the textile industry being in the slack period, many people being out of work—are quiet, small merchants who are going broke, giving credit to down-and-out mill people they know can never pay.

Let me repeat again. American people need, more than they have ever needed anything else, to realize that working people, in factories and mills everywhere, and the industrialist too, are people.

Let us return for a moment to the American small town. A moment ago I spoke of a certain book, taken as a type, that has created a certain impression. We have to presume that any writer, writing thus of life in American small towns, getting small-town life so, got his impression from the small town from which he himself came. He must have seen his home town as an ugly place and so all towns became ugly to him. The conclusion seems inevitable.

There it is.

There is a young painter living in the city of New York. He works there at night in a stockbroker's office. When he is not too tired he tries to paint in his room during the day. Once, by chance, I saw a painting of his. I bought the painting. I own it now.

The painting was of fruit in a basket. There were apples in the basket and pears and peaches and grapes. A bottle sat on a table. I bought the painting because it seemed to me that the young man had painted apples because he felt apples. He felt the ripeness of grapes, the flesh of peaches.

He was a young painter who, having no money and wanting to paint in the daytime, worked at night. He dreamed of a day coming when he would not be tired. "Perhaps I will really paint a little then," he said. He spoke of open fields, of apples growing on trees. He spoke of red apples fallen on dry, gray grass in an orchard in the fall.

He spoke of many things and among others of a country from which he had come as a young boy, and to which he hopes some day to return. "I want to go back there," he said. "I want to paint there."

He spoke of river valleys and of creeks at the edge of his native town. It was an American town. He said willows grew along the creek. He spoke of white farmhouses seen through trees, of white farmhouses clinging to the sides of hills.

"There is something to paint there," he said. "If I ever get money enough I'll go back there and I'll stay there."

"It is a lovely town," he said, and I speak of this young man here because, by an odd chance, my young painter came from the very town from which had come the writer mentioned above who, we must conclude, by the way in which he has written of the American small town, has hated it so.

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Not satisfied with the offerings of Bertrand Russell and other men who tell women what they should desire, a woman presents her own idea of the millennium.

Came the Millennial Dawn

BY JUANITA TANNER

SCATTERED over various parts of our fair land, but more numerous in suburban districts, are the followers of Charles Taze ("Pastor") Russell, late prophet of a new religion. Concentrated in urban centres are the disciples of Mr. Bertrand Russell, the very-much-alive prophet of a new social order. Besides similarity of name the two movements have in common an expectation of what the older, the religious one, has happily denominated millennial dawn.

The millennium of Mr. Russell differs considerably from that contemplated by Pastor Russell. But they appeal to the public on somewhat similar grounds: historical references to show the errors of established orthodoxy, recitation of familiar precepts with a new application, and, finally, interpretation of "signs of the times" in terms of further upheaval along lines favored by the prophet.

Eagerness of converts to accept the interpretation is usually in proportion to their dissatisfaction with the established system. As most of us are at the moment quite dissatisfied with the views of marriage and morals left over from the last century, it is natural that Mr. Russell should receive a good deal of attention. And, indeed, so far as his historical references and his major moral precepts—*i. e.,* that love is preferable to jealousy, that self-control for the sake of the children is admirable, and that hypocrisy is unintelligent—almost any one must agree with him.

Mr. Russell's "signs of the times" are also accurately enough observed. He points to the well-known facts that women, having attained some political and economic freedom, have claimed their right to a masculine freedom of personal behavior, and that they have demonstrated thereby an unexpected flair for sex combined with a distaste for motherhood. It is only when he interprets these signs in terms of further upheaval that the real argument begins.

And then Mr. Russell appears to stand in almost as much danger as his predecessors the Victorian moralists in beckoning both men and women to a heaven that is not at all what the women want. They will listen, of course, with interest when he tells them that he believes—

"The proper course, if the biological functions of marriage were adequately recognized, would be to say that no marriage should be legally binding until the wife's first pregnancy.

"If a girl is expected to be a virgin when she marries, it will very often happen that she is trapped by a transient or

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trivial sex attraction which a woman with sex experience could easily distinguish from love.

"When a marriage is fruitful, and both parties to it are reasonable and decent, the expectation ought to be that it will be lifelong, but not that it will exclude other sex relations."

But modern women will see that in its picture of the wife tied as ever by maternity and deprived of even her immemorial right to complain of a man's derelictions, Mr. Russell's heaven is after all merely a man's heaven, enshrining man's old vision of mother and child. His madonna is not a virgin and so cannot demand perpetual loyalty, but she smiles even more reassuringly for that. Such, at least, would appear to be the effect upon the masculine worshipper, though I do not, of course, know how many of them will realize the extent of their advantages under Mr. Russell's system.

Women, however, have learned to be suspicious of any terms offered them. In spite of the apparent novelty of Mr. Russell's presentation it will, I believe, be difficult to stir them to admiration of a rosy dawn which somehow bears close resemblance to that familiar home fire over which a wife cooks breakfast for a straying husband and warms the baby's morning milk. Marriage for parenthood, with romantic satisfactions to be sought elsewhere, can hardly fulfil feminine ideals; as one member of the practically minded sex put it, "It's as if you worked for one company and drew your salary from another."

For if the truth is to be told, a modern woman seldom wants marriage for the sake of children even with the privilege of extraneous lovers. What she usually wants is marriage without children, marriage to the man of her choice and fervent, faithful, lifelong devotion from him. And so, departing from the tradition which taught women so to dissimulate regarding their preferences as to mislead even wiser men than Mr. Russell, I should like to sketch roughly the outlines of a millennium better adapted to feminine desires. Briefly, the plan is marriage for romance and extramarital parenthood for those who want that.

While at first glance this suggestion may seem surprising, the fact is that it can be defended on Mr. Russell's own grounds, not only as a better interpretation of those signs of the times already mentioned, but as better fulfilling his moral concern for real love, the welfare of children, and the improvement of adult society.

Nowadays it seems hardly necessary to prove that women have an interest in marriage quite unconnected with parenthood. Mr. Russell points out that "Maternal emotions altogether have been so long slobbered over by men who saw in them subconsciously the means to their own domination that a considerable effort is required to arrive at what women sincerely feel in this respect." He is, nevertheless, able to observe that "There is a theory that the desire for children is commoner among women than among men, but my own impression, for what it is worth, is exactly the contrary. In a very large number of modern marriages the children are a concession on the part of the woman to the man's desires. A woman, after all, has to face labor and pain and possible loss of beauty in order to bring a child into the world, whereas a man has no such grounds for anxiety." This seems sound enough, and those who wish to supplement Mr. Russell's conclusions with feminine testimony will find it in Doctor Lorine Pruette's book "Women and Leisure," or in recent articles by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. Authorities

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on both sides are agreeing that maternally minded women are so, consciously or not, either to land and hold a husband (since, as Mr. Russell also observes, "Many men are shocked by women who frankly state that they do not desire children"), or, as Mrs. Bromley suggests, to console themselves for an unsatisfactory marriage.

And yet, though he perceives these things, Mr. Russell strangely overlooks their implications when he proposes to forbid the banns until a willingness to have children is proved. Perhaps his intention is to rehabilitate motherhood by making it the reward of marriage, or to discourage marriage by making motherhood its certain accompaniment. In either case I am certain that my own plan better interprets present trends which show large increase in the use of contraceptives but no decrease in marriage.

On the other hand, we must not forget that there are, perhaps, some few women actually possessed of those maternal ambitions so common in fiction and so rare in real life. Under my plan they are, of course, free to indulge in child-bearing to their hearts' content, with no painful waiting for a husband, simply by entering the class of professional mothers. True, they would in most cases be separated from their children, who would be cared for either by the state (Mr. Russell's nursemaid in emergencies) or by the fathers and their wives. But one may venture to suggest that when the mother's reluctance to be separated from her child did not prove more traditional than real, arrangements for further contact could be made. At least the deprivation might be balanced in genuinely maternal minds by the certainty of a reward for child-bearing and proper maintenance before and after the event, in keeping with Mr. Russell's observation that "a high civilization will not in future be possible to maintain unless women are paid such sums for the production of children as to make them feel it worth while as a money-making career."

To some, perhaps, the feminine ideal of faithful marriage without motherhood may seem an impossibility from the point of view that men, though they may try to conceal it, are naturally polygamous. To this there is but one reply: that the man who sees happiness in terms of children and a wife who will condone his extramarital adventures wants an impossibility, because women, though nowadays they may strive to overcome the tendency, are naturally monogamous.

That modern women are quick to take on the liberty of experience Mr. Russell recommends is obvious enough. But so many of them, it seems, take it on as they take on motherhood, as a well-advertised means of holding the one man. When a modern fiancée says, "Of course, dear, we'll both be free after marriage," what she means is, "I believe you may be held more easily on a loose rein." To be sure there are now, as formerly, women who marry for convenience and expect to find their real interests elsewhere. There are women who, though they expect to keep one man permanently tied, are greedy enough to demand admiration from all others. There are woman-hating women who go after men in a spirit of competition, and there are feminists who go in for plural love-affairs in grim determination to do what men do as long as men do it. But none of these feminine misfits are candidates for millennial society, which must be organized for the normal average. And the normal woman wants monogamy provided only that she can find the right man and

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keep him sufficiently interested—which to her means exclusively interested.

The origin of this state of mind is no doubt to be found in the centuries of oppression during which a woman was one man's property as long as he pleased; that is, as long as she pleased him. Variety of experience thus became associated with feminine failure, while continuous relations with the same man were a mark of success. Masculine property rights are as logically responsible for the impulse toward polygamy in men, since the ability to conquer by force or obtain by purchase a succession of women became at the same time a matter for masculine pride. One instinct then is as old as the other.

Discovery of a common origin for inclinations apparently diverse in one sense supports Mr. Russell's basically correct assumption that men and women have similar desires. That is, both are subject to human vanity and a human desire to have the greatest success at the least cost. What Mr. Russell has overlooked is that in the good old days of masculine supremacy the conditions were such that identical vanity and desire produced opposite definitions of success. Moreover, an identical human response to tradition now perpetuates these opposite definitions. Exactly as Mr. Russell complains that women are falsely moulded into monogamous conservatism, so the monogamist can retort that men are falsely educated into a tradition of gallantry which represents serial relations as only proper.

But if these opposing views originate in common vanity and are continued by common inertia, why, a woman must inquire, honor one above another? Why should the masculine fashion of successive favors, cotillon fashion, be preferred to the feminine plan of one partner?

When informed ever so tactfully by Mr. Russell that "Each party should be able to put up with such temporary fancies as are always liable to occur, provided the underlying affection remains intact. The psychology of adultery has been falsified by conventional morals, which assume, in monogamous countries, that attraction to one person cannot coexist with a serious affection for another. Everybody knows this is untrue," a woman, even a modern woman, feels the same distrust her great-grandmother must have felt for the same specious excuse. No doubt a man's serious affection, if Mr. Russell says so, is undamaged by his dalliance with other attractions. But his wife's serious affection for him is another matter; and though she may be enlightened enough to agree with Mr. Russell that fornication is no longer sin, she can hardly escape the natural feminine conviction that for the man she wants to want another woman is sheer idiocy.

As for the invitation to adopt masculine methods of experiment solely for the sake of experience, this appears to any daughter of Eve as a slur on her own intelligence. Whatever her motives for experiment may be, they will not be to educate herself in what she has been taught from infancy to consider her natural province.

But the very confidence in her own judgment which makes valueless the idea of educational experiment impels an honest woman to covet an even more important masculine privilege, that of taking the initiative in social relationships. I mentioned the present necessity for painful waiting for a husband even by women so admirable, from the point of view of masculine sentiment, as to desire children. Anguished suppression of impulse to upset the sacred convention that man proposes has probably wrecked more feminine nerves than

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sexual suppression ever troubled. Indeed, it is possible to interpret much contemporary feminine gallantry as a wish to take the initiative, since it is obviously easier for a girl to invite informal relations than to propose marriage. To a man it may seem not only easier but safer, but the modern woman is not looking for chivalry to shield her from hazards.

Mr. Russell makes no effort to solve this serious problem by offering to share a freedom which, extended without stigma of shame, would mean infinitely more to most women than sexual experience similarly unstigmatized. A detail of my plan is, therefore, substitution for Mr. Russell's sharing of the right to premarital experiment a sharing of the right to make marital overtures. Just as Mr. Russell presumably suspects that a certain amount of premarital experiment does go on, I do not doubt that women are actually taking the initiative, as they always have, whenever they are clever enough to do it under cover; but in my own way I share Mr. Russell's desire that matters proceed with that frankness so dear to the modern mind. As he feels alarmed over the ignorance of conventionally nice women who may be "trapped by a transient or trivial sex attraction" because they are denied freedom of experiment, so I have occasionally felt alarmed by the helplessness of nice men under the convention which by forbidding direct feminine approach encourages a far more dangerous indirection.

Let us, however, now leave selfish considerations of individual happiness for the larger moral issues mentioned by Mr. Russell—the dignity of love, the welfare of children, and the improvement of adult society.

As Mr. Russell's plan is based on the masculine theory that real love demands freedom from jealousy, so mine is based on the feminine theory that it demands unswerving loyalty. Since to intelligent people loyalty implies freedom from jealousy, the feminine view must be given credit for retaining both virtues.

Mr. Russell introduces another consideration affecting the quality of love in his theory that love is dignified by a biological purpose, reaching its height in a dutiful determination to have children, and that love without this goal is "trivial." But even in Mr. Russell's millennium he foresees that it may be necessary to urge upon too populous districts a prohibitive system of birth control, which would seem to reduce all love in such localities to a trivial basis. Surely if the dignity of love is to be preserved from merely geographical and economic dangers, we must find for it a basis more permanent than parenthood.

Dignity, in Mr. Russell's mind, is evidently the reward of endurance; he appears to feel that love is dignified by surviving the trials and self-denials inseparable from having children. That is, he associates dignity with trouble. The point is, whose trouble? Women who feel that where children are concerned they are apt to have more than their share will remember that another form of endurance, which has the advantage of being mutual, may be exhibited by those who survive the trials and self-denials inseparable from monogamy.

Mr. Russell next points out advantages to children in his scheme of preserving the parental relationship by extramarital romance. I can point out even greater advantages to them in preserving marital romance by extramarital parenthood. In the first place, as Mr. Russell has observed, while men are still moved by paternal impulse, civi-

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lized women are less and less interested in motherhood. This means either that men must marry only unintelligent women willing to be mothers or intelligent women willing to be mothers only for the sake of being married. Unfortunately, the children thus have the alternative of stupidity or reluctance on the distaff side.

In my millennium there would, of course, be no unwilling mothers, because motherhood would cease to be the penalty of marriage. While women who chose to become professional mothers without marriage might be unintelligent, at least as unmarried professionals they would be protected from those private family exploitations of stupidity which prove injurious to the child. Moreover, as between being born of and brought up by an unintelligent mother and birth alone followed by separation and intelligent upbringing, the latter is clearly preferable.

Under the system I propose the rearing of children might, as under Mr. Russell's plan, be one object of marriage, though it would not be its sole object. Normally no doubt children born outside would be brought into the father's home at an early age, thus freeing the professional mother for her next undertaking and giving the children the advantages of home training without those disadvantages which both Freudians and Behaviorists so convincingly attribute to maternal possessiveness.

If it be objected that the wife would not welcome her husband's children merely because she was not their mother, I must condemn such narrow-mindedness as vigorously as Mr. Russell condemns jealousy of the husband's extramarital romance. And I am willing to bet Mr. Russell a wedding-ring to a rattle that, given a choice between sharing her husband's romantic affection with another woman and having him go elsewhere to indulge his troublesome philoprogenitive impulses, the average modern woman would prefer the latter.

When we come to consider the advantages to adult society, Mr. Russell says proudly that his plan would abolish prostitution, except in those cases when a man must travel alone, and would place the whole matter of casual love on a less sordid basis. I can improve on this: my plan would abolish prostitution entirely (for wives who were not mothers but working partners would travel with their husbands) and substitute for both professional and amateur prostitutes a class of professional mothers who, far from sharing the prostitute's heritage of odium, would enjoy all the honor immemorially accorded motherhood.

So much for the moral advantages. To many minds other arguments, both pro and con, will no doubt occur. I am sorry that space forbids my stating, much less weighing, them all here. I can only say that whatever the faults of my little millennium, it is at least as good as—maybe even better than—Mr. Russell's.

Is the woman movement bankrupt? Are college women heading toward race suicide? "The Woman Movement: One Hundred Years Later," by Gerald Carson, and "College Girls and Marriage," by a college woman who is married, will appear in early numbers.

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Modern hero-worship has centred on the "big operator" in stocks. Since bankers have succeeded railroad men as dominant figures in finance, a new type of broker has appeared. Do gardenias and spats go with the public's idea of the tense drama on the floor of the Stock Exchange on ten-million-share days?

These Brokers

BY EARL SPARLING

A NATION, even one subsisting on a dead economic level, must have romance. It must have, if not heroes, at least hero-worship—the same thing, for heroes belong as much to psychology as to history.

And thus, as might be expected in a land that has accumulated three-fourths of the world's gold, a delusion persists that Wall Street is, as one writer put it recently, "the most glamorous, tumultuous stretch of roadway and buildings in this country."

The idea would seem to be that it is a very turbulent, exciting place indeed and that yawning at life is something its fiefholders, the brokers, have never yet done.

Now in words and in theory Wall Street is all of that. Men win and lose millions there daily. Stocks crash and soar. Bears battle bulls. Raids and rallies and booms and panics are turned out almost as fast as Hollywood turns out super-productions.

All of which is thrilling. It is thrilling whether told in front-page head-lines or in professorial phrases. It is doubtful if there are words in the dictionary to describe a technical corner in Radio, for example, and a 61-point rise in four days, without making it sound like a riot.

But words are not Wall Street. The truth is that Wall Street as a scene, not a symbol, is one of the dullest places on earth. The floor of the New York Stock Exchange, putatively the centre of all the turbination, is about as exciting as a chapter by John Dewey or a speech by Herbert Hoover.

Doctored up in the vaguely profound philosophical fashion now popular, the difference between what Wall Street is and is supposed to be could be given a long string of relational meanings and implications. Any esoteric rediscoverer of America, half-way hopped up with Spenglerianism, could prove that here is a real American tragedy—a people attempting to glorify an inglorious economic preoccupation, a nourishment-civilization trying nostalgically to believe itself a hero-civilization, or, in short, the very distillation of that national compensation voiced in the catchword "romance of business."

If immediacy is still acceptable, the whole thing can be put on a much simpler basis. The delusion continues, at least in large part, because so few of America's millions have ever seen Wall Street and because, of those who have ventured there, only an insignificant fraction have ever put foot inside the Exchange.

The brokers can be accused of fostering the superstition. If money is a religion in America, they are its priests,

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and they perform their miracles with appropriate mystery.

The public is barred from the temple, both actually and vicariously. Only the chosen are allowed beyond the portals. To reach the Visitors' Gallery one must be sponsored by a banker or a broker. Not only will the average American never see the celebrated but disillusioning floor of the Exchange, but also he will never see a worth-while photograph of it. Public cameras are taboo. The only photographs available are several made officially over a period of many years and taken, it would seem, when the floor was deserted. Even etchings and sketches must be made surreptitiously. Artists are sometimes given permission to look. If they wish to draw, they must do it by memory.

Tourists who do venture into the Street are almost always disappointed. They go there expecting to see things. In a street which, as every schoolboy knows, runs from a graveyard to a river the least the visitors can expect is to see some deflated millionaire tumbling out of a window or shooting himself on the sidewalk. But all they get is a cluttered, crooked, very dirty alley of a street, filled with lagging clerks and so-called runners, with a comical minister preaching on one corner.

The open-air pastor is an institution. New Yorkers point him out to visitors as they used to point out the Wall Street apple-cart man in another day. He is usually preaching that one about the rich man and the eye of the needle, right across—imagine it—from the Stock Exchange and in full view of the complacently unmarked windows of the House of Morgan.

The visitors have come, not to get millionaires into heaven, but to see them battling for fuller ownership of the earth. They soon tire of wondering how J. P. Morgan will ever get by the pearly gates. They grow bored, drift away, but reluctantly, firmly believing there are things to be seen inside the Stock Exchange, if only they could get in. Those who do get in are even more disappointed.

Resting their well-nurtured elbows on the balustrade, these fortunate ones watch five hundred or more brokers and a little army of clerks going leisurely about their routine business. Half of the brokers are gathered in clubby clusters of fifteen to fifty around the various trading-posts, comfortably speaking figures at each other. The others apparently have nothing more exciting to do than lounge in the open spaces, listening to each other's jokes. It is a fascinating maze certainly, and about the best anthill of humanity to be found, but not thrilling by any definition.

The visitors always seem a bit bewildered. They have come expecting to see men pulling and shouting at each other, the frenzied traditional picture. And delusion dies hard.

Even after seeing how quiet and genteel the floor is the visitors still have a lingering suspicion that there are thrills to be had. Usually they ask one of the gallery attendants to point out a few of the men below. They mean, of course, that, if they can't witness them in the act, they at least would like to hear about some of the fabled giants winning or losing millions, an activity that might be defined as a cross between football, hockey and a battle royal.

That isn't what Wall Street means to the bored attendant. He points out the Wall Street he knows, emphasizing the facts exciting to him, which, since there is gravitational influence in such things, are probably also exciting to the men down on the floor.

He points out Earl Smith, probably—

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that young, kind of bald fellow down there by post number twelve—and explains he is the one who married Consuelo Vanderbilt. He points out a gray-haired man standing on the rim of another trading cluster, his hands behind his back. That is James Russell Lowell's grandson. And, inevitably, he points out W. B. Wadsworth, oldest member in harness.

There is rather a set little list, and each broker is neatly identified. This one married an actress; that one was well known in the army. This one rescued those people in his yacht last year; that one used to be head of the Holy Name Society. And that one was once . . . but the excitement-hunters are becoming bored again. Isn't there any one down there, they possibly ask, who has done sensational things in the stock-market?

The attendant thinks for a moment. Well, that one over there by post number three handled J. P. Morgan's business in the panic of 1907. And, of course, there is Michael J. Meehan, the Radio specialist, who engineered Radio through a 500-point rise in 1928 and 1929. The attendant's face brightens perceptibly at the thought of red-headed Mike Meehan.

He searches for him in the ant-hill of brokers below. Yes, there he is, over by the Radio post, that fellow with the horn-rimmed spectacles. Where? There! The excitement-hunters strain their eyes to see the only broker in America who emerged from the "greatest bull market in history" with a reputation as a great operator. All they see is another clubby cluster of men with the hero doing nothing more riotous than jotting down figures in a note-book and raising his hand now and then to close a sale.

"I guess we picked a quiet day," sighs one of the visitors. "I guess there was more doing when the boom and the panic were going on."

Yes, there was more doing in that time which already seems so far away. The press around the Radio post was thicker. Sometimes it grew to the proportions of a rush-hour subway jam. One day, squirming through the gathering, Mike Meehan almost lost his coat from his shoulders and many an afternoon he ended trading in an exhausted condition.

But even then the excitement was more technical than actual. The wild bull movement in Radio was more dramatic in words than in reality. Half a dozen powerful bull pools, or syndicates, were operating in the stock. Most of them were operating through Meehan.

As specialist, and as trusted broker for some of the most powerful groups and individuals in the market, Meehan was at the apex of the movement. When the bull groups had carefully bought up virtually all of the floating supply, thus precipitating a technical corner in April, 1928, Meehan was master of the floor, a dictator for four days.

Hundreds of bears got squeezed, including more than a few brokers on the floor. Millions of dollars were won and lost in a few hours. Naturally there was a bit of clamoring around Mike Meehan's elbows. As specialist, he had to execute thousands of orders for other brokers who were too busy in other stocks to remain at the post. Then, as throughout 1928 and 1929, he was depended upon by bulls and bears alike. They all threw orders at him—buying orders, selling orders, until hundreds of notations filled his book and his right hand was literally selling to his left hand.

State it as quietly as you can, and all of that will still be dramatic. Use a few vigorous, legitimate words, and it will roar. But the roar will be all in the words. It will be a memorable day when you get an actual riot among men who pride themselves on their tailors and

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at least half of whom wear gardenias in their lapels. They may indulge occasionally in what can loosely be called a subway jam, but a real subway jam, available any day in the week and not usually considered very exciting, is something else again.

No, the floor of the Stock Exchange, bartering place of millionaires, isn't much of a place to hunt thrills. On Thursday, October 24, 1929, the day the great panic began, visitors crowded into the Gallery hot with anticipation. When they discovered that even a 12,000,000-share day produced no excitement they created some among themselves, and rudely disturbed the calmly working brokers on the floor. The Gallery was closed thereafter. The "most violent decline of prices in history" was had in peace. On the following Tuesday, the most strident day the Stock Exchange ever saw, when the staggering total of 16,410,030 shares were being dumped by a despairing nation, a broker was actually heard to whistle shrilly to a clerk. An elderly attendant in the deserted Gallery, surprised no doubt at the uncouth sound, explained, "You seldom hear an individual outcry on ordinary days. Today you hear them occasionally. A call or a whistle."

In short, the modern Exchange is organized too efficiently to leave room for drama. It has become standardized, routinized, like the industry it gambles in. The only excitement left is in the brokerage houses, and even that tends to disappear. The most exciting offices are those smaller ones, still equipped with old-fashioned chalk-and-eraser quotation boards, where brokers and clerks still sometimes cheer up their twenty-share plungers by shouting prices and betraying broad enthusiasm generally. In the larger offices, where prices are marked up mechanically on unemotional boards, where excitable small speculators never meet their brokers at all, it requires some imagination to be thrilled. And gradually all the offices are becoming large, mechanized, efficiently genteel.

Once upon a time, if past accounts are to be believed, brokers did rush around a bit.

When Jay Gould and Jubilee Jim Fisk came astoundingly close to cornering the free gold supply of the nation on Black Friday, September 24, 1869, an eye-witness wrote: "The revengeful war-whoops of the most furious Indians, the terrific yells issuing from a lunatic asylum, would not equal in intensity the excited cries of the speculators in the Gold Room." And, not to take one man's word, here is another eye-witness account of the same scene: "As the roar of battle and the screams of the victims resounded through New Street, it seemed as though human nature were undergoing torments worse than any Dante ever witnessed in hell."

And here is an eye-witness account of what happened on the floor September 19, 1873, when word of Jay Cooke's historic and far-reaching failure was received: "A monstrous yell went up and seemed literally to shake the building in which all these brokers were confined. Many tore their hair and ran about as if crazy, pushing, battling, shouting, shrieking to others equally crazy."

Those old-timers may have exaggerated a bit, of course. Fridell invented nothing new when he offered the world history for art's sake. No man ever lived who could put even the simplest event into words without distorting it preposterously. Wall Street may have been no more exciting half a century ago than it is now. Then, as now, marrying an actress may have been about the most thrilling thing a broker could do—as-

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suming that marrying an actress is thrilling, which probably it isn't, for actors, who know those ladies best, have rather seldom done it.

There is some reason to believe, however, that the Street really has changed. In the old days, when railroad barons controlled it, a brokerage house was a short cut to fame and power. Jay Gould started off as a broker. So did Jim Fisk. Old hook-nosed Jacob Little never was anything but a broker but his name will live as long as men write history. Even up to the dawn of the tutti-frutti years E. H. Harriman, once a $2 broker, an obscure middleman on the floor, could rise to national dominion.

But apparently that isn't going to happen again soon. Wall Street has been too long a bankers' byway. In an earlier day General U. S. Grant could shift from the White House to a brokerage house. That was the road to power. It seemed a fitting place for an ex-President and a national hero to land. But what a sensation it would have been in 1929 had Calvin Coolidge installed tickers and a quotation-board instead of becoming an insurance man.

The change that has come to the Street since the desk men, led by J. P. Morgan, the elder, wrested control from the more robust railroad barons can be told in terms of money, as indeed what can't in these tepid second-century days when the bankers hold sovereign control of the Republic itself. A seat on the New York Stock Exchange costs from $300,000 to $400,000 to-day. Managing and obtaining a fair return on an investment of $300,000 to $3,000,000, depending on the numbers of seats held by a firm, is outlet enough for the ambitions of most men. It is a fair-sized job any way you look at it, and it attracts a certain type of man. The type becomes more conventional and conservative year by year. In the old days when seats cost from $5,000 to $25,000 there was more variety. More men of different types could rake up the necessary cash, and running a brokerage house was not such a professionally exacting and soul-satisfying task that it left neither time nor desire for larger dreams. The Stock Exchange attracted men of a rougher grain, bold, eager, hard-handed. They worried less about tailors and florists and more about power, and they created the legend which still lives.

Boldness and eagerness to-day are more apt to come from the New York Curb Exchange, which is still in a process of evolution and where brokers are not yet over burdened with the financial and social implications inherent in a boutonnière.

Mike Meehan, possibly the best known broker in America to-day, came up from the Curb. A short fifteen years ago he was selling theatre tickets at 71 Broadway and making about $5,000 a year. To-day he and his firm own eight Stock Exchange seats, the largest number ever held by a commission house, and his branch offices are scattered on land and sea. He was one of the first to install offices on Atlantic liners. He has three now. He had two employees in 1920, when he bought his first seat. To-day he has some 400 and an annual payroll of around $600,000.

Meehan bought a seat on the Curb in 1918. He made exactly $18 his first month as a broker and had to go back to selling theatre tickets at night. In two years he had built up one of the largest commission houses on the Curb and had scraped up $90,000 for his first seat on the Big Board. He engineered Radio through more than a 500-point rise in 1928 and 1929 and made from $5,000,000 to $25,000,000. Fortune hasn't changed him much. Now, just as when he first walked out on the floor, he is in strange

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contrast to the conventional, standardized brokers around him. He wears soft shirts. He doesn't care a whoop whether his tie is the latest thing from London or whether it is knotted at just the proper point under his Adam's apple. He wouldn't wear a gardenia or spats or carry a stick on a bet. A newspaper man tried recently to get him to make a statement as a financier rather than as a mere broker. "Aw, I couldn't do that," said Mike. "They would say, that guy Mike is stuck up."

But even more significant of the changes that have slowly transformed the New York Stock Exchange is the power wielded over the Big Board by two other Curb graduates, Joseph E. Higgins and George Breen. These two are among the dozen or so largest stock-market operators in America. During the "greatest bull market in history," in which both made unestimated millions, they were always either mentioned in the same breath with, or were considered to be members of, that loosely defined group of giants, the so-called "Big Ten," which included such multimillionaire speculators as Wm. C. Durant, Arthur W. Cutten, Fred J. Fisher. Working in close affiliation with these latter, Higgins and Breen played a large part in the unexampled major manipulation that made the Coolidge market what it was, a manipulation that broke all precedent and tradition, wrecked the stock-market machinery, sent the nation's most powerful bankers scurrying into frightened conference and almost made Wall Street a place of flesh and blood again.

Unless Mike Meehan is included, there were no Stock Exchange members, or former members, in that powerful upper group, though such brokers as Herbert G. Wellington, Alfred H. Caspary and Alexander Sinsheimer were runners-up and would have to be included in any wider classification. Aided by a collapsing market machinery that gave them hours of advantage over ordinary speculators, heirs of a Wall Street which a war had made into a new Appian Way of the World, it remains a fact that, except for Meehan, no Stock Exchange member emerged as a dominant figure. The "greatest bull market in history" produced not a single Jay Gould.

The point of interest about Breen and Higgins is that neither, though they could have done it at any time, has ever felt it necessary or wise to become members of the Stock Exchange. They rose to power in a surer way by studying in just such a rough-and-tumble school as the Stock Exchange itself once was in the days when it was still in the business of producing giants.

Unlike Meehan, who became a Curb broker just before the Curb moved indoors and became genteel, Breen and Higgins actually huckstered stocks in the dusts of the street, athwart a Wall Street gutter. Like vegetable peddlers, they dodged automobiles to make sales and raised their voices like traffic cops to make bids. The Curb Exchange in those days, when there was not even a roof to keep away the sun and rain, wasn't exactly a place where men would learn to wear gardenias or to strike arabesque poses subtly suggestive of baronial power. But, apparently, it was a place where men could learn to control the stock-market.

Higgins still is a member of the Curb Exchange, nominally, though he seldom visits the floor. Breen resigned his membership during the World War. And members of the Stock Exchange, who in those days watched the antics of the humble street brokers with an aloof, polite, condescending amusement, now vie with each other to get Joe Higgins's and George Breen's business. During the

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Coolidge market, in addition to the millions of dollars of trading they did for syndicates and individuals on commission, each of these two men traded often in as high as 100,000 to 150,000 shares a day on his own account. It isn't entirely coincidental that two of the outstanding members of the Stock Exchange—Mike Meehan, himself, and Frank Bliss, who has traded on the floor in more stock and in larger blocks than any broker in history—both work in close affiliation with these two men who, so to speak, came up from the Wall Street gutter.

The time is coming, however, when the Curb will be as fat and devitalized as the Big Board. The gutter is gone these years. The Curb is housed in marble. It begins to take on airs, the beginning of prosperity and the end of power. Gardenias bloom spasmodically on the floor and men talk of a day when the gutter and Olympus will be merged and all brokers will stroll the golden heights in equality.

In short, the Curb will go the way of all money, and when that happens Wall Street will be less to look at than now. Money, in words, is about the most dramatic thing on earth. Money, in actuality, is the dullest thing men have ever worried their heads about. It was dull as coin. It is even more dull as function, and Wall Street is the heart of the money-as-function system.

Fortune, wealth, gold . . . the words are filled with centuries of uproar. But the truth is that money is sly, grasping, timid, conservative, quiet. Wherever it has touched, the zest and glamour of life have decayed. And what is happening to Wall Street is what is happening to all America. America is a monotony now. It will be more so before this is ended, as Spengler would say, by Cæsarism.

New Boarding-House

By Lilian H. Woody

A well-kept lawn belied the shabby hall
And down-at-heel black cook who let me in.
(I later found that she was known as Min.)
Then came my keeper to her nasal call.
I saw the dark-red carpet and the wall
That gave no hint of what it once had been.
We mounted stairs, each edged with shiny tin;
Another passage dark—"Look out! Don't fall!"
A sticking door shoved open. "Here's your room,
Now make yourself at home"; and then she went.
Dark wood-work, sagging bed, and creaking floor,
Enshrouded by a heavy pall of gloom.
The tears that all day long had been up-pent
Refused to come. Perhaps I have no more.

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Two in a small boat on a long cruise—

A Bad Blow

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

"Get ready on the downhaul," said Dick.

Becky got up and stood near the jib downhaul. They passed near the great red buoy, plunging slowly up and down. A gull flew off its perch on the buoy as they came close. On the up stroke the buoy showed a heavy band of moss below the water line.

"Don't get too close," said Becky. Dick brought the boat about and said: "Haul down." Becky ran the red jib down and made the line fast. They tacked in front of a big schooner, coming out under full sail.

"What a beauty," said Dick; "she's an Alden boat, all right. Funny she'd be going out with the sky so bad."

"Her tender is bigger than the *Becky,*" said Becky, looking up at the deck of the schooner. The owner in fancy sport clothes was at the wheel. The captain stood by. The owner lifted a finger as Dick saluted. He looked very high up sitting at the wheel.

"The big stiff," said Becky. "Her name's *Ilanda,* sounds like a Pullman car."

"Even if I had a lot of money," said Dick, "I wouldn't want her. She's too fancy. Trapped up like a circus horse." He was turned looking after her. "In a storm all that stuff would rip off in a moment. I'd rather have a fisherman myself. Even if I had a lot of money. You could fix up the cabins any way you pleased. Those are the boats." He brought the *Becky* in neatly and steered toward the fishing vessels. A couple of small yachts belonging to summer people were near the mouth of the harbor. Dick steered through these and went straight toward the fishermen's dories and motor boats. Lobster pots were stacked in the cockpit of the boat next the *Becky* as Dick threw the anchor overboard. He brought down the big mainsail and furled it. Becky lashed the little jigger-sail to its mast.

"This is the place for us, among the fishing boats," said Dick, "not with those damned fancy summer boats." He looked across at the summer people's boats. Most of them were motor boats, ugly and squat on the water. "I don't see who'd want one of them," he said.

"You might set up Notabolt," said Becky from inside the cabin. She came out dragging a saucepan and coffee-pot. She stood erect too soon as she got out the hatchway and her head cracked against the beams. She sat down rubbing her head and scowling. Dick came over and rubbed the bump. "Is it all right now?" he said.

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"No, it isn't, and I'm sick of being bumped. I want a bath and a real bed and some clean clothes for once."

"I guess that yacht put ideas into your head," said Dick, getting out Notabolt. He set the little stove up in the cockpit and fitted the pipe. The wood was a little damp and he got out his big knife and carefully whittled fine shavings. He bunched up a newspaper and got the shavings started on top of it. Smoke puffed out the chimney as he put on heavier wood. He had to blow to get the fire going good. Smoke got in their eyes. "It's worse than onions," said Becky.

She stood the coffee-pot back near the stovepipe and settled the pan with the corned-beef hash dumped from a can over the fire. Dick sat down and fingered the blade of his knife carefully. Then he got out a little whetstone and worked away at the blade, trying it with his thumb every few strokes. At last he wetted a spot of hair on his hand and tried it with his knife. "It's so sharp it cuts hair," he said. "I bet I could shave with it."

"You need a shave all right," said Becky. Dick looked up at her.

"What's the matter, you act so kind of mad?" he said.

"I'm not mad, I wish you'd shave once in a while."

"I'll shave," he said. The knife wasn't any fun any more. He wiped it off quickly and stuffed it in the leather sheath and sat looking at it, a little tired. Then he saw the case needed some oil and he got out the Three-in-One and oiled it up, smearing the oil carefully into the leather with his thumb.

"Can't you help me a little?" said Becky. He put the knife away and got out some cups. When the coffee came to a boil he poured the two cups nearly full and added some canned milk, stirring it in as it fell drop by drop. Becky dumped the corned beef out and put a tomato on each plate. They ate silently sitting side by side in the cockpit.

"I don't see what's the matter with you," said Dick.

"There's nothing the matter. Can't you see I'm tired?"

"I'm tired myself," said Dick.

As they ate, the big yacht came back. She dropped her anchor near the mouth of the harbor and swung back a long way. The captain was at the wheel and the owner was standing by. "He's no sailor," said Dick. "It takes more than a big yacht to make a yachtsman. He probably owns a house near here and just makes little runs out now and then. That's no fun."

There were several sailors in white caps running about on board the big yacht making things snug. "Four men on deck. That means he has about ten men. Doing everything. That's not much fun," said Becky.

"It's no fun," said Dick. "You might as well sit around a hotel as on a boat you can't sail yourself." They finished eating, dipped the dishes overboard, dried them and stowed them away. There was no room in the cabin; everything went in a box in the cockpit.

It was coming on to blow. Another big yacht was coming in. "She's a racing yawl," said Dick. "Bet it's going to be bad weather and they're all coming in." Dick and Becky stood up to watch the yawl drop her anchor and make things snug. Now there were two big yachts at the mouth of the harbor and a good many small pleasure craft. The *Becky* was back among the fishing vessels closer to shore. At the docks three big fishing vessels were tied up. The men were sitting around on deck and standing aimlessly on the wharf. One of the vessels had a radio. It was beginning to be chilly on the water and the

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sky looked very funny. It would be a bad blow. They had seen a rainbow in the sky when they left Portland that morning, it was a bad sign. One of the worst. All day they had run before the wind watching the sky. They had made a good run to Porpoise Harbor but the storm might break at any moment. It was a bad time for sailing. Everybody had told them that August was the best month for sailing, but they had been fourteen days on the water and only six were decent sailing days. The *Becky* was a good boat but she was what you call "young." She was only twenty feet over all, and when you got inside the cabin you had to lie down on the bunks. There wasn't even room to sit up straight, and Dick had to bend almost double to get inside the hatchway.

The men on the yawl went below to eat. People on the shore stood looking up at the sky. It was a pale yellow with long torn-looking clouds and made every tree and house stand out clearly. The grass looked a brilliant green. Sounds carried a long way, dogs barked, and a man way down a road cranked his car. Becky and Dick got in the dinghy to go ashore. Dick wanted to talk to the men on the fishing vessels. He wanted to find out what they thought about the weather and he wanted just to talk. He liked nothing better than to talk to men from fishing boats. He rowed hastily, splashing the oars a little.

As they tied up, Becky could read the names of the fishing vessels. The schooner *Reliance* was on the outside, on the inside was the trawler *Edna Fay,* and the *Pofisco* was in the middle. They were fine heavy boats.

"Going to be a blow?" asked Dick as they docked near the *Reliance*. The men on the vessels moved nearer the dock. A big guy jumped off.

"Looks like it," he said, "but you can't tell. We're looking for a break, but you can't tell."

"Nobody can tell," said Dick. "In Portland the weather-man told me we're in for three days' fine high-pressure weather. The day he told me the gale came, and this is the third day."

"The barometer is still way up," somebody said.

"The way I figure it," said the big guy, "is that the weather-man is always wrong. If he says it's good weather, it's sure to be wrong." Another man came up and stood listening. Becky ran up the ladder to the shore. The new guy said he figured no one knew anything about it. He said it looked to him that, for one thing, there'd be rain. He held up his hand and smelled of the air and said: "Northeast. When the wind's in the east, it means rain."

"Well, we've had more than enough of that," said Dick.

"We're due for a break all right," said the first fellow. "Jeez, it can't last forever."

"You got power?" asked the new guy.

"No," said Dick; "only the oar."

"You've got no chance without power," said the first fellow. "Not in weather like this."

"We're taking our time," said Dick; "no hurry about it."

"Where you going?"

"New York," said Dick, "from Monhegan."

The two men whistled. They looked out at the little *Becky* with respect. She was going to New York.

Dick followed Becky up the ladder. She was chinning with the engineer of the *Pofisco*. The engineer thought it would be a big blow. The fishing vessels had all feared the weather and had come in to wait until it blew over. They didn't want to get into it the way the *Bessie and Bernie* had. In Wednes-

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day's gale she had been stripped of every sail. Her compass and log went overboard. Her crew were in the rigging and her captain lashed to the wheel.

"She had a praying cook on board," said the engineer. "They say the cook was afeard the captain was a Jonah. He crawled out to the skipper and says: 'Captain, have ye got faith?' 'Faith be damned,' says the skipper; 'go jump.' He brought the vessel in all right but her foreboom was smashed up and all sail carried away."

As they stood there it began to rain. The drops were big and warm and came down slowly. Dick wanted to talk some more. He was finding out if the *Pofisco* had a little booze on board. Nearly all the fishing vessels had booze, sometimes only alchie. They got good stuff sometimes from the rum-runners. The rum-runners wouldn't sell it but they would give it away. Dick went with the engineer to the cabin of the *Pofisco* for a little shot.

Becky waited in the dinghy. It was getting chilly on the water. Another yacht edged slowly into the harbor. She was a beauty, an Alden Malabar. She came in more easily than the others and dropped anchor without fuss. She was the *Golden Hind*.

Dick came back grinning and rowed to the *Becky*. They got things fixed for the night. The big *Ilanda* was sending her launch to the dock. It was very shiny and new, like everything else on board the big yacht. Three women got out of a car near the dock, came down the steps, and boarded the tender. From the *Becky's* cockpit Becky and Dick could see the thin gauze stockings of the women and their high-heeled slippers as they boarded the *Ilanda*. Laughter and talk came from the deck of the *Ilanda*. A steward in a white coat brought out drinks on a little tray. The rain had stopped and the party sat idly on deck. Now and then they looked down at the little *Becky* swinging yards away among the fishing boats.

"Let them," said Becky. She brushed her teeth furiously in the cockpit. Dick said he didn't care about anything but the booze. It made him sore to see them sitting there drinking swell stuff. A guy like that always had the best. At Wiscasset he had been inside a yacht and there was a little liquor-cabinet with the holes cut for the different bottles, for gin, for whiskey, for special liquors. The ship was no good, like a circus horse, he wouldn't have it if he had the money, but the booze made him sore.

Laughing and music from the *Ilanda* went on to a late hour. Dick and Becky turned in. They lay on their hard bunks that were too narrow for turning around in. Dick's feet stuck forward over the edge of the bunk into the peak. He could look out the hatch at the sky. Clouds raced along past a wild pale moon, it was a great night. If he had a thirty-five-foot double-ender now, they could go around the world. They could live aboard and never get off except in strange ports now and then. In the winter they could go South, in the summer they could come North. They could go to the south seas. And a ketch-rig was the best.

Becky kept flouncing in her bunk. Then she sighed.

"What's the matter?" said Dick softly. He reached out his hand toward her.

"Nothing," said Becky.

"Yes, there is; you sighed."

"I can't sleep I'm so cramped up. She's too little a boat for a long cruise like this. I told you so all along."

"I thought you wanted it too," said Dick. "You said you did. You know I wouldn't have come if you hadn't said you wanted it."

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"Oh, that—well, I did want it, but I knew it would cost too much and be too uncomfortable. Here we go back to New York broke, and no jobs. I dread that more than anything. We're fourteen days out and nowhere near there."

"I'd like to get to Gloucester. I'd hate to leave her way up here. I thought we ought to get her to Gloucester. We'd never see her again if we left her up here. I'd like to get to Gloucester. Then we could come up and get her some time. Sell her and get a bigger boat."

"That's right," said Becky, "but it smells bad around here. I can't sleep."

"It's some stinking fish boat," said Dick. "That makes me feel pretty bad to hear you talk like that. I thought you wanted it as much as I did. There isn't any fun in it when you talk like that."

"I wanted it all right," said Becky, "but it costs too much, and she's too little."

"That makes me feel kind of bad," said Dick.

The rain began to come down, hard and quick this time. A wind was coming up. They could see lights moving on the *Ilanda* and the guests board the tender. The owner was probably leaving too to be safe from the storm. The lights on the big car near the dock threw a path like a searchlight over the water. Everything on the fishing vessels was quiet. The town beyond the harbor had a few lights in houses. Dick closed the hatch and they settled down to sleep. The rain kept on coming down hard on the cabin top. It was a pleasant noise and they dozed a little.

When they woke, the halyards were tattooing against the main pole. They could hear the noise forward like a loud telegraph instrument. Dick lay quiet and listened. A great wind had come up. The water in the bilge was swishing and the boat was rocking violently. Dick hoped the anchor would hold. With the motion, you couldn't tell if she held or not. The thunder was making an awful racket. He wondered if Becky was awake. The lightning came so fast through the tiny portholes it made the inside of the cabin seem light. Becky stirred.

"You awake?" he said.

"Yes," said Becky. She had been listening to the water in the bilge for a long time. It sounded as if it had seeped into the cabin and was rising.

"Great, isn't it," said Dick.

"Yes," said Becky; "I think the water's coming in." She pressed the button of the flashlight. Water was rising on the cabin floor.

"Christ, I'll have to get out in it," said Dick. He got his raincoat and boots on. Becky lighted the little lantern. The rain was coming in around the portholes and around the hatch.

It was wild outside. The wind blew almost hurricane strength. Dick got the well uncovered and began bailing. It was full and water sloshed at every motion of the boat. The rain was coming across the water at him in long horizontal sheets. It nicked the tops off the little whitecaps and blew the spray before it. Lights on board the three big yachts showed figures in oilies hurrying around making everything snug. As Dick bailed, water streamed under the collar of his raincoat, icy cold. The thunder was so loud and insistent, and the noise of the breakers outside the harbor kept up such a roar, that he couldn't hear the whistling buoy or the bell buoy any more. In the rain, the light of the lighthouse was very dim, as if in a fog. He worked hard and fast, thinking what he would do if the anchor didn't hold. It wouldn't be much fun knocking about loose among the fishing boats. As he worked, the storm seemed to reach its

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height; then the wind completely boxed the compass. In the flare of lightning, he could see every boat in the harbor swing slowly around in a complete circle. The big yachts, the little fishing vessels, all swung slowly around, together. If the anchor was going to drag, now was the time. The men on the big yachts were out watching. Dick stood by on the *Becky*. The lightning kept up, the lines rapped against the poles, but the storm had changed a bit. Things would get better. The anchor was holding.

He turned in, got his wet clothes off.

"We'd better get some sleep." They tried to sleep, dozed, the motion jolted them awake. The rain hammered on the cabin top. They stuffed towels at the portholes. Everything felt damp.

"It won't hurt us," said Dick. "You never get a cold on salt water. I read about that. An old sea fellow said he never knew of a sailor to catch cold. It's the salt water, there's something about it."

The wind didn't change again. But there was a thick fog when morning came and the rain still came down. There was no use going on shore. When Becky stuck her head out, all the vessels looked deserted. When the fog lifted a little, the shore looked deserted. On one of the fishing vessels smoke was coming out from the galley. There was much less rocking now and the rain came down straighter.

"We can have beans and tea," said Becky. Dick got the canned heat started. It was hard work moving around for him; he had to crouch with his head down; when he forgot, his skull cracked against the beams. They hung a lighted lantern near the peak to dry things out. Lying down they ate bread and jam, the bean-hole beans and tea. It was fun. But there wasn't much they could do except lie and read. They got out the cribbage-board and played a few games. Dick won every game; it wasn't much fun for Becky. Then they tried to go to sleep. Water dripped down Becky's neck. There was no place for Dick to stretch his feet. They wondered about the ships out at sea. A lot more would meet the fate of the *Bessie and Bernie,* perhaps worse than that.

"I'd rather die that way than any other way," said Dick.

"You probably will," said Becky.

It was a long day. In the afternoon they ate some more bean-hole beans and drank more tea. The canned heat was nearly used up. The bread was stale.

"The *Becky* could ride this out, if she was in it," said Dick. "It's not the size of the boat that counts in a storm."

"I'd rather be on a bigger boat, just the same," said Becky.

"Even a dory will ride out a storm," said Dick. "Lots of big boats get wrecked in a storm, but you find dories all the time riding the seas after a wreck without a cup of water in them. It's whether she's seaworthy or not that counts. There's nothing like a yawl boat. Don't forget, the *Becky* used to be a yawl boat."

"Thought you said a double-ender was the best," said Becky.

"Well, yes, but a yawl boat's a good boat. If she's handled right. She'll ride out any storm."

Toward dark the rain stopped hammering. They could hear the bell buoy. It was still drizzling but they decided to take the dinghy and go ashore. Dick could see some of the men from the fishing boats standing around on deck and on the docks. The big yachts were all quiet.

They got into their raincoats and rowed to the dock. The engineer from the *Pofisco* was standing there grinning.

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"How'd you make out?" he said.

"Had to bail out during the night," said Dick. "Say, that was some storm." The men crowded around. Their clothes were damp and creased and they were trying to decide whether the weather would be fit for putting out to-morrow.

"Too much of a ground swell, even if she clears," said one fellow from the *Edna Fay*.

The *Reliance* was getting ready to move over toward her nets at the edge of the harbor. The men had set the nets two nights before and they wanted to get at them to haul in the herring. The crew stood around waiting to go. It still drizzled, but they planned to haul the cargo aboard and in the morning make for Portland.

"I say the seas are too high to take a load of fish. They'll chowder in the swell. Even if it clears." The engineer squinted at the sky. All the men squinted. The sky was clearing; there was one light patch and swiftly moving dark clouds; it looked as if the next day might bring a break. The *Reliance* chugged under power over to the nets a hundred yards or so away. The men worked fast getting the fish aboard. There must have been close to eight thousand pounds. The engineer of the *Pofisco* told Becky that the girls made money packing those fellows. They liked the big fellows, about seven to a can. Lots of the girls made thirty-five dollars a week. The fast workers could make as much as that. Big money.

The fish were scooped up and fell in a silver stream into the well midships. It took several hours to hoist all the nets. When they had finished, the *Reliance* chugged back near the dock and the crew went to bed to sleep for an early start in the morning.

Dick and Becky stood chinning awhile, then rowed back to the *Becky*. It was getting dark. The portholes of the big yachts showed bright yellow lights.

Dick said: "If it's good weather we ought to get an early start. If the *Reliance* goes out, I'm game to go too. How about you?"

"I'm willing," said Becky. She was scared to death. "Won't there be a big ground swell after this storm?"

"Probably—but we're as safe as the *Reliance*. It isn't the size of the boat that counts, remember that. If the wind's right, we ought to make a try for it. All this sitting around in harbors is no good."

"I'm sick of that," said Becky. "If the weather is clear we ought to get out too. But not if it rains. I don't want to start in the rain."

"Who would?" said Dick. "I'm not for that either." They were silent thinking of getting an early start. They turned in as soon as they boarded the *Becky*. The rain still drizzled down, but the halyards made very little noise. They had bailed out the bilge and the swishing was a mere whisper.

They both slept well, tired out. As soon as it was light Dick was out looking around. The fog was lifting. There would even be sun later on. Outside the harbor there was a mean high sea running. He held up his hand. Wind in the westward. They could make it with one long easy reach. They could get to Portsmouth that night. He looked over at the *Reliance*. The men were out on deck looking up at the sky and talking together. They were trying to decide. He got into the dinghy and rowed over toward them. Some of the men on the *Edna Fay* and *Pofisco* were out too. The engineer of the *Pofisco* called to Dick.

"Well, what do you think?" said Dick.

"I guess those fellows are going to try

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it," said the engineer. "But the fish is bound to chowder. They'll put on sail to steady her, but with this sea the fish'll chowder anyway."

"The tide's running in," said Dick. "I'd have a head tide going out and with no power. Do you suppose those guys would throw me a line to tow out?"

"Sure thing," said the engineer. "I know those fellows. The skipper is all right. I'll speak to him." He went over and boarded the *Reliance*. Dick stood on the dock, looking anxiously at the *Becky*. She looked awfully small, even among the small fishing boats. But she was very trim and able.

The engineer came back. "Sure thing," he said, "but you better get ready to stand by. They are almost ready to cast off."

Dick got in the dinghy and rowed fast. Becky was dressing as he boarded. "We're going," he said; "help me get up the anchor." Dick pulled on the anchor and Becky coiled the wet rope as it came on board. She ran forward and loosed the jib. Dick was working at the mainsail.

"We've got to have all this ready when they let go outside," he said. Becky had straightened the cabin while Dick was on the dock. She brought out the big old-fashioned compass and put it on the floor of the cockpit near Dick. "The oar, hand me the oar," said Dick. The oar was lashed to the foreboom. She got it out and handed it to Dick. They could hear the engines of the *Reliance* start up. The sun was coming out, dazzling on the water. Dick took the oar and started sculling toward the *Reliance*. The men from the *Pofisco* and the *Edna Fay* were standing on the decks and wharf. The men on the *Reliance* were standing on deck toward the *Becky*. The fishing vessel nosed carefully past the little motor boats and swung toward the *Becky*. A rope coiled out and over Dick's head.

"Catch it," called Dick, excited. Becky grabbed for it but Dick caught it and ran forward.

"Take the tiller," he shouted. Becky took the tiller. The *Reliance* was ploughing ahead, making a high churning wake. The *Becky* bobbed up and down behind her. The rope drew taut between the two boats. Dick ran aft and took the tiller. The men on the big yawl were on deck as they passed. They looked very sleepy and surprised to see the little *Becky* riding out to sea. As they went past the big plunging red buoy, Dick and Becky looked back. The men on the wharf and the fishing vessels waved to them. They waved back. The seas were high all right but it was a swell day. The *Reliance* took the *Becky* clean out of the harbor and pretty well outside. The *Reliance* was going east toward Portland, they were going west. The skipper on the *Reliance,* watching the rope, called to them to stand by. Then Dick cast off the rope. All the men on the *Reliance* waved to them as they chugged away. They looked very high up on the decks of the fishing vessel. The *Reliance* rolled as she turned toward Portland Head Light.

"The fish'll chowder," said Dick. The *Becky* was rolling too, but he didn't seem to notice. He hoisted the mainsail and Becky set the little jigger. The sea was running very high. Becky crouched quietly near the cabin. Dick set the course for Portsmouth and they began a long reach. They moved beyond the harbor mouth, but they could still see the tall spars of the big yachts sticking up over the combers that were running in along the shore.

"We beat those big fellows," said Dick. "Isn't it swell."

"It's wonderful," said Becky. There was a mean sea running but they were riding it like a feather.

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An extraordinary article presenting the experiences of a sensitive writer in adventurous flying in South America and over the mail route to Florida, depicting the sensations, the drama and the struggle of conquering the air and the men engaged in it. It is both philosophy and adventure. Informative articles about flying have been written before, but never an article such as this.

The World from the Air

BY WALDO FRANK

THE passenger who settles down in the armchair of a multimotored plane with a steward at hand to serve and coddle him may never know what it is to assault the air in a flimsy, canvas-winged contraption with a cockpit for two and one propeller roaring its intercession between him and disaster. The glass-cased, upholstered "pullman" equipped with radio and kitchenette, and a scout-plane, provide experiences less similar than ocean journeys in a sloop and a liner. I recall going up twelve years ago in an army plane in Virginia. The experience was so violent that I felt nothing. The howl of the motor and the press of air against my head became an insulation within which I was enclosed so tight that the outer world could not come in to me at all. This meant that I had neither discomfort nor fear. For such sensations are dependent on the outer world: they are earth-emotions. A man can be afraid of falling only when he is aware of earth to fall to. I was anæsthetized. The universe was this little cockpit in which I was strapped; the beating, clamorous air shut me in perfect safeness from a world where a man may drop and break his bones. We spiralled and somersaulted. I knew this because the vision in my rigid eyes was now blue, now earth, now town. Everything spiralled and somersaulted—except us. *We* were the steadfast universe, our motor and ourselves. The confines of our world were this aggressive, immensely solid air which enclosed us as absolutely as earth the mole. On that maiden flight I understood with what ease one might grow wantonly careless in flying. The defenses that keep a man alert in a car or on a horse—defenses that depend on awareness of the earth —fall away in the sky. The more exposed you are to the air and the farther from land, the weaker grow the fears that are nature's body-guard against dangers.

On my recent travels in South America I flew something like eight thousand miles. I flew in army Junkers, trimotor Fords, Sikorsky amphibians, Fairchild hydroplanes, Stimsons, and Fokkers. I never had quite the sensation of that first flight. Yet I dare generalize from them all and say that travel by air is going to be the most restful and fruitful of locomotions. Man in the air will be most alone, most uninvaded by the objects of the world (even a passenger at one's side is strangely far away at a mile altitude)—and most himself. He will be exquisitely inclined to museful meditation. In the air poems almost Hindu-like in their abstraction will be com-

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posed. Youth with subtle nerves will find that a long journey woos them to dreams at once sensual and free of form. Poets and mathematicians—those brothers—will be nurtured. Matter-of-fact men will feel their crawling sense of life grow dim; even though they cannot see with the seers, they will become more tolerant. For in a plane it is easy to know the world as the algebraic formula of an Einstein; hard to keep on believing it to be an inventory, precisely marked, like the false world of a realistic novel.

The one indispensable activity of man will always be from time to time to stay still, and get to know his soul. Thus only can he gain the mastery with which to confront the world. It will never be essential to move around the globe in order to know life: there will always be spirits keen enough to win wisdom in a garden or a nursery. But since move we shall, aviation is the best means of moving (after walking). For it is the best approach to the experience of meditation. Paul Morand (or was it Valery Larbaud?) has said that the nineteenth century was that of history, and the twentieth the century of geography. The airplane will synthesize geography, relate it with the inner man, make it significant and real by making it part of us.

In Argentina I had engagements in cities as remote from each other as are Chicago and St. Louis from New York. But between the towns lie pampas and mountain ranges almost empty of man; for the Argentine Republic is nearly half as large as the United States and has less than a tenth its population. Through the cordial interest of Horacio Oyhanarte, Minister of Foreign Affairs, an army plane was put at my disposal so that I might not lose entire days on trains that are about as slow as the average local express that plies our prairies.

The plane was a metal Junker, with a single propeller and a cabin for four. My pilot was Lieutenant Edmundo Sustaita of the Argentine army. A short, firm man he was (and is), sensitive of nerve and mind, sober and slow on land, sober and brilliant in the air. A true son of that extraordinary nation which may yet shift the monopoly of history to some degree from the world north of the equator. Sustaita and I became good friends. I carried him along to literary dinners and to lectures. He took me in hand on jovial evenings where there were girls and tangos. Once, for a lark, near the Bolivian frontier, we hired a car; and motored through pine forests, fording turgid rivers and skidding down precipitous donkey paths to Jujuy, a remote colonial city near what was once High Peru. Sustaita's small feet paced the tango with the right sedateness; his hairy hands shifted the controls in the air with the same sureness. But in the tinny car that hugged the earth with rubber wheels, the man was out of place.

That old Junker was a happy medium between a scout-plane, where the air comes in on you so violently that you are overwhelmed, and a trimotor Ford or Fokker, where the air is so carefully shut out by the low-fuselaged and narrow windows and the purring motors on either side, that you are insulated *from* the air—unless you sit with the pilot.

On our first jaunts, we had a good deal of bumpy weather. Our single propeller was powerless to leap the atmospheric holes. We would fall, a harsh sheer drop at times of many hundred feet. At the bottom, the air hard as vulcanized rubber bounced us back in a spin. You realize the solidity of air on a windy day above the pampas. It has jagged angles, swift curves, treacherous indentations. You fly through it, much

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as you might bump along the rocky face of a mountain. But although the atmosphere is as ungiving as granite, it has a swift mobility. You spin, strike, bound in three dimensions. The invisible substance is at once afoam with motions like a sea and stubborn as the earth. Wind is a sheeted steel, curried with eddies and holes. Until you are a veteran, your body rebels at this immersion in an element for which all the million years of evolution have not prepared it. Your conscious mind may be at ease (air-holes are not dangerous at a good altitude); but your body gripes in a reflexive panic. The muscles grow tense. Moisture pushes from the pores. And your stomach strips as for a crisis. If you have breakfasted, the food leaps from you; and it seems as if your entrails will leap likewise, longing for the earth. Every physical part of you, indeed, yearns for the earth with animal intentness. In the sedate giants of the passenger service, you escape such violence. Three motors can span an air-hole; wings, if they are wide enough, keep a plane horizontal. But if you are going to scout around in a small craft in an air full of contradictory pressures, you will find that a cup of coffee does for a day's flight. And when your plane falls, open your mouth and fill your stomach with breath: that steadies it.

To avoid this choppy sea of atmosphere, we circled up, one mile, two miles above the plain. Now, though the dial point to two kilometres a minute, you are motionless. The air loses its solidity. You are a speck in an immensity; your soul hardens into an atom that alone is real within a cosmos which has grown unreal. The pampa is another sky beneath you. Vague patches of green wave into vagueness of brown. This is an earth melted by distance into dimness more remote than the one cloud near the sun. Only distance, only immensity, only nothingness is solid. The horizons fade. The sky as it curves down loses its clear blue, and the earth merges its mere difference of hue into the mist of the sky. Earth and sky together are a globe of paleness in which your plane is separate only as a nucleus of vibration within stillness. You and the plane are one: two vibrances you are, proton and electron, making the atom of reality within the unreal world.

But the atom of yourself is mobile; the plane's movelessness does not deter it. You can wreathe from this hard nucleus of yourself into the globular emptiness of sky and pampa. From extreme smallness you become immense. The growth from self to cosmos is instantaneous and easy. You are in a world of vast simplicities, with no barriers between them. You can feel yourself an atom, lost in the frightful whole. And when this is bearable no longer, you can swell this atom until like a gas it fuses with all space. Space then becomes the walls of yourself. Strive to grasp it with your human will, and once more it condenses—leaving you alone, your tiny human self pulsant and suspended two miles high between a sun and a plain.

There are circumstances which remind an airplane that it too is earthbound; and that for all its dream of freedom once it is released from earth, it is at best but a crawling creature fragile and doomed to descend. One such circumstance is fog, and another is fuel. We were making a non-stop flight from the university town of Córdoba into the northern mountains. But a wind blew against us and delayed us. In the corridor that runs from north to south, between the desert peaks of Chile and the Chaco jungle, the hot breath became a gale. And there are no gas-stations in

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those unpopulous regions. We knew, as we soared along the heights, that our fuel was giving out.

We came down to just above the mountain tops and hunted for a valley that appeared to wind in our northward direction. We found it and lowered to between the walls of rock, threading our fragile way above the bed of a river. A river is a good road to follow, in a failing plane; for its banks are comparatively level. The plane grows large and clumsy when it flies between the thrusts of mountains. When you can recognize the berries on the trees and the palms wave in the draft of your propeller, the plane is a fragile thing. You listen with loving care to the roar of your motor. If it stops, your heart stops with it. If it stops, your plane is lost, when there are mountains all around you. But a good man like Sustaita can always manœuvre his gliding craft to about ten feet above a wooded flank, nose his plane swiftly up in the last gasp of momentum, thus killing the speed, and drop into the trees so gently that only the plane will go to pieces. And then you can clamber out and spend a day or two among the mahoganies and monkeys.

But our motor speaks on. Its comforting word is echoed back to us by the hostile walls of the valley. The mountain flanks roll close to us, twist and turn: the river-bed widens, the mountain sides recede: there, suddenly, is a vale broad and soft with grass. Cows graze within a fringe of live-oak and fences. Cows from the air are plants, relatives of the banyan or the ombu. The heads, motionless on the ground, seem rooted to it, and the bodies seem rooted. From the air, one sees not herds, but groves of cows. The motor stops. With its last cough, the cows turn into animals, filling our field with their obstreperous panic. We bank and whirl down. The mountain to one side rolls from earth to heaven, like a sliding set of doors: the field on the other side sheets up in a wave of rock, cows, rugose grass. The speed of the earth-wave furiously rises as we glide down; banking now on the other wing. And apace with the uprushing earth, our plane grows heavier, more fragile. The cows fan out. We straighten from our bank, twirl once more, and bound on the grass. We stop, heavy and gloomy and unhurt—a foot from a cow, a yard from a tree-stump hidden with tall grass.

When you find yourself suddenly on earth, after an arduous flight, new sensations weigh within your body. You have lost the dimension of mobility; the lilting energy that bore you through the air has—in accord with higher physics—become mass. You are loaded and fettered with mass. You walk, and the grass striking above your knees is an adversary. To haul yourself over a fence is more labor than was the rising of your plane. And the dusty ride to town in a Ford is a harsh pushing through the immobility of road and fields and houses which encase you. You were a creature striding with wings of will through air: now you are a slug in the earth.

But fog is the real humiliator of the airman. Disaster hides in any fog. The altimeter that records the height of the plane is often slow, and more often imperfect. It works by pressure of air: and precision of pressure is one of the fog's victims. If you are flying over water in a fog, you may suddenly strike its invisible surface and rip the hull from your amphibian. You may blandly and innocently drive into the face of a mountain. Or you may wheel and grope for hours (this happened to me once above the city of Buenos Aires) seeking a hole in a low-lying fog through which to drop

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to visibility and safety. In a fog, the true instinct of the airman has its play. No born pilot navigates by the fallible little metres on his dashboard. He has a sense of the air; he knows it as the magnificent foe it is: like other conquerors and poets, he moves first and last by intuition and only half by reckoning.

There was one morning in Salta, in North Argentina, when the mists lay heavy between the mountains. And that same evening, I was to lecture in Tucumán. No good pilot takes unnecessary risks. But the presence of risk cannot determine whether he shall fly. He is supposed to get to a certain place; and if danger lies on the way so much the better. This, of course, does not hold in commercial passenger flying. The life of the traveller is supposed to be more important than his being moved on a certain day from one place to another. But my pilot fortunately was a soldier; he had received orders to take me wherever I wished to go, within the confines of the Argentine Republic. I wanted to be in Tucumán, that day. My friend Sustaita did not even trouble to tell me that the going would be hard.

I learned it, soon enough. We cut through the thick floor of cloud and stayed above it, flying by compass. For an hour, we looked down on the gray firmament, a coiling, sluggish maze of mountainous waters. Then we had to come down, to see where we were. Tucumán was somewhere near, somewhere tucked between the mountains and the mist. We faced a sudden height of earth —our first glimpse; slowing the motor, we dropped alongside. We found the valley and with walls on either wing, we followed it. The fog thickened and enclosed us. We shot up, to be free of where we figured the summit. In a faint thinning of the mist, we dropped again; then up once more, when the way grew altogether blind. You fly fast in a fog. The greater resistance of the air pushes you at a terrific pace, just when speed is dangerous. It is a test of a man to be racing through an impenetrable mist, with mountains all about. You feel the mountains the more poignantly because you cannot see them. They become moving monsters. When will one of them shift into your course? You see yourself, in the gray blindness of the world—yourself and your plane a mangle of bone and iron. Your body does not wish to be crushed against the mountain. Your limbs long to retain their form, your organs protest against this prospect of being churned together into dissolution; your brain loves the hard clarity of its skull; it does not want to be ground with it into a mash, sprayed on the side of the earth.

At the same time, I sensed an extraordinary cunning in my pilot. The fog made a continuity between us. I knew what he knew; and Sustaita knew far beyond his reckoning. Up and down we went, feeling—groping—knowing —flying blind. A hill thrust naked from the fringe of the mist; we leaped it. There, underneath stood the trees on its summit, indifferent and menacingly close. We soared high, until the earth seemed as far away as a music that had faded. Earth! Where, in this rounded universe of mist, is the good earth? A man knows at a time like this that he belongs to earth, and that he loves the earth. The longing is intolerable to him. He must vault beyond his love, as the plane soars over the hill. Love of the earth, when one is flying blind in a fog, is dangerous as earth itself. Your spirit also must leap aloft to be free—leap cool and safe above the earth-lust. . . .

We sink at last, in a new thinning of the fog. There below, through the maze run two black rails! We have found

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what we wanted. Follow a railway! No sudden mountain rears on the track of a railway (except, of course, on the slight chance of a tunnel). Now, it is comparatively safe again to love the earth. Even the plane shares our exultation. It flashes along, very low, regardless of the invisible flanks of mountain. With delicate wings, it flutters to right and left, almost caressing the winding course of the rails. A valley at last comes like a dawn beneath us, a valley with a house, a factory; many houses—streets. And a wide field, where an aerodrome squats waiting. Tucumán has been waiting, open and silent, like a woman.

Of course, it is a risky business to travel close to earth with a single motor even when the sky is blue. Should it stop, there is no space between your plane and the uprushing earth; no space in which to construct your landing. (Every landing from the air is an architectural creation, a problem of engineering with currents and momenta and field-room for its factors.) To get full delight out of flying low, you need the combination that I had when I left Argentina in a trimotor Ford. Up the Paraná from Buenos Aires, there are countless miles of plain as level as the sea. A trimotor can afford the fun of flying low above the empty pampa. And it is fun! We leap past a train, laughing its smoke from our eyes. We graze the roof-tops of a town. We fly so close to a herd of cattle that we see their eyes raised as they rear and spread. It is fun, I suppose, because it is so free an experience of power. Fun to watch the cows scatter like an explosion. Fun to peer back at a horse, trying to climb a fence. Fun to wave at the workers in a wheat-field, who lean on their hoes as you flash over them. Fun to break into the tight life of the main street of a village, and watch the children, the men and women, the dogs crane up at you who are dominant for an instant in every heart and eye. You have clad yourself in the power of the plane: from this borrowed glory you measure the crawling creatures of earth. But you must see them close, in order to become endowed with the contrast of your titanic greatness.

Half-way across the Continent, we rise a mile in the air. Under us, now, is the *meseta* on whose western edge stand the snow-bodied giants of the Andes. The sierra of extinct volcanoes, salt pampas, jagged peaks balances the Andean wall to the west, and keeps it from tilting over through sheer mass into the Pacific. From my seat beside the pilot, the world seems made of iron. There are no signs of man. The sierra is a foundry yard, where some monumental hand has twisted these scorious shapes and strewn them under the sky. I am out of touch with the inhabitants of earth; my sense of power is dehumanized. Once more I am a speck, stable and conscious, miraculously absorbing the vastitude beyond me. The three motors have a peaceful hum. The pilot can change their tune with a touch on the controls. They harmonize with the cosmic quiet. This consciousness is different from waking; each element of knowing has become transfigured. The propellers, for instance, no longer buoy us up. They make a gratuitous music. The sierra, underneath us like a conflagration, upholds the plane; as any blaze will buoy for a moment the particles of ash above it. We are such a particle of ash; this moment is our life; but all of it is pleasant and fatefully familiar. The pilot munches a sandwich, while I hold the wheel. The wheel is unimportant, like the motors. We light cigars. The ferric flame of the world divinely upholds us.

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But now the earth changes; the conflagration sinks. Green lands appear, and towns. The motors are significant again. We drop into the tiny verdure of Mendoza, beside the Andean wall.

You feel many things of life, when you fly a mere ten thousand feet above sea-level. Your nerves, in the clean air, weave with your mind a variety of impressions. But when your plane spirals perpendicular from Mendoza—scaling one mile, two miles, three miles, four . . . and crawls toward the fastness of the Andes, it is as if you were mounting into death.

The pilot now is neither munching a sandwich nor smoking a cigar. He wears his oxygen mask. He must remain wholly man to swing us across into the valley of the Pacific, four miles below and scarce a hundred miles beyond. His fingers are firm and delicate at the controls, like the fingers of a violinist. His feet guide the encounter with the airs, of the plane's subtle surfaces—the plastic encounter whence our delivery must come. I refuse the oxygen. I want this first time to let the meeting of my flesh with the Andean inferno of pale air and ice, be unassisted and unaltered from its natural course.

I am unquestionably less alive. There is not strength in me to stand. Turning my head is an effort; even my hands are heavy and my heart is a red violence within its flimsy chest. The life that the thin air has ebbed from me goes into the mountains. Each height is a birth of the chaos of heights beneath it. The masses writhe with a delirium whose sole rhythm is upward. Mountains made of mountains huddle upward in a disorder that has unity since vaster mountains lift from their turmoil. These in turn twist close in the empty air, embrace, confuse, and are lost and unified once more in yet higher masses. Onward is always upward. The gray stone is buried in glaciers. Perpendicular peaks shake the snow from their gaunt manes. Peaks coil with peaks and from the commingled maze new peaks are born. The air is a colorless death, above a cosmos of stone: within the air, we crawl, slowly and fearfully.

Behind us, the congeries of mountains fuse into a stony ocean that dies in a sea of mist: and somewhere infinitely far lies the earth below, where there is grass and men breathe. Before us, forever and forever thrust the concatenating births of mass from mass, height from height; and the plane crawls under the sky. But now the sky is pierced. The immensities of Tupungato and Aconcagua vault on either side of us and stand in ultimate stillness. Beneath their pinnacles are clouds, beneath the clouds filters the sky in falling shreds of blue; and in this blue, two specks—a sluggish circling condor and ourselves. Below the sky, the mountains churning still together. But over the pinnacles of Aconcagua and of Tupungato, there is mere abstraction: coldness and colorless quiet.

We begin to crawl over the top. The life of the Andes seeps once more into my veins and lungs. The snow silence breaks down into clamor of rocky heights. Now, far ahead, we glimpse through them the whisper of a field on a high *meseta,* we see the flash of the blue Pacific. The world drops tumultuously, unwinding itself at last into heights so low that trees and men may breathe. This is Chile. And there, under the tempest of the Andes, huddles Santiago.

II

In Valparaíso a telegram informed me that a Bolivian army plane was ready to take me from the frontier to La Paz

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and had, moreover, received license from the government of Peru to convey me to Cuzco, the ancient city of the Incas, where a hardy group of intellectuals to-day is creating a new cultural synthesis of Indian and Spaniard. But I had to lecture on these heights, thirteen thousand feet above the sea; I had to talk with many men; I had to learn. A flight through the Andean table-land would mean a constant altitude of sixteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet in an open cockpit. So I declined the Bolivian offer as a kindness that might kill the purpose of my journey. (Even so, at La Paz, I gave my talks feebly leaning against a table and halting every few minutes for breath.) I took a Grace liner to Antofagasta, on the edge of Atacama, which Chile wrested some years ago from her more sluggish neighbor in the Andes. A motor carried me to Chuquicamata, "the Red Mountain"—to be precise, the mountain of Anaconda copper. We climbed through a desert of desolation, a jaundiced and ironic world of fertilizer salt in which no blade of grass may grow; nightly a hell of cold, daily a reverberant oven under the hideous sun. Thence, through a gehenna of borax lakes and metal mountains, the train lifted me to the most ancient citadel of man in all the west: Tihuanacu, the temple of the Sun which, some archæologists assert, had reached its third phase fourteen thousand years ago. I resumed my journey in the air only at Arequipa in South Peru—a mellow town which lies beneath two white volcanoes, Misti and Pichu-Pichu, a mere eight thousand feet above the Pacific.

But in Tihuanacu, among the ruins of a race farther in time from Egypt than Egypt is from us, I met another aspect of the airplane. South America is the continent for flying. Everywhere, a single step is made from ox-team to trimotor. It is easier to leap through the sky than it is to build roads in deserts, rails through empty *llanos,* tunnels in stones so high that the equator's sun can never melt their snows. South America hungers for the airplane with the longing of complex life to gain control and consciousness of itself. And the industrial countries are fulfilling this mission that is so far beyond their ken. While they believe that they are making money, they are making the body of a world. And of course, in the race for air contracts the United States is winning. "Manifest destiny" attends to that. I travelled across Lake Titicaca and from Puno down to the Pacific with one of the men who is making us win. . . .

A typical conquistador of business is J. D. MacGregor of the Pan-American Airways and the Pan-American Grace, the "Pan-Air" and the "Panagra." Blue and cold of eye, soft-spoken, hard-fisted, he had a past of firing locomotives in Mexico and of cattle-punching on the Border, before the Guggenheims (I think) discovered his way with peons and presidents. Since then he has been working the Continent, while safe little men in New York offices harvested sure millions in the fields he had ploughed.

MacGregor was rounding up his raids for the airmail, when I met him. He had signed or prepared the signing of air-contracts, with the governments of thirteen republics. He had sat with ministers, played poker with dictators; this being the classic way in which big business is done. And he had flown in pioneering planes, from Guatemala to La Plata, mapping routes, testing channels, nosing about volcanoes, measuring jungles, picking out fields for landing. He had done his job shrewdly and swiftly, with the agents of companies from Germany and France around the corner. We foes of the capitalist order must

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have sense enough to admire these unconscious scouts who, like the bee, bear pollen utterly strange to their own purposes. Some day Man, instead of the safe and sordid lusts of Wall Street, shall send them forth. Meantime, they help to open roads between the fastnesses of the Americas; roads down which a living message shall some day go, as the Word of Christ went down the roads of Rome. . . .

From Arequipa in Peru, I flew home to Florida with the mail, over the routes of the *Panagra* and *Panair*. I made stops in Lima, Ecuador, Colombia, the Canal, Nicaragua, Honduras, Cuba. On such a flight, geography is plastic; history and culture take their place within the living body of the world, making it luminous even as thought and passion verify the body of a man. The eye is the sense that reaches farthest. On such a flight, you actually *see* a continent, an ocean, a range of mountains. But you *see* no thing less.

Your experience of sight becomes abstract. You may nearly graze the copper-green flank of Monotombo, Nicaragua's great volcano, flying so close that you feel you might reach out a hand and touch the arid sleek enormous metal of its crater; you may dip so low over a guano island off the Peruvian coast that its smell is a palpable substance through which you pierce like an arrow; you may float above a forest in Colombia, aware of the moss beneath the rubber-trees, of the breathing coolness in the shadows that make a world separate from this glaring element of air—yet, you actually *see* nothing of all these. For the angle of your sight veers so continuously that your human eye can form and hold no actual picture. A concrete sight needs focus. There are myriad elements for your vision; too many. Focus requires stability and pause. You never stop to compose these fleeting strands of vision into the organic body that *is* human vision. You experience a flow of motions visually inchoate. Therefore in the sense that the eye is the creator of sight, you see no thing. But vision of a sort is there. And it is abstract, because only the deliberate labor of your mind can replace the instinctive focus of the eye robbed of stability and pause. You compose your vision, rationally. The experience of the flight becomes the experience of a plastic map, of a dynamic motion-picture: even more, it is a kaleidoscope of meditations whose symbols, in lieu of words or mathematic formulas, are cities, rivers, mountains.

And you experience the world. Your eyes literally behold cradles and citadels and deaths of culture. They are the eyes of a god, surveying the body of a nation, gauging its characters from features of fertile plain and desert. The work of rivers, making the land and making the race of men, is clear to you. Aloof in the dimension of the air, insulate from human sound and from detail, you see the interplay of cities and of farms, the birth of harbors, the matrix of inland empires, the confluence of mineral and wood and water that have moulded the men beneath you, pointed their destinies and intertwined them. You experience the earth, lying within the sea, as lies the embryon in the amniotic fluid. The plastic fatalities of ocean, current, wind, making climate, making neighbors, making life itself, unfold beneath you. History becomes an action you observe, as the land rises from the waters and man rises from the land.

This is half the picture—the "long-shots" of your silent cinema. The other part is the "close-ups." When you come down in a field and walk into a village,

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the momentum of flight drives you deep into the intimate, warm arcana of its little life. Your mind, now, is subdued, dazed perhaps by the rigor of its concreting work aloft: your senses, other than sight, have been exacerbated by their aloofness in the air; now they hungrily awake, to receive and record.

I have never had experiences more vivid than brief nights or hours or even moments spent on land between long relays in the air. Azul, lost in the pampa south of Buenos Aires: its white buildings, struggling to be erect against the horizontal urge of endless miles, stand, dry and harsh, within my flesh . . . Tumaco, a lush island-village off the Colombian Pacific coast, where the wood houses prance crazily on stilts and the black folk rhythmically wave above the muddy streets within the dank equator, like flowers and weeds vaguely astir in water . . . Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, the slow rhythm of its native cells rotted and broken by an alien vibration—the cancer in its flesh of the American marines . . . Pisco, an oasis on the Peruvian shore where for a moment I walked away from the plane whose drumming motors still stuffed my ears; but through my eyes and pores and nostrils came a sudden concrete vision: the burden of three worlds, ocean, verdure like velvet laid upon the desert, and the Andes beyond. I saw the Indians come down, two thousand years ago, and how their nerves, toughened by the bleak sierra, now were gradually, morbidly blown soft, and how their ponchos of drab llama wool became sumptuous tapestries, blue like plumage of the parrakeet, yellow like noon sands, green, shrill as the songs of their pipes. All these thousand years now buried in the dune where I stood, before we whisked back into the abstract vision of the air. . . . Or the little vale in the Sierra de los Organos of Cuba, in which we dropped as in a well of calm, under the winds that almost always tumult round the island: a well, fertile with green walls and filled with golden air—a womb of Cuba whose sweet essence was revealed to me, as many days in stricken Habana could not reveal it. . . . Or Miami, Florida: its tall avenues that are artificial sluices down which runs the idleness of an American folk, a folk weary with too much labor that denies the spirit, and weary as well with too much basking in a prosperous sun. There they flow, soft, dull, helpless, unlearned in delights, between the magnificent stone towers which their wills have reared; exiled from their will and also from their hearts.

You penetrate the body of a town, which is the way to its spirit. You see the color of its eye, you smell its intimate life. You are an intruder, both invisible and welcome by the grace of flying. The food of the strange town brings you the town's flavor. Perhaps you sleep. Then the night, which is a dawning of secret worlds, includes you in its ceremonial gestures. You walk the streets alone . . . with every one. The intense experience of the wheat-field where you came to earth walks with you, still, giving to the street a depth of meaning. You sit in a café and know what they, who have always drunk there, never know. You look on walls and windows, suddenly expressive like the faces of old people.

Next morning, with dawn, you are aloft once more. Your parting from the town where you have slept is like the parting from a lover. Intimate knowledge gives significance to the external features which you now behold with reborn eyes. You swing above the town that sleeps beneath you. Its huddle of serrated roofs, blanketed by the dark, is

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no mere masonry; for you have felt the pulsant life within them. The plane straightens and strides away, into the morning. Houses now become indeterminate as leaves on a tree. The markings of fields far below become uncertain. Roads, barns, cattle, trees, lose their articulate accents. Your mind still wanders out of focus, half on earth and half in the air. It does not quickly recognize a wagon from a corn-bin, a tree from a bush, a road from a dry brook. In these indistinctions of the ungauged air, the intimacy that you carry from the town where you have slept, becomes suffused. Life runs *continuous* like a sap or like a blood under the separate objects of the earth . . . house, tree, wagon . . . making them all one. The mystic identity of life wins corroboration from this interweaving of "close-up" and "long-shot."

There is another element to flying: its drama and struggle. This belongs, of course, chiefly to the pilot, and to the passenger only in the degree that he is close to the pilot and can identify himself with the game of navigation. Doubtless, as flying becomes more systematic, its drama will grow remote. Already, in the big planes, a passenger may never see his airman. And perhaps the time will come when we shall fly, as we travel now by train with no awareness of the intricate world of engineer and switchman and timer; or as we cross the sea with no true sense of what the ocean means to the officer on the bridge—or to the stoker. But that time is remote and perhaps may never be, since in the future more of us will pilot planes of our own; and to the man at the wheel the drama will last as long as he does.

Most pilots are too inarticulate to describe even to themselves this delightful battle which they wage unceasingly with wind and cloud and gravitation. Colonel Lindbergh is an instance of this typical voicelessness. But there are exceptions, and as men who are more than mere inspired mechanics get into the air, the exceptions will increase. From Tela, a United Fruit banana town in Honduras, I flew in a Sikorsky amphibian (via British Honduras and Yucatan) to Habana, with a former army man named Edward G. Schultz, who was one of the exceptions. Schultz, it seemed to me, got more fun out of flying than most of the airmen I have known, because he turned his experiences into conscious words and thereby was able to relate and relive them. He had that typical urge toward his career which makes some children violinists and sends others into the air. When he was a lad he bought a smashed plane for a few dollars; put it together and flew. He smashed it often enough, but always managed to put it together again. We sat on a porch in Belize, the capital of British Honduras. The moon was turning the Caribbean into a meadow of glistening flowers. A cloud came up, covered the moon, covered the sea: covered the night until the cloud was the night. Close to us, a squall ripped the water into spray, but beyond was bodeful stillness.

Schultz saw himself aloft in the cloud, bound northeast toward home. He began to tell me what he would do to survive and at the same time get where he wanted to go. He studied that pregnancy of disaster, plotted its limits, its variant masses, its intricate winds. He gauged distances and reckoned currents and figured the margins, weaving the forces of air and plane together, knitting them against the pull of gravitation.

We see what we need to see in order to do what we need to do. Schultz saw a universe in that tempestuous cloud, because he needed to go through it.

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Earth, once you have lifted your plane, is simple enough—until you come down. Earth and water in the air are flat configurations of gravity and irregular mass—even as for us who crawl on land, the air is a simple homogeneous matter. Aloft, all the complexities of a city street (infinitely magnified in power and speed and in danger) take the shapes of the air. The air is a full-bodied being of three-dimensional factors, each of them shifting forever, all of them forever compounded with the pull of gravitation—that enemy of flight without which no plane can move. Gravitation is steadfast, but not simple: you never encounter it *alone*. Winds mingle with it and transform it; speed of the plane confuses it; the rush and veer of the wings combine with it and with the winds, making a new force, tangential, treacherous, that is at once the medium of flight and its perpetual menace. Fogs, clouds, altitude, position of plane, proximity of hill or sea, all fuse with gravitation, making a palimpsest of subtleties that only a true man can decipher. The airman moves through a three-dimensional surface: a surface as accidented and as full of figures as a modern poem. His whole medium is but a surface, constantly recreated (like the simpler surface of the sea) by the heaving masses over and beneath. Through this cosmic texture, he must weave his will!

Unquickened men of course will fly to-morrow, as they walk to-day—unquickened. But the aware will win from this new medium a new world. New because of its completeness, of its *wholeness.*

We have seen the gamut of vision, far and close, abstract and intimate, which flying brings; the drama that is implicit in the way of a plane through the exquisitely varying plasm of the air. Nor will the experience ever pall into a normal pattern. Each flight of good length will always be a problem that no man can survey beforehand. Barring accidents, a trip from Boston to New York by motor, by train, by boat, is a problem that can be adequately known in advance. The road, the track, the water-route are *made;* variants are details, not basic. Such journeys are work for our intelligence. The creative part of them —the laying of rails, the building of routes—has been done for us. But although you fly a hundred times from Boston to New York, your way is ever new and must be born from the immediate shifting complex of the wind and the weather. No element is fixed, save the two points of taking-off and landing. You do not follow a road; you *make* it. Your journey therefore is no perfunctory task of your intelligence. Its inchoate elements reduce you every time to the status of a child groping into an unknown world, and exalt you to a creator who shapes events beyond his natural awareness into the form of his will.

Your adventure is a symbol of every mortal life. We are thrust into a world we do not know; each morrow is a mystery formed by the juncture of ourselves and all our pasts with forces that move beyond us. We have a fragile body to carry us along—a vehicle beset by dangers and on the margin of death. Yet within this vehicle are subtle tools of preparation for our mysterious journey: means of locomotion, of measurement, of adjustment. Without them, we should not exist. With them, we rise into the unknown chaos of our future and shape our course from its surprises. Like the airman, we begin as children marvellously equipped; and may survive as men.

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Viewing the field of battle, one of the most spirited opponents of Prohibition finds that there is more good than he thought in the present state of things—even if it isn't the same good to which Mr. Ford, Senator Brookhart, and others bear witness before Congressional committees.

The Benefits of Prohibition

BY STRUTHERS BURT

THERE comes a time in every controversy, even in war, when a man, if he is fair-minded, takes stock of his own position and that of his opponent, and, casting up the debit and credit columns, attempts to reach some sort of balance. Often this balance is not altogether flattering to his previous opinions, but if this man is a sportsman he will admit where he has been wrong, and, retaining what he still thinks is right, will all the more determinedly continue the battle. As the late war, for example, dragged out its weary course it was noticeable that the actual combatants grew more and more to respect their enemies, and even to admit that they might have some right on their side. It was the people who stayed at home who continued to cherish delusions about atrocities. And so as a wet—I do not like the term; I much prefer liberal—I have slowly, and not without difficulty, come to the conclusion that it is time for me personally at least to acknowledge to myself, and publicly, that Prohibition has by no means been the unmitigated evil that, up to the present, I have insisted that it was.

This conclusion, of course, will not alter in the least my determination to fight Prohibition until what seems to me a more sensible system of control is substituted. Numerous as are the benefits Prohibition has conferred on us—benefits which I will soon mention—I still believe that the price we are paying for them is too high, but in the meantime that should not prevent me from honestly stating what I think those benefits are. If you grant the man on the other side of the fence the credit to which you think he is entitled and then concentrate on what is left, your own position is all the stronger.

There is, then, no longer the slightest doubt in my mind that Mr. Ford, Professor Fisher, Senator Brookhart, and so on, are, in certain respects, right. And perhaps more right than any is Mr. Samuel Crowther, because all his life he has used intuition more than fact, and in a question such as this, largely philosophical, intuition is invariably of more value even than statistics. Mr. Ford, Professor Fisher, Senator Brookhart, and Mr. Crowther are right—economically Prohibition has been an immense benefit to the United States. But I would go even farther than that and also admit that Prohibition has been as well an immense benefit politically, socially, and what might be called chemically. It seems strange to find myself in the com-

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pany of Mr. Ford, Professor Fisher, Senator Brookhart, and Mr. Crowther, but that cannot be helped.

In economic thought America has, due to Prohibition, gone forward fifty years in the short space of twelve, and it is still progressing. Politically, Prohibition has enabled the American to recapture a valuable state of mind almost lost. Socially, the benefits are too numerous to mention. While chemically—the exact use of this term will have to be explained later—Prohibition has introduced into American life elements never before known. Let us take the political aspect first.

One of the great dangers of any democracy is that the innocent inhabitants, going about their business, are likely to forget that they have a government. Contented, absent-minded, gently relieved every now and then of a dollar or so for graft, they become oblivious to the fact that man is a political animal, even if he doesn't want to be. They may even reach the state of mind of the nicest people in France, who, as a rule, are unaware of the name of their latest President. They approach that vacuum advocated by all democratic philosophical thinkers where they are happy because they are governed just as little as possible. Rasselas in his valley knew nothing of taxes, tariffs, and sumptuary laws. This is not a healthy condition. Man was not made to be happy, and how can political parties wax rich unless there is some passionate question which will induce the ordinary citizen to vote passionately and subscribe to party funds with equal fervor? How can politicians become famous unless there are people to love them or hate them? How does a man know the majesty of the law unless it annoys him? What is the importance of a flea unless it bites a dog?

Politically, Prohibition has awakened this country as it has not been awakened since the Civil War. It takes just such a homely, universal question to awaken the average citizen. For the first time since the Civil War millions of Americans are slowly finding out something about the history of their country, something about the intentions of its founders, what it implies to be an American, even what the Constitution of the United States is; why it was framed, what it means, what it was intended to prevent and why certain things were put into it and others left out. With incredible rapidity we have in twelve years become politically self-conscious, and if that isn't a benefit, I don't know what is. Had it not been for Prohibition, we might very well have gone along in our careless, blithe, insouciant fashion and ended up by being Turks, or Abyssinians, or Frenchmen, or Englishmen. Now that danger is over. A lot of us are Americans once more, and recruits are coming in daily. Even Boston has once more attached itself to the continental United States. Great sections of this country witness the revival of that almost extinct creature, the proud, stalwart, determined American citizen. And this citizen is perpetuating his species. He is training his children also to be Americans. The spectacle is as inspiring as the propagation of American bison.

Nor is that all—with this awakening, political knowledge has gone hand in hand. Mention of the Fourth, Fourteenth, Tenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth Amendments drips from the lips of débutantes, and the ringing phrases of dead Americans from Thomas Jefferson to Woodrow Wilson are the coin of dinner-table conversation. There are even some of us who know the difference between a constitution and a po-

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lice code, and there are a few who by means of arduous study and thought have unearthed the astounding fact that the Constitution of the United States is a bill of rights, or, in other words, both by intent and context an affirmative document, not a prohibitive one. I have one friend who claims that in the entire Constitution, with the exception of the Eighteenth Amendment, the word prohibit is used only three times and in each instance to prohibit infringements upon freedom. In other words, that all the rest of the Constitution, where it is prohibitive, was designed to prohibit Prohibition. This friend has been called an anarchist by excellent but excited men. Nowadays it seems to be the rule that whenever an American quotes the Constitution he is called an anarchist.

We are even beginning to appreciate the intricacies of our intricate system of government. We know the difference between the powers of the Federal and State governments and why the founders of the country so wisely sought to delimit both. We know once more what a sovereign State means and a union of sovereign States. For twenty years the central government has been absorbing the States; now it is disgorging them. The regurgitation was necessary. For a while there were a lot of people who thought that Kansas was America. I recall an ancient cow-punching friend of mine who complained when the Eighteenth Amendment was passed that "it used to be possible to move away from Kansas—and lots of folks did. But now it wasn't possible any more." If he is still alive he should be comforted. From present indications, Kansas—there she stands—is likely before long to stand, philosophically, perhaps even politically, about where South Carolina stood in 1861 and parts of New England stood in 1812. Before long it will be possible to move back to the United States without finding yourself in Kansas.

All this knowledge is very valuable to the American citizen. He has turned aside long enough even to define in his own mind all manner of subtle political terms such as the balance of power, the caucus, the inherent rights of a citizen, majority and minority rights, and so on, and so on. He knows now—clever fellow, or clever girl—that a balance of power often means that a small minority, voting solidly on a single question, irrespective of party, can, until a nation is aroused, control that nation. He recalls that the Irish party did this in England for a number of years. He knows that by means of the caucus unwilling legislators can be forced to vote against their better judgment, and he knows that both State and national legislatures can be so handled that they will not only legislate against the will of a nation but against their own wills, individual and corporate. All this is extremely philosophical, but the American citizen by the slow accretion of political facts has, of course, once more achieved a political philosophy. Thomas Jefferson would be delighted. Actual democracy, which means, politically, an intelligent knowledge on the part of all citizens of their country's aims and its methods of procedure, has advanced enormously. And political bunkum has in proportion decreased.

For the first time in many years the American populace has reached that point of sardonic intelligence where it is able to laugh heartily at the picture—let us say—of an intelligent and refined woman Prohibitionist allying herself with the most corrupt city government in the country in order to advance—among other things—the cause of Prohibition. Maybe the lady will win, political contests seldom are clear cut, but it

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will be difficult for her to regain her own self-respect or the respect of the people as a whole.

Finally, the American nation has reached that point of political acumen where it is beginning to perceive the difference between a Constitutional Amendment and its Enabling Act. When it gets this difference thoroughly into its head, its political education will be practically complete.

There is nothing much clearer than that the framers of the Constitution were jealous of their beautiful handiwork. They weren't going to have it ruined by a lot of enthusiastic boys one hundred and twenty years after their deaths. As a result it is as impossible to get an effective police measure into the Constitution of the United States as it is to open a modern safe-deposit vault with a burglar's jimmy. It just can't be done. The best you can do is to pass a Constitutional Amendment and then an Enabling Act, and an Enabling Act is a Congressional measure and can be passed and rescinded in ten minutes. Once rescinded, the deserted Constitutional Amendment is like the famous figure of history who was all dressed up with no place to go. We have several deserted brides like this already in the Constitution, notably the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

For twelve years the Prohibitionists have been telling us that it wasn't much use protesting because a Constitutional Amendment, so involved was the procedure, couldn't be rescinded—it doesn't have to be, and now we know what the Prohibitionists have always known—sly little devils!

The Volstead Act is the Enabling Act of the Eighteenth Amendment. Congress made it and can rescind it, and when it does, you can that very instant, unless your State has a baby-Volstead Act, wheel a barrel of ale out into the nearest open space, drink it dry, and then, mounting the barrel, make a speech in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment . . . if that is the way your mind works. You had better, however, leave such balancing feats to Congressmen, they are more accustomed to them. But should any Federal, State or local official, objecting to your demonstration, lay hands upon you, save in the friendliest manner, you could sue him for assault and battery. Ask Major Campbell to come around when the moment arrives.

These are hard thoughts and dry thinking, or maybe, considering everything, it is permissible to say hard thoughts and dry drinking, and it is a relief, therefore, to turn to the softer and gentler benefits Prohibition has conferred upon us, and among these benefits I would place first the speakeasy. Primarily I am speaking of the New York speakeasy, but almost any speakeasy will do. There is hardly a town or village in the United States which has not felt the ameliorating and civilizing influence of this institution, which, coupled with the calm philosophic attitude of the proprietor and his ally the bootlegger, has done much to allay the feverish pace of American life.

In all democracies there is another danger inherent, and that is the tendency, when the democracy becomes rich, to lose the ideals of personal service and to mistake size and ornamentation for real performance. We see this in our hotels, our steamships, and often in the American wife. In our average hotel at present we dine on frescoes—bad frescoes—and the only thing that smiles at us is the bill, and that leeringly. But the proprietors and waiters of speakeasies have to be polite, and even in New York a speakeasy has to be fairly inconspicuous. Fur-

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thermore, there is enormous competition. As a result, you dine in a small and quiet dining-room, on good food, with good drinks at your side, both served by a waiter who is really interested in your having a pleasant time, and invariably the charge is moderate. Several elderly gentlemen have been known to burst into tears upon their first visit to a well-run speakeasy, and one or two have died of shock. Do not confuse the speakeasy with the night club. The whole atmosphere of the real speakeasy is delightful to the civilized American of whom, due to the speakeasy and the general healthy effects of Prohibition, there is an increasing number. For one thing you feel, unless there is some government agent there disguised as Mae West or a school girl on her holiday, that at last you are among intelligent people, minding their own business—an extraordinary thing, just at present, to feel in America. Every one is cordial and every one is decorously content. You are all engaged in a civilized conspiracy. Indigestion is at a minimum and the American citizen, his tail curled comfortably behind him, is for the moment relieved of his constant dread of the dog-catcher. I trust that when Prohibition is over the traditions of the speakeasy—legitimized—will survive. When that day arrives I will ask Senator Brookhart to eat with me, for he really should know before he dies how civilized people dine.

As I have said, the social benefits of Prohibition are too numerous to mention in full, but there are others, besides the speakeasy, of such importance that they cannot be overlooked.

Next I would call attention to American conversation. Since Prohibition it has been at least fifty per cent pure, which is just fifty per cent purer than in any other civilized country except England, which also takes an interest in politics. Whether this purity will survive Prohibition's demise I do not know, but I trust that by then we will be so confirmedly philosophic and political-minded that it will. There are of course other influences at work, such as "The Specialist," which is the old-fashioned moral American idea of what is funny, but I think the waning of clerical influence will insure for the future less and less of this particular brand of humor. As America becomes more worldly and less moral in the mistaken sense of the word it will, of course, become less vulgar. And, meanwhile, thank goodness we have at least two things to talk about.

There are some people who are such surface sociologists that they are alarmed and dismayed by the fact that the United States is the only nation in history that has deliberately financed its criminal classes. They point to the present inability of the police to cope with disorder and predict a time, and that shortly, when the criminal classes will be in control of our city and, possibly, even our State governments. There are some who predict a bootlegger President. This is a very shallow point of view and sounds to me like some of the things Professor Fisher says. It fails entirely to take into account the inevitable urge toward respectability on the part of the normal man who has stolen all he wants. If we would only leave burglars alone until they had piled up nice tidy little fortunes we wouldn't have to jail them . . . they would be philanthropists. A burglar is merely a man who feels that he isn't as rich as he ought to be. A much better way of stating the problem is to say that the United States is the first nation in history which by a gigantic feat of unconscious altruism has wiped out its criminal classes at one stroke and made them millionaires. And

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this has been done in the most approved fashion. We have not pauperized them by gifts, we have made them work for their fortunes—well, at least a little, anyway. There is no need for the dole over here. England pays its citizens not to become criminals; we, being much cleverer, reverse the process. And in return we get service—service and liquor.

I will not go into such subtleties as the fact that most of our cities have always been run by the criminal classes anyhow, or into that even more subtle question of when a criminal ceases to be a criminal and becomes a church warden; I will merely state that I am not alarmed. The very finest of us have had ancestors who were hanged, and I am confidently looking forward to the time in my old age when Alfred Capon, grandson of the genial and famous "Scar-Face," a product of St. Paul's or Groton, will be the leading plunging halfback at Princeton or Harvard—a bright-haired Anglo-Saxon boy and possibly at the same time president of the Philadelphian Society.

The third adverb I used in describing the benefits of Prohibition—chemically—needs, as I have said, definition. I could have used the adverb alcoholically, but that is too narrow, and leaves out of account the vast knowledge of actual chemical facts, as applied to alcohol, the American nation has accumulated during the past twelve years. Or rather, I should have said reaccumulated, for in early days we were all, of course, brewers and distillers. It is a charming fact that Congress by one stroke of its pen wiped out almost a century of liquor-control experiment and sent us right back to the old absolutely unregulated home traffic. The men who died in the Whiskey Rebellion would have died laughing had they known what was going to happen.

But it is not this actual chemical knowledge and the re-enshrinement of the gods of intoxication in the home that are as interesting and important as the effect of Prohibition upon the American mind. In the words of the advertising man, America has been made alcohol-conscious. We are at last rum-minded.

If you will recall the years immediately preceding Prohibition you will recollect that as a whole the American nation, with the exception of a very small class of cultivated and travelled citizens, regarded drinking as an evil; a necessary evil, perhaps, but none the less an evil. When you took a drink, you either took it behind the barn or behind closed doors. Drinking was a masculine weakness—the only one—in which women had no share. After you drank, you ate coffee berries or chewed cloves. It required something as drastic as Prohibition to induce old ladies to stand up in a public conveyance and cheer at the sight of a drunkard. Drink as an ameliorating social influence, as a civilizing agent, as a benefit to health and nerves, was practically unknown. And we had been deluged for two generations by absurd statements as to the chemical effects of drink upon the human system, which most of us believed despite the ruddy health of all other nations and an uncle or two that most of us had tucked away, and who at the age of seventy or so were still drinking hard with apparent benefit to their health if not their minds. We were told that if you put a fly in a drop of alcohol he died, and few of us at the time had the discernment to realize that of course he did—he drowned. In this respect we stood, of course, alone among civilized nations, but now, as a whole, the American nation no longer has any such barbarous ideas. We know now that drink, properly taken, is a darned good thing, and nobody is going to argue us

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out of it. We are also beginning dimly to perceive that flies and human beings are not the same.

The American nation now knows the difference between wine, beer and ardent spirits. It is even acquiring some knowledge of vintages, usually still during its European travels of course, but also to some extent on its native heath. I even know bootleggers who are reading books on this subject, and the quality and quantity of native wines and of foreign wines surreptitiously imported are improving and increasing. When the Prohibition law was first passed there was an initial orgy of drunkenness, but there is no longer need for this either as a symbol of revolt or because of fear that the next drink will be the last. There isn't any last drink. I do not agree with those who think America is becoming more drunken, I think it is becoming less drunken, but at the same time, infinitely more determined to drink when and where it will. Let the Prohibitionist take what comfort he can from that statement.

And so we come to the angle of the discussion which is generally assumed to be the most important, although, in reality, it isn't. How does economic prosperity benefit a man or a nation if that man and nation lose their souls, their honesty and their uprightness? Fortunately we do not have to consider this question because Prohibition is producing in the American mind an economic honesty that was never there before. Heretofore the American, more than any other national, has been the easy victim of the statistician and the unscrupulous, or ignorant, twister of facts. All a man had to do in order to win an argument was to invent a few figures and quote them blandly. This is no longer the case. The fingers of the American child have been burned. Each succeeding pronunciamento on the part of Professor Fisher or Mr. Ford arouses increasing laughter, and if I may dare to be so audacious as to advise the greatest manufacturer of cheap automobiles in the world about any of his actions, I would like to suggest to Mr. Ford that from now on he leave philosophy, economics, history, art and advice to women, alone; that is, if he wishes to retain an iota of the respect in which the American people once held him. They are maturing to the point where they are agreeing with Metternich's dictum that "there are lies, damned lies and statistics," and —it is almost unbelievable—they are maturing to the point where they realize that just because a man is a noteworthy mechanic he is not necessarily an authority on every other conceivable subject.

When Mr. Ford, for instance, assures us with the neurotic pomposity of the rich mechanic that "gasoline and alcohol do not mix," we answer, "naturally," but neither did wine and chariots, mead and foot-racing, sack and the writing of "Hamlet." There is a time for everything. No sane man would start his day with a cocktail and a six-course dinner, but is that any particular reason why, at the end of that same day, especially if the sane man has worked hard, he should deny himself appropriate and mild pleasures? When Mr. Ford makes such statements we perceive that Mr. Ford is emitting a non sequitur, as little connected with clear thinking as was the radius bar on the Model T connected with real safety. When Mr. Ford tells us that he will go out of business "if booze comes back," our mind flies to all his foreign factories and to those booze-made junk heaps the Rolls-Royce, the Issota, the Hispana-Suiza, and so on. We wonder what he thinks of Germany's marvellous recuperation, of France's so-

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briety and wealth per capita, of Italy's rejuvenation, and of all the famous, healthy and splendid men both here and abroad who have been, are, and will be moderate drinkers. In fact, we wonder if, outside of automobiles, Mr. Ford thinks at all.

When Professor Fisher assured us, as he did about every three months until the recent stock-market crash, that our prosperity was due to Prohibition, even in those dim days of a few months ago we were uneasy with suspicion. Why was money spent on wine or beer, or even whiskey, wasted any more than money spent on any other kind of pleasure? How did it disappear? Did the brewer, the distiller and the bartender hide it and thus put it out of circulation? What large stockings they must have had. Why wasn't the workingman drinking? He could obtain anything he wanted to drink, and cheaply, and what he didn't buy, he could make. And why, if the workingman wasn't drinking, was opinion on this subject so divided among great employers of labor? And if the workingman was being prevented from drinking (which he wasn't) wasn't there a social danger involved much greater than any supposed economic gain? And why do so many workingmen whom we know personally still get drunk? And why are the labor unions, who certainly know more about the workingman than Professor Fisher, opposed to Prohibition? And if our recent prosperity was due to Prohibition, then our present depression must also be due to Prohibition, and if this is so, then the stock-market crash must have been due to Prohibition as well. And how, in the name of goodness, considering the war and the last decade, could this country have helped being prosperous, anyhow? We became, and we become, quite breathless asking Professor Fisher questions, and this breathlessness is one of the healthiest symptoms that has intruded into American life.

To hear all things, and believe little, and that little only after it is tested, was long ago prescribed as the road to wisdom. To approach all questions from a scientific standpoint is the sign of a safe and intelligent civilization. And that the United States is beginning to do these things is the result almost entirely of Prohibition.

The other day I read of a man who had been kicked by a mule. The mule kicked him in the eye. When the man was taken to a hospital and the eye removed, it was found that back of the eye was a cancerous growth, just started, that would have proved fatal had it not been discovered in time. Which goes once more to prove that there is good in almost everything—even the kick of a mule.

"A Parson Looks at Prohibition," a revealing article on the attitude of a small mid-western town and one of its ministers, will appear in an early number. Since the government doesn't seem to be doing anything about Doctor Phelps's suggested solution for the Prohibition problem ("As I Like It," May SCRIBNER'S), *we are continuing discussion, because out of it all should come some course of action.*

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Holiday

BY CHARLES YOST

It was such a beautiful day. Most of San Diego was out enjoying the sunshine. Across the bay at Coronado the beaches were heavy with the weight of bathers. It was a Sunday in August. Hardly a patch of roadway for miles north and for miles south was uncovered to the sky. Cars streamed along in interminable ranks of wanderlust and idleness.

One of these on the coast road south of San Diego was occupied by three persons, a man, a woman, and a child. They were John Faggett, a mason, his wife, Lizzie, and his daughter, Martha. Faggett was a newcomer to San Diego, having brought his family thither from Seattle about a month before. The business of settling down had rather absorbed them since that time, and this, as a matter of fact, was their first holiday. They were going to Tia Juana.

The small Ford ambled on through the sunshine. Caught like an unwilling conscript in the army of wayfarers, it moved decently toward Tia Juana between a Packard and a Cadillac. John Faggett's hair was considerably rumpled by the wind, and his necktie was twisted to one side. He leaned his left elbow on the door of the car and rested his hands nonchalantly on the wheel. His wife had fluffy brown hair which tumbled riotously and rather attractively about the crown of her head. Her lips were full and rouged and she wore a scant white dress worked with a pattern of colored flowers. John spat vigorously into the roadway and spoke:

"Well, how do you like it, Liz?"

She crossed her legs comfortably. "Gee, it's great and grand. I feel like one huge spree."

John looked a little worried. "That's the damn trouble with keeping you in the house for a month. When you get out you want to paint the town red."

"Well, do you blame me, Johnnie?" She powdered her nose with a deft hand. "You didn't use to be so calm yourself."

"Yeah, I know," he admitted. "But I cut that all out now I got a family."

She smiled sweetly. "Don't try to kid me, Johnnie. What are we goin' to this Tia Juana place for? The ride?"

John grinned. "Well, we might knock off a beer or two." Then he sobered up suddenly. "But that's all. Remember we got the kid with us."

Liz grew serious herself. "Sure. I was just kiddin'. Anyway, we're too old for that stuff. We been married six years."

John said: "Yeah. You're right."

An interested auditor of this conversation was Martha Faggett. Her age was five. She sat between her father and her mother, very upright, her eyes as wide open as possible. To her left a rolling country, brown and barren, swept slow-

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ly away to the burning stretches of the Imperial Valley. Here and there a vividly tinted villa bloomed flowerlike on a hillside or a bluff. Olive-trees drew a gnarled existence from shoulders and elbows of rock. Everything danced in sun and heat, brown and pale green and yellow. To the right of the road was the sea. It was vast. Upon the whole of its huge and incomprehensible surface the sun shone with a curious glitter. In the vague distance where sea met sky mists hung, now fading, now darkening, and veiled the solemn rendezvous of the two enormous elements.

Martha looked at the water, then over the hills, then at the sky, then back at the water again. Then she laughed. Every once in a while she passed her hand over her dress with pride. It was a new one, pink with a white collar and short sleeves.

Liz glanced out over the burnished ocean. "Good God, look at that water," she said. "Ain't it pretty?"

"Yeah. It's swell," replied John. They smiled at each other. The procession of automobiles moved on contentedly like a file of cows.

Martha put her hand on her mother's knee and pressed it. Her face was shining. "Ain't it nice out to-day, mother?" she said.

Liz touched the little girl's smooth brown hair. "Yeah, dear, ain't it nice?"

A man on a horse went galloping by beside the road. He had on an enormous Mexican hat and the metal on his saddle glistened in the sun.

"What a funny hat," said Martha.

"Yeah, that's a greaser," her father replied.

"What's a greaser?"

"A Mexican."

"Oh."

Liz had been looking through the rear window of the Packard which they were following. "Say, Johnnie, look at that dame's hat. I'll bet it cost fifty berries. Look at those feathers."

"Yeah, they come pretty high," John declared.

Liz continued: "And look at the false hair on the back of her head. For the love of Mike! If I couldn't do any better than that I'd stay at home."

John said: "Did you lock the back door?"

"What?"

"I said, did you lock the back door?"

"Sure. Whaddya think I am?"

The pounding of the motor continued uninterrupted for several minutes. The sea was gradually dropping away to their right. They seemed to be veering inland.

"I'd hate to live in this place," John remarked. "It's too damned hot."

Liz took a deep breath of air. "Oh, I don't mind. I'm havin' a pretty good time."

John looked over at her. "Are you, kid? D'yu like it?"

"Do I? Say, I think it's great."

All the cars halted. Men in dark uniforms and thick black mustaches came out and stared inside the tonneau. "Any firearms?" one inquired with a peculiar accent.

"Christ, no," said John with a grin.

The man looked at him sourly and motioned him on. They crossed the border and entered Mexico. A road to the left led in the direction of a large wooden grand stand in bad repair. The Faggetts, however, following the line of cars, bore to the right. Dingy, mud-colored structures were beside the way. These gradually became more frequent. Some were even whitewashed. At last they turned a corner and the famous street of Tia Juana lay before them.

It was very broad and filled with the

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same dust and heat and glitter which had companioned them from San Diego. On either side were low, two-storied buildings open to the street, and arcades casting shadows on the sidewalk. And there were many sign-boards with strange legends—"Mexicali Beer, 10c," "Dinty Moore's Place," "Fernandez American Bar for Ladies," "House of Venus," and so on in red and black and green and orange. Cars were parked along the way and people strolled about, swarthy Mexicans, mustachioed, hatted, impassive, tourists from Main Street with a naughty glitter in their eyes, a gendarme or two, portly in khaki and keeping in the middle of the road, black-haired girls with low-cut waists and hands on ample hips, men, women, and children, languid and listless in the intense heat. It made one thirsty.

John Faggett drove his car up the street. Christ, he thought, every shebang is a bar. He drove right through to the end of town and then back again. There gradually crept into his eyes the look of a gourmand who catches the smell of a cooking dinner. He licked his lips a little and said:

"God Almighty, didja ever see such a joint in your life? This is no place for me."

"Yeah, I'm glad you admit it," said Liz. "Shall we go home?" She laughed loudly. There was a trace of excitement in her voice.

John laughed too. He looked down at his daughter condescendingly. "Well, whaddya think of it, Marty?"

Martha was perched on the edge of the seat taking everything in. "What are all those places?" she inquired.

"Hotels, kiddo. Places to eat and drink."

"I'm hungry," said Martha.

John ran the car up to the curb. "The kid's got the right idea," he declared. "Let's step out."

Liz put on a broad-brimmed hat which almost concealed her face. "Now you behave yourself, Johnnie."

"Sure. What about yourself?"

"Me? I always do."

John Faggett put his arms around his daughter and lifted her out of the car. His wife said:

"Don't muss her dress, Johnnie."

"Oh, hell." John looked disgusted. "Say, Marty, you don't care if your dad musses your dress, do you?"

Martha wrinkled her nose up and shook her head violently. "You little devil." John kissed her neck above the white collar and set her down on the sidewalk. They looked about them.

Across the walk was Billy MacDonald's California Auditorium. They stood there for a moment, the three of them, hesitating between the sunlight and the shadow. Within the depths of Billy MacDonald's California Auditorium all was cool and oddly alluring. Far back where the light was almost extinct and two potted palms drooped disconsolately an orchestra was softly playing "Sundown." Nearer at hand men and women sat about languidly and blew white foam from heavy glasses. The clink of coins in slot-machines punctuated the music like the sound of castanets. Chairs scraped quietly and voices murmured. John took Martha's left hand and Liz took her right and all three walked slowly in. It was just twelve o'clock.

They sat down at a table. A small waiter appeared and leaned insinuatingly between them. "Two beers." All one side of the hall was a bar. Before it was a polished brass rail. Behind it moved two large men with greasy faces and dark jowls. They had no time to waste. Behind them were shelves upon

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which stood rows upon rows of bottles like men and women in a theatre. Along another wall were the upright silver carcasses of slot-machines. A great number of people were gathered around these. On the open space in the centre of the room two or three couples danced idly and ungracefully. The orchestra continued to play "Sundown."

John Faggett buried his nose in the foam on a glass of beer. He looked up contentedly. "This is the real stuff," he said. Liz gave Martha a brief sip and then finished hers. The small waiter slipped up. "Two beers."

The whole place had a hectic flush. Yet it was cool and almost crepuscular. The Faggetts had pork-chops and fried potatoes. Next time John said "Two beers," Martha said, "I want one too." John grinned. "Shall I get one for the kid?" But Liz replied: "No. She wouldn't like it."

John got up and casually strolled over to the slot-machines. He surveyed them rather scornfully. Then he ventured a nickel. Machinery ground stolidly. In a little cup down below ten coins rolled out. John smiled. He glanced triumphantly over toward the table at which his wife was seated. She was cutting up Martha's chop. John began to play quarters. There was a grinding and a clicking all about him and now and then little bells rang. Finally he went back to the table.

Liz was looking at her nose in a pocket-mirror. She inquired: "How dja come out?" John scratched his head. "Oh, I lost a little." And then: "My chop's cold." The small waiter was standing beside him. "Two beers."

The beer was heavy and pungent. The orchestra was playing "Hallelujah." It seemed to be growing quite raucous. John lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair, thumbs caught in the armholes of his vest. "Isn't this the nuts?" he said.

Liz's cheeks were quite pink. "You know what would taste pretty nice?" she asked. "A little snifter of Scotch."

John sucked in his cheeks. "After all that beer?"

"Oh, sure," said Liz. "They mix like ham and eggs. You wouldn't come 'way to Mexico and not have anything but beer?"

"Well, dearie, you're the doctor." He turned around in his chair. "Say, Pedro, two shots of Scotch. Yeah. You know—whiskey."

Martha sat very straight in her chair looking around with an air of excitement. Liz sipped her Scotch daintily. "It's got a good flavor," she commented. John took his down like a man. "It's damn good stuff," he said. "What about another?"

Liz glanced dubiously at Martha. "Maybe we better not. I'm feeling on top of the world."

"Oh, be yourself, Liz." John reached out across the table and grabbed her hand. "I thought you were going on a spree to-day."

Liz looked down at the floor. Then she laughed. "All right. To hell with it."

John roared with laughter and slapped the table. "Say, Pedro. Two Scotches."

The afternoon wore on. The odors of spilled beer and stale tobacco-smoke mingled in that indescribable potpourri which is at the same time so revolting and so titillating. Talk around about grew loud and harsh. Sweat poured down the fleshy cheeks of the bartenders. Sweat stood in beads on everybody's forehead. The whirr of the slot-machines became feverish. A monstrously fat woman in a black dress, her face pale with powder, moved ponder-

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ously to the middle of the room and began to sing in an unvarying monotone: "Some-times I'm hap-py, some-times I'm blu-oo; my dis-po-si-tion de-pends on you-oo." The orchestra burst into a loud uproar and drowned her out.

John Faggett stood up and swayed forward a little, resting all ten fingertips on the table. He looked Liz straight in the face. "Le's dance, Liz," he said.

Liz was slumped down in her chair. She held a corner of her skirt in her hands and was pleating it carefully. She giggled. "S'all right with me," she said.

They moved precariously out on the floor. They put their arms around each other and began to slide slowly back and forth. Liz's eyes became dreamy. John whispered in her ear: " 'At's good Shcotch, I'll tell the world." She was convulsed with laughter and slapped him on the shoulder vigorously. The stout lady was intoning again: "Sometimes I love you, some-times I hate you; but when I hate you, it's 'cause I love you." John Faggett blinked his eyes and stared at her. "Whas that dame doin'?" He stopped dancing and led Liz over to the singer. He stood before her silently for a moment, swaying like a metronome. Then he said: "Thish my wife. She's good girl. Can you teach her do that?" The woman looked at him coldly and continued to sing. John teetered back a few steps and wrinkled his forehead. Then he began to dance again.

They circled around the room solemnly, colliding at intervals with other dancers. At last Liz stumbled and sat down on the floor. She burst out laughing again till the tears came and streaked across her make-up. Her skirt was pulled up above her knees. John picked her up in his arms and carried her unsteadily to the table. His eyes seemed on fire. He sat down and held her in his lap. He kissed her violently and with maudlin passion. He kissed her lips and her cheeks and her nose and her neck and her hair and her ear. Then he licked his lips and put her back in her chair. She was still laughing.

Through the fog of tobacco-smoke John became aware that all the people were looking at him and snickering. He drew himself out of his chair with dignity. He raised his right hand and rocked a little on his toes.

"Ladiesh and gen'lemen. Thish a lil family party whish I hope you'll exshuse. If thish lady here thatsh laughing wasn't my wife, you could laugh all you had a—had a mind to. But she ish my wife, my lil wife Liz, the besh lil wife a man ever had." A tear became visible on the cheek of John Faggett. "And thish my lil girl Marty. Ain' she sweet?"

Martha was sitting quite still and silent in her chair looking at all the people. On the front of her new pink dress was a large brown stain where a piece of pork-chop had slipped from her fork. Her eyes were very wide. But her under-lip trembled a little.

John Faggett tossed off a glass of liquor and continued his address. "My name'sh Faggett," he said, "an' I don' tol'rate inshults. That gen'elman over there with the big hat is laughing. He can go to hell. God damn him, he can go to hell." The speaker choked, hiccoughed, and staggered a little on his feet. He felt a hand on his shoulder.

The whole room was twisting and writhing and fading into smoke. Faces sprang out like needle-points coming through a cloth and then decomposed instantaneously. John Faggett rubbed his hand across his brow. If this spinning in his head would only quit. He closed his eyes tightly. The darkness undulated like waves. He opened them

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again. A man was at his side. He was large, red-faced, pockmarked, hard-eyed, and with snow-white hair. It was Billy MacDonald.

Billy MacDonald said: "Get the hell out of here." He took John Faggett by the nape of the neck and pushed him out on the sidewalk into the sun. Liz followed, tacking a little as she went. She was still laughing. Martha clung to her mother's skirt and went along. She looked up in her mother's face but she didn't say a word. It was four o'clock and very hot.

Three hours later two men in a Dodge touring-car were moving slowly along the road which led south from Tia Juana into the interior of Mexico. The road was in a wretched state and almost untravelled. The two travellers sat silent, caked with dust. They hadn't passed a car since their exit from the town.

Evening was coming on. The sun was crimson as it rested on the western horizon. To the east great banks of twisted cloud were on fire with the sunset. Lower down in the sky where the rays of the sun had left them cold they were a sombre and deathly gray. On either hand jagged and tortured outcroppings of rock rose out of the sand and sage-brush. Monster cacti cast long stiff shadows to the east. Even the evening haze was reddish and forbidding. The hour was both gorgeous and terrible.

The Dodge touring-car rattled and groaned as it labored over the mounds and corrugations in the road. Suddenly a small dark object became visible at the side of the way. It was a woman's hat with a broad brim. The car passed on and circumnavigated a low hill. A hundred yards ahead a Ford was halted.

"They lost the hat," suggested one of the travellers. The Dodge drew up a little ahead of the Ford and the driver leaned out and called: "Say! Did you lose a hat?"

In the Ford were three persons, a man, a woman, and a child. All were bareheaded. All sat perfectly silent and stared in front of them. The driver of the Dodge called again: "Say! Did you lose a hat?" The man in the Ford answered very deliberately: "Sure. Sure." The travellers suddenly perceived that he had a bottle in his hand. They smiled at each other.

The woman opened the door of the Ford and fell out. She laughed and came to her feet unsteadily like a fountain beginning to play. She swayed across the road and, reaching into the car, put an arm around the neck of the nearest passenger and declared with passion: "Shay, dearesht, anywhere you go, I go too. An-ywhere—you go—I go too." She giggled and dropped her head as if all the muscle in her neck had suddenly evaporated. "An-ywhere—" Her words trailed off into inaudible mutterings.

The traveller called to the man in the Ford: "Where are you going, brother?" The man hiccoughed and held out the bottle. "Have drink," he said. "I asked you where you were going." "Goin'? Goin' home. Goin' San Diego." "The hell you are. San Diego's the other way." "Oh, go devil." He took a pull out of the bottle and slumped back in his seat.

The woman was coming to again. She said: "Anywhere—you go, dearest —I go too." The traveller gently disengaged himself and she sat down in the road, giggling and whimpering at the same time. "Go ahead." The gears grated and the car bearing the two men moved on. The last thing they saw was the little girl.

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She was perfectly quiet there, sitting in her new pink dress beside her father. Her arms were pressed close to her sides and her face seemed pinched and frozen. Only her eyes spoke. They were filled with a dumb and fathomless terror. It was the last thing the travellers saw. Gradually in the redness of the setting sun the Ford and those within it dwindled and grew small. At last it was only a tiny speck on the immensity of the plain.

"Wedded Are the River and the Sky"

By William Carlos Williams

Winter's icy sky
marks the silhouette of the city
and under it the icy
waters of the river. This
is my own! a fruit, a flower,
an animal by itself——

It does not recognize me
and never will. Still
it is my own and my heart
goes out to it——

dumbly—
but eloquently in my own breast
for you whom I love and to whom
I cannot explain what
my love is, nor
how it varies, though I waste it——

It is the light
from a river
flowing through refuse and
the sticks of weeds, the banks
rimmed with falling shell-ice
lilac from above—
as if with thought of you——

Mine this face and its moods
my moods, a
riffled whiteness, shaken by the
flow, that's constant in
its swiftness as a pool——

A Polack in the stinging
wind, her arms wrapped to her
breast, comes near to look
at—what? downstream.

It is
an old-world flavor: the poor
the unthrifty, passionately
biassed by what errors
of conviction.

Now a boy
is rolling a great metal drum
up from below the river bank.
The woman and the boy—
two thievish figures—struggle
with the object . . . in
this light!

And still there is
a leafless bush—or tree, just
at the water's edge and—
my face
constant to you. . . .

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Priest and psychiatrist, author of "Victim and Victor" and "Foursquare," the story of his extraordinary life, Doctor Oliver speaks with peculiar force on the moot question now under discussion by Protestant clergymen and treated from another point of view by John Hyde Preston in "D.D. Versus M.D." in the May SCRIBNER'S.

Psychiatry and the Confessional

BY JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER

My maternal grandfather was a man of very deep religious convictions; a man who cultivated a constant sense of God's presence and who lived a godly, righteous and sober life. He was a devout Baptist. And while I was still an undergraduate at Harvard, some thirty-odd years ago, he became greatly disturbed about what he called my "Romish practices." One night, in his dim old library, he had been holding forth to me on the evil of "auricular confession."

"I don't see why your dear mother lets you do such things," he said; for he thought of me still as a wayward boy. "And I never realized what it might lead to when she insisted on being baptized in the Episcopal Church. I can't imagine what your church is coming to anyhow. Confession!—Nonsense! Poppy-cock!—But I'll tell you one thing, my boy.—No mortal man shall ever come between my soul and my God."

Thirty years ago this was the general attitude of the average devout Protestant toward what Catholics call the Sacrament of Penance. My dear old grandfather could not see that "A man"—"The Man"—God in Man incarnate—had not only come between him and his God—but had made Himself the Way by which the world had been brought back to God—had become the main channel of Man's approach to the Everlasting Father. My grandfather, like all really conscientious Protestants of his day, believed implicitly in the Divinity of Christ. But he could not draw the logical conclusions that flow from the fundamental fact of the Incarnation. He could not see that God had taken human nature into Himself, in the Person of God the Son; that matter had become interpenetrated by the divine; that God now made use of material things, water, bread and wine, as channels of forgiveness and of spiritual power, and that the man, the priest, who said in Christ's name "Absolvo te" was a material agent, divinely instituted, just as water had become a material agent to the mystical washing away of sin. You could reason with him about such things all night long. He would go just so far; but at the thought of "telling your sins to a priest instead of to God," he balked and would not move an inch. Not that he did not willingly and contritely confess himself a very imperfect Christian and in need of divine forgiveness. He would stand up at a prayer meeting, and say as much. But only in a general way. The details of his failings

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and doubts and difficulties were "nobody's business" except his own—and God's.

The trouble was that he never thought of his pastor as a trained physician of the soul. He was ready enough to go to him during some period of bereavement or discouragement, and get down on his stiff, blessed, old knees in the pastor's study, and "have a few moments of prayer." But he would never have gone to his minister with the harassing details of his daily mistakes and anxieties, as he might have gone to our family physician when his digestion was out of order and he needed "something to shake up his liver."

The Protestant attitude to this entire question has shifted mightily since I was a boy. Not long ago, at a meeting of a group of psychiatrists, I listened to an address by a distinguished Protestant "divine," who openly proclaimed his belief that the Protestant sects had lost a tremendous source of help and of spiritual growth when they had "outlawed the confessional." Thirty years ago no Protestant minister would have dared to make such a statement.

And therefore, to-day, one hears a great deal, among my many Protestant friends, about the necessity of providing for their people some means of allaying mental stress, of rooting out phobias and obsessions, of using "modern psychology" in the service of the soul. The need is evident enough. But I think that people are mistaken in comparing with the Catholic Sacrament of Penance the ideals of mental healing and guidance, which so many Protestant Churches are endeavoring to turn into some reliable, useful institution or service.

In one of the larger Congregational churches in Washington, the pastor, who is a man of unusual power and experience, has organized what he calls "A Life Adjustment Centre." It is like a mental clinic or dispensary; and yet it is something more valuable still. This Centre has a large volunteer staff that consists not only of physicians for the body and psychiatrists for the mind but also of a lawyer or two, a specialist in domestic science, another specialist in child training, and so on. There is no domain of modern life which is not more or less adequately covered by some person trained to give help and advice on its distinct problems. This Centre is open several times a week in the evenings. One member of it is on hand all day long in order to see any one who drops in during the day and to make for him or her the necessary appointments with that special member of the staff whose knowledge and training can be of the greatest help to that particular patient. Hundreds of people come to this Centre. It is doing a remarkably successful work. But to compare it with what people call "The Confessional" is beside the mark.

In old Trinity Church in New York, that stands like a tiny island of peace amidst the swirling tides of physical and mental hurry, noise and tension, you will see, as you enter, a notice or announcement set in a prominent place on the wall. It reads something like this. "From ten o'clock until noon, every day, a priest will be found sitting in such and such a part of this church. He is not there to hear confessions. He is there for the convenience of any one who wants to talk with him or who seeks advice or help of any kind." Twenty years ago, such a priest would have sat alone, unused, unnoticed. To-day, as I am told, there are so many people who slip in from the hurrying stream of humanity outside—so many people who seek out the quiet figure in its black cassock—that the hours of the priest's

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service have been doubled, and that more than one priest will soon be necessary. Unhappy, anxious, fearful people come into Trinity Church to talk with this priest—people who would not for worlds go to their own ministers. And why? Principally, I think, because here they feel protected. They do not know the priest to whom they talk. He does not ask their names. Perhaps he cannot even see their faces clearly. In order to reach their own pastor they must make an appointment, they must come to his study; they must give their names. The pastor's wife will probably notice them, and tell the other women of the parish that "Poor Mrs. X came to see my husband to-day and I heard her crying in his study. I do wonder what the matter is." Or, that same afternoon, after having poured out their troubles to their minister, they may have to meet him at a Guild Tea—or at a Rummage Sale, and try to make conversation with him over the tea cups in some crowded corner. All that is too much to ask. It makes the way to help too difficult. But to slip into a quiet church—to sit down in the shadows beside a man you do not know and who does not know you—a man who has been trained to understand people's difficulties, who will not pat you on the back and tell you "not to worry," but who will listen—and listen—and go on listening, until you have brought out the very last shred of your troubles and apprehensions—ah, that is easy—that is protected—and so quieting and so helpful, that you kneel to say a prayer before you leave the church, and find that at last you really can pray again.

All these things are signs of the times; signs of an awakened need in the hearts of many people who know nothing about the Catholic Faith and who want to hear even less—but who *do* know that they need help and who are gradually learning where to look for it.

I often wonder whether many psychiatrists have so many mysterious telephone calls as I. Five or six times a week the same conversation takes place. —Yes, this is Doctor Oliver.—Doctor, I want to see you.—Very well. If you will come to my office at—. —No, I do not want to come to your office. My name? It is not necessary for me to give my name, is it?—But, if I don't know who you are, how can I make any appointment?— If I can't see you without giving my name and without sitting in a waiting-room full of patients, I can't see you at all. And I want to see you. I *want* to."

To the half-suppressed cry for help in that one word "want" it is hard indeed to be entirely deaf. As a result, I have a group of patients whose names I do not know, and whose faces I have, oftentimes, never clearly seen. They drop in at the Clergy House where I stay on Saturday nights; they slip into the darkened church itself, knowing that they will find me sitting in a dim corner—at the end of a side aisle. At the back of the church, there are groups of people around the confessional boxes, so that a stranger does not feel absolutely alone. He or she tip-toes up the aisle, slides into the pew in which I am sitting. There is enough light to show up my white hair. They know that it is I. And then, the story begins.

They take a long time, those stories, as a general rule. And one must have limitless supplies of patience. Some of these nameless patients of mine are practising Catholics, and go regularly to their confessions. But in the box, there is not time to talk at length; other penitents are waiting. But, sitting by my side, in an empty pew, they are at their ease and they can talk as long as they

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like. Others do not practise their religion—or have no religion to practise. If they need the grace and strength of sacramental confession and absolution, I direct their minds toward it. Still others are devout Protestants. I do not try to estrange them from their familiar ways. I only, occasionally, point out the greater happiness that is waiting for them in the fulness of the Catholic religion. More often than is perhaps right, I make no effort to change whatever type of faith they may profess; I hear—no matter how long it takes—what they have to say. I give what advice I can—and then send them to say a prayer before the high altar, where the tiny red light floats amidst the shadows. And I leave them there in the hands of Him Who is the only perfect physician of body and soul, leave them kneeling there before His presence—a presence that they may neither understand nor accept nor believe—but that will bless them, just the same.

It is a curious, psychological fact that it is far easier for an anxious man or woman, bothered by some inner conflict, to tell his or her story to a practically unknown or neutral person than to those who are nearest and dearest to them, and who may be reasonably expected to have their best interests at heart. This is especially true during the introverted period of adolescence. In most boys' lives, for instance, there comes a time when the free, easy intercourse of childhood with father or mother becomes clouded with a sense of restraint. A wall grows up between father and son. The son has found in sex questions a new matter of absorbing interest. But usually he has learned of these new matters in secret, shoddy ways. From whispered talks with other boys, behind the barn; from chauffeurs in his father's garage; from purloined medical books—even from the Bible itself. And because his new knowledge is tainted by smutty secretiveness, he cannot—he dares not—talk of these things to his father—much less to his mother. But even in those happy families in which the father has trained himself and his adolescent son to talk as easily and as directly about sex matters as they talk about the weather or the last baseball game—even there, the adolescent boy usually has a whole field of new interests and ambitions—day dreams and castles in Spain—which are so peculiarly his own that he cannot share the knowledge of them with his father. The older man might laugh at them; make light of things that to the boy seem more important than life itself. And even if he does not laugh the boy feels that he could never "understand." The same wall of reticence grows up between mother and daughter. And it is during this difficult period that the seeds of so many antagonisms are sown between parent and child. Oftentimes, the father is too busy to take the trouble even to try to understand his son. For it requires patience and many failures before the wall that is rising between them can be broken down, even for a time. I have known young men, tormented by some persistent source of unhappiness, who have wanted to get help from their father—who have longed for an older man's advice and sympathy—and yet who have been absolutely incapable of putting their troubles into words. Father and son, mother and daughter are too close together to make confidences easy. If the boy pours out his troubles to his father, he feels that he may read the memory of them in his father's eyes every time the family sits down to dinner. Or that he will find his mother looking at him with a new glance of poorly hidden distress, and will know

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that his father has not respected his confidences but has discussed him with his mother.

And so it is infinitely easier—and more natural perhaps, for the perplexed boy or girl—to tell his or her troubles to some one, who does not even know his or her name; or who at least will not become a constant, ever-present reminder of the failings and mistakes that are tormenting them. It is here that the confessional has its great value. The priest behind the grating is an unseen presence; but a kindly, an understanding one. If the penitent feels afraid to go to his or her own parish priest—well, there are hundreds of other churches and thousands of other priests in other confessionals, to whom the penitent is merely the voice of a soul in distress. Among Protestants, where there is no dim confessional, no sense of absolute secrecy and protection—the troubled adolescent is likely to be as much afraid of his minister—of his study—of his wife and children—as he is of his own home and of his own parents. And often enough, unfortunately, the minister has had no training in dealing with mental difficulties. If the burden of the young man's difficulties be purely sexual the pastor will talk about sin, and saving grace, and the necessity of faith. And then he will ask the young man to get down on his knees beside his littered, disorderly desk and "have a word or two of prayer."

Far be it from me to cast the slightest aspersion or to make the lightest criticism of those devoted Protestant ministers who are aflame with a real love of souls and who have a deep desire to help "sinners." If they fail to help, it is not because of any lack of interest or of desire to do their best. The trouble is that they do not realize that one cannot become an able physician of souls simply by wishing to be one, any more than a man can perform the simplest surgical operation without a long preparatory training in anatomy and surgical technic. In the Roman Communion, not every priest is licensed to hear confessions simply because he has been ordained. The cure of souls, in the confessional, is a jealously guarded privilege. And no priest may, except of necessity, hear the confessions of religious communities—of monks and nuns—without special license from the ecclesiastical authorities. Moreover, most people do not realize that in Catholic seminaries, the young candidates for holy orders are trained for years in Moral Theology. And Moral Theology is to the physician of souls what the dissecting room and the surgical dispensary are to the medical student. Look through any good treatise on Moral Theology (Noldin, Lehmkuhl or Tanqueray), and you will find not only the principles of mental surgery—but also imaginary case histories, in which the principles are applied to definite cases of conscience.

If our Protestant brethren are seeking to regain some of the valuable things that they lost when they "outlawed the confessional" they must realize that they must begin to train their "mental physicians" in their divinity schools. If they do not, then they will be trying to operate without definite preparation—and although they may not kill the patient's body, they may gravely injure his soul, his happiness and his mental health.

But even Catholics are beginning to realize that the mere book-training in Moral Theology is often inadequate. Fifty years ago, in many unadvanced, unscientific, medical schools, the student spent two or three years learning Materia Medica and Therapeutics out of a book, and then, after graduation, he was supposed to get his practical knowl-

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edge by "practice." Rather hard on the patients. For such men often learned most by their mistakes. Of course, the mistakes were usually buried; and next time, the doctor, we hope, did better. Nowadays, in many of our seminaries, the theological student is being taught Moral Theology in new ways. Or at least, he is given some opportunity for coming into personal contact with definite mental cases. Not from the standpoint of sin or of morality. But from the standpoint of mental medicine. Courses are being given to theologians by psychiatrists. Given in the mental dispensaries of large hospitals where the seminarian can observe the manner in which psychiatrists examine, classify, diagnose and treat mental illness and mental difficulties of all kinds. The theologian is learning to recognize the outstanding symptoms of serious mental disease, and how to differentiate it from mental maladjustments, phobias and obsessions. He is also brought into contact with social service centres where he learns how experts deal with problems of domestic difficulty, with unemployment and with a hundred other matters of which he was formerly ignorant. And so, among Catholics, at least, an effort is being made to develop physicians of the mind and of the soul adequately equipped to meet and to deal with the complex problems of modern life.

Our Protestant brothers are doing something of the same kind. But it is an utter misunderstanding of the situation to imagine that the Protestant can ever undo the damage of the "outlawing of the confessional." It is possible that a Presbyterian or a Methodist pastor might set up in his church a so-called "confessional box"; he might sit on one side of it behind the grating, and might listen to the outpourings of the sins and troubles of some members of his congregation. No doubt the person who there poured out his soul, might be benefited by the procedure; might get helpful advice and go away feeling happier. But all the confessional boxes in the world could not bring back to the Protestant bodies the one thing that really matters—the one thing that is more important than confession—than all the confessional boxes in the world—the thing that we Catholics call "absolution."

It is the "absolution" that gives to the confessional its great power to help and to heal. It is the Sacrament of Penance, in which by the "power that Our Lord Jesus Christ has left upon earth to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him," the priest, acting in Christ's name and by His authority, "absolves from sin"—in which he, as it were, pours upon the head of the penitent the precious blood that was shed upon the cross, in the one perfect sacrifice, oblation and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world. And where there is no priesthood, there is no absolving priest; where there is no absolving priest there is no absolute blotting out of all past sin, no complete restoration to God's grace and to complete forgiveness. To the Catholic, every confession and absolution is a fresh start. He begins his Christian life all over again. All past guilt is wiped out. And fresh grace is given him to start on the road of life once more.

It is all this that makes it so impossible to conceive of a Protestant confessional, in the true sense of the word. And yet one would not, for anything in the world, discourage those devout Protestant ministers who are trying to give their people a deeper, more scientific Cure of Souls—to meet their difficulties by training themselves in psychology and psychiatry. But the one Thing, that

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the Catholic prizes so highly and which is to him a constant source of divinely instituted grace—Christ's absolution and covenanted forgiveness—this the Protestant minister can never give—not because he may not be an infinitely better, holier man than the least intelligent Catholic priest—but simply because he does not have it to give—since the power to give it has never been bestowed upon him.

Many modern people—who have no use at all for the Sacrament of Penance—are kind enough to "think highly" of the confessional. I had a medical colleague once, who consulted me about a school for his two children. "I want," he said, "to send them to one of your Anglican schools, a place where they will have to go to confession. I can't go quite as far as to send them to a Roman Catholic institution. But I won't have them trained in any Protestant atmosphere, such as I was brought up in, and in which there is no means of mental outlet, no chance for mental direction and training."

That father—acting, perhaps, from no real religious motive, gave to his children a greater gift than he realized. How great that gift is, only one can understand who has sat some Saturday afternoon or evening in a quiet church, while confessions are being heard. Watch the people when they come in; and then look at them again when they leave the church.

A few weeks ago, I was kneeling at the back of such a church. In front of me there knelt a girl of perhaps sixteen or less. She was tense—tormented, apparently. She twisted about; she could not keep still. The glimpse that I caught of her showed me the face of a person in great mental distress. I could not take my eyes from her. She seemed anxiety personified.—A few moments later, she got up, and went into the confessional. I also got up from my knees, and walked up to the high altar to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. Time passed quickly there. Then some one pushed by me—and knelt down on the altar steps, just a few feet away. It was the same girl. But I have never seen such a change in any human being. All her tenseness was gone; the lines of worry had been soothed from her face. No signs of mental torment now; no anxiety—only perfect relaxation—peace—and, apparently, a great happiness—for her lips were parted in a smile. If I, as a psychiatrist, could have done for that girl in three hours what had been accomplished in fifteen minutes, I should have thought myself a clever physician indeed.

I watched her make the sign of the cross, from forehead to breast, from shoulder to shoulder, with a hand that was steady, co-ordinated, efficient, exact. Then she folded her arms on her breast, and lifted her face to the Tabernacle. That face still bore traces of dried tears; but the eyes were bright—unclouded. I left her there—with a prayer of thanksgiving—left her there at peace with man—and, if I may say so without irreverence—at home with her God.

"All magic—all superstition—all emotional self-hypnosis," my materialistic friends may say. Well, let them say so as often as they please. I shall begin to listen to them when their own particular type of magic and hypnosis gets the same results.

What these types of magic are, which Doctor Oliver mentions, is discussed in "Substitutes for God," by Mark Van Doren, in the next number.

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What is the real truth of the Soviet government's attitude toward religion? Using documents which have not hitherto been translated, the author presents facts without partisanship. An article so sane and unbiased that it will aid every American in understanding the complex situation.

The Triple-Barred Cross

BY WILLIAM C. WHITE

A WORKMAN from the factory in the little town of Medvedovka, near Moscow, climbed very carefully up the slippery side of the golden cupola that crowns the village church. He reached the cross that was its pinnacle —the triple-barred cross of the Russian Orthodox Church, with the crescent, commemorating Christianity's triumph over the Mohammedan Tatars. On top of it he put a device cut from wood. He nailed it fast at the peak while the crowd below cheered. In the courtyard of the church lay three tons of bronze bells that had been taken down that same day from the tower. Over the door of the church was a sign "Workmen's Club." Atop the church, in silhouette against the twilight sky, was a summary of the religious history of Russia—the crescent, the cross triumphant, and, surmounting both, the newly placed hammer and sickle, the Soviet emblem.

Figures recently published state that 4,000 of 50,000 "places of prayer" have been closed since the Revolution. In 1928, 354 churches, 38 monasteries, 59 synagogues, and 38 mosques were converted into clubs, dormitories, restaurants, clinics, schools, and museums. Six hundred churches were closed during the first nine months of 1929 and nearly a thousand have been closed since December, 1929. The recent church-closing "campaign"—which was made a "campaign" by foreign news sources (who, curiously enough, have let it die out now)—is not a sudden development. Anti-religious posters and banners have hung in Russian railroad stations, in factories and clubs for the past six years, anti-religious meetings have gone on continually, and churches have become clubs, mosques have been turned into schools, and synagogues were turned into clinics. Changes in policy and in local conditions have greatly accelerated the movement. Yet, to-day, shrill-voiced mullahs from minarets in Tartary and Crimea still call the faithful to remember Allah. And although congregations may be smaller, services continue in the 35,000 churches still open beneath the triple-barred cross.

The triple-barred cross—its little bar above representing the sign that hung above Christ's head, the big bar for His arms, the lower bar, aslant, commemorating the legend that one of His legs was shorter than the other—tells the foreigner, ignorant as he may be of liturgy and articles of faith, that here is a church which differs from those in the West.

The history of the Orthodox Church is in any encyclopædia, the story of how

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Russia, taking her religion from Constantinople in the tenth century, spread it from the city of Kiev to the Arctic, how it developed into the Church of the Russian Empire. With a liturgy borrowed from the Eastern Church it went its own way and, although it kept friendly relations with the other non-Roman Catholic Churches in the Balkans, yet the most important fact in its history was its rise as the National Church; it was the *Russian* Orthodox Church or, in the Russian phrase, "the true Slavic Church," with its own government, through the Tsar, the head of the Church, the Metropolitan, and the Holy Synod. Its missionary efforts, exclusively within the Russian Empire, were immense in converting Poles, Fins, Kalmucks, Samoyeds, Yakuts, Uzbeks, and the hundred and seventy-five non-Orthodox peoples of the empire. It did spread outside the empire boundaries, but it went abroad not to convert but to connect the Russian emigrant with his homeland and, until the Revolution, these foreign churches were supported from Petrograd.

The Russian Church was as Russian as the Tsar. What other church was so exclusively national as this? Its defenders rose about it just as much because it was Russia as because it was the church. It was something foreign to non-Russians. When Poland and the Baltic States emerged independent after the War the Russian Cathedral in Warsaw was jubilantly razed, five hundred Orthodox churches in Polish villages were converted into Roman Catholic Churches, and Orthodox churches closed in Lithuania, Latvia, Esthonia, and Finland.

Its services were carried on in Slavonic, the "old" Russian language. Its priests were allowed to marry before ordination, and the priesthood was often a family profession, son succeeding father. It used ikons (painted pictures) instead of the sacred statuary of the Roman Catholic Church. It built up great wealth in land, jewels, and money; before the Revolution it owned 8,000,000 acres of land. How much moral influence it had and how much it ordered the behavior of its people is an open question; it stressed church attendance, ceremonials, observance of the countless holidays, reverence of holy relics, pilgrimages to its many sacred shrines where the bodies of its saints were miraculously preserved. Its power and its traditions were great, yet the priest never succeeded in making himself a popular figure in the villages for his power was too great—he was feared.

The part the church played in supporting the conception of "Holy Russia" and of the Tsar as "the Little Father" cannot be overestimated. The triple-barred cross was as much the symbol of Russian autocracy as it was the symbol of Holy Russia, and the church was a mighty instrument in the hands of that autocracy.

Besides this great state religion, there were in the Russian Empire Roman Catholics and Jews, Lutherans (especially in the Baltic provinces), some other Protestant sects, as well as Mohammedans, Buddhists, and all the religions of the East. They existed under varying restrictions, the harshest of which were against the sectarian movements, particularly against the many petty sects, which were entirely local and without foreign connections or even internal organization.

The Kerensky régime began to separate church and state, on democratic grounds. Within a few months after the Bolshevik revolution in November, 1917, most of the temporal power of the church had been removed. Mea-

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sures passed at this time were directed at the church as an organization with control over great masses which the Bolsheviki were trying to win and not at the church as the disseminator of a doctrine hostile to Communism. Its land was nationalized immediately, along with all other land. A little later compulsory civil marriage and civil divorce were decreed with church marriage optional. When the Soviet constitution was published in July, 1918, it was stated "In order to guarantee to the laboring class genuine freedom of conscience, the church is separated from the state and the schools from the church, and the freedom of religious and anti-religious propaganda is recognized for all citizens"; the same constitution refused the right of political franchise to "monks and the religious servants of churches and cults." The constitution, curiously enough, guaranteed "the right of refuge to all foreigners persecuted for political or *religious* activities." Further decrees followed; monasteries were closed in 1922 and much movable church property passed over to the state.

By 1926 the church itself had undergone reforms. A "new church" had arisen and there were schisms in the ranks of the remaining priests; but this "new church" with its various liturgical reforms has never gained popularity and most of the Orthodox Churches carry on the old tradition and in the old language. The right of "anti-religious propaganda" was being exercised by the recently formed Atheist Society. While the Orthodox Church was doing little to gain new members or even to intrench itself in whatever position it may have had, the Protestant sects were exercising "their right of religious propaganda," especially in the cities. These sects had more or less suffered the same repressive measures before the Revolution which the Communist party itself experienced; they could not be branded as "instruments of the Tsar."

The Orthodox Church was firmly intrenched in the villages. The church still played its part in baptism, marriage, and funerals, for the teaching of long years dies slowly. The Kremlin did little to stop it. It was content to insist that no religious education be given the child until he was eighteen, and to attempt to win the children, letting the older generation follow their own inclination. But custom can teach as well as a priest's school; and the church stood in the village on this basis. Civil marriage was the only legal marriage, yet few peasant girls considered themselves married without the church ceremony. Any "progress" in eliminating religious practices among the thousands of army conscripts from the village usually failed, for the soldiers, returning home, found it hard to stand against village custom and tradition. The village still counted time by the old church calendar, although the European calendar was introduced in 1918; consequently there were two Christmases and two Easters in a year—one by "new style" and one by "old style"; and events were dated "three weeks after Trinity," "the day after Ascension."

In the cities the church was losing ground. Members of the Communist party, although they take no oath of atheism as has been erroneously reported in America, none the less do not go to church if they wish to remain in the party. Nor do many government employees go. Furthermore, propaganda about the church as an instrument of Tsarism was more efficacious among the better-enlightened masses of the urban proletariat. Yet, as the Orthodox Church lost among the city workers, the sects gained. Baptists, Christian Sci-

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entists, Evangelicals, Seventh Day Adventists, Spiritualists, and Tolstoians carried on their "constitutional" right of religious propaganda. The simplicity of their service, their use of Scripture reading, appealed to the more intelligent of the factory employee class—the foreman group in the mills, a group that had to be handled by the Kremlin with kid gloves.

Not until 1928 did the Kremlin begin to realize what ground the sects were capturing in the cities. Amazing things were discovered. Whereas the Communist motto was "Workers of the world, unite," and their state seal a hammer and sickle covering the world, one sect had adopted the obviously "counter-revolutionary" motto, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden"—and their seal was a pair of clasped hands superimposed upon a globe. In many ways the sects were stealing some of the favorite Communist publicity measures and mimicking them. The Kremlin was organizing "liquidate-illiteracy" schools; so did the sects, but their pupils were given Scriptural tracts to read and not the A B C's of Leninism. Speakers at Communist mass meetings announced such subjects as "The Electrification of Our Country," "Progress in Aviation," "The Industrialization of Siberia," "The 'Chemicalization' of Industry," "Forward to Socialism." The preachers of the sects announced such subjects as "The Electrification of Religion," "The Aviation of the Spirit," "The Industrialization of the Church," "The 'Chemicalization' of Faith," and "Back to Christ."

The sects organized benefit societies, youth organizations, and various charity undertakings. In a country where life is lonesome at the best, they often followed their meetings with lectures on baby-raising, health talks, music, and even dances. One Soviet newspaper reported disgustedly that some sect was holding a competition for the best accordion player and thereby attracting attention and winning converts. Finally, there were great protests from the newspapers when it was discovered that, since these denominations could have no printing presses of their own, their printing was being done in government shops; one book of hymns bore the firm mark "Printed in the Comintern (Communist International) Printing Shop." The manager of this office explained privately that, at least, the sects paid their bills on time—which was more than many of the government bureaus did. One sectarian journal, with a circulation of 20,000, offered a correspondence course in singing; all of them had articles on health, farming, and various other non-religious features.

While no census was taken, yet scattered surveys showed the spread of sectarianism. In the North Caucasus there were 23 sects with 70,000 members. In the great industrial city of Stalingrad it was found that, among 8,000 members, 60 per cent were workers in factories. In the great textile city of Ivanovo Voznesensk many of the factory foremen belonged to the Protestant groups. In Moscow there were a dozen recognized meetings, and many groups which met in each other's homes, in private apartments, for they needed nothing of the paraphernalia of the Orthodox Church. Here there were perhaps 40,000 members. Sectarian books and tracts went through editions of 10,000—in Ukraine 100,000 copies of one pamphlet were printed. Books and money were being sent from abroad; one American denomination sent $50,000 to its brethren in Russia, as a letter now on exhibition in the Moscow anti-religious museum testifies. Aggressiveness was a thing all

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the sects had in common. The motto of one group, which embraced 400 of the 6,000 workers in one factory, was "Each brother must convert two of his fellows into brothers in Christ; and, by October (1929), each one, in true apostolic fashion, must convert twelve." The Moscow newspaper complained of the inactivity of the branch of the Atheist Society at this factory "which has only seven members."

One sect, the Tolstoians, had come into clash with the government before this; they believed in pacifism and non-resistance; there had been frequent trouble about their refusal to obey the compulsory military service law, and their refusal usually brought jail sentences.

In addition to these well-recognized religious denominations there arose many petty little sects among discontented peasants in the villages; these were usually local and sometimes based on the blackest kind of superstitions and curious practices. The power of the church in the village was officially broken and these "sects" were symptoms of the new freedom. There was the sect of the "Red Death," which believed that old people were useless and should be killed; they practised what they believed, at midnight meetings, to the accompaniment of prayers and songs. There were the "Michaelians" who taught that the Archangel Michael would soon appear on a white horse to lead against the Communists; so they encouraged members to meet and prepare themselves to follow him. Most curious was the "Down with Shame" movement. It was their custom to meet and pray, then throw off all clothes and run into the village street, shouting that salvation lay ahead for only those who followed them. The president of the village Soviet came to remonstrate; they tore his clothes off and sent him running. Some of them were arrested; their fellow members broke into jail at night, freed them, and announced next morning to the villages that it was the work of angels. They were eventually arrested as public nuisances. The forty defendants shocked the court and the crowd of spectators by suddenly rising, in the midst of the session, undressing, and beginning to preach. A number of these localized sects had distinctly "anti-government" aims and slogans, and, on being suppressed, went "underground" to continue their work.

Against the continued power of the church in the village and the aggressiveness of the sectarian movement in the cities, the Kremlin until 1929 took little action. Clerics were frequently arrested and exiled when they became too prominent or when they were accused of "conspiracy against the state," but there was no united "anti-Church movement." The Atheist Society was the chief centre for any anti-religious propaganda. With central headquarters in Moscow, it tried to organize "nuclei" in factories and villages; it organized courses for agitators, it opened "Atheists' Corners" in railroad stations, offices, and clubs—little "shrines" decorated with gaudy posters, banners, and distributing free literature. It published a magazine with a semi-monthly edition of 50,000. It was supported by dues from members; but many members joined during various "drives" rather involuntarily and with no thought of doing active work. Up to 1929 it had about 150,000 members, organized in 2,500 nuclei. Its work was chiefly in the cities and among the factory employees; and its influence and membership in the village were trifling. It carried out fiery campaigns annually against the observance of Easter and Christmas, fighting against the use of

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Christmas trees—which none the less appeared regularly on the streets with government permission, and it protested loudly that state factories were making 150,000 pounds of church candles annually. It organized dances and other divertissement on the eve of Easter to attract the population from their custom of going to church that night if no other in the year. The remainder of the year it was more or less dormant. Moscow newspapers constantly complained of its lack of spirit; cartoons were printed showing a member going to bed on the day after Easter and saying, "Well, nothing to do until Christmas," or of some member in bed, aroused by the church bells and swearing, "Confound those bells—they won't let me sleep." Whatever propaganda it did carry on was aimed equally at the Orthodox Church, at the Jews, at the sects, and at the Mohammedans and Buddhists. Their beliefs and customs were ridiculed as being unenlightened superstition, and all religion was dubbed the "tool of the capitalists" and the attack carried on on that front.

Beginning with the early months of 1929 more attention was paid to the question of religion in the Proletarian Fatherland. There has never been a sharp distinction between the church as an institution and religion as a belief; both are incompatible with the beliefs of the Communist party, so both are attacked as one. There was no one "central control" for this "campaign," unless it be the Communist party itself which controls everything in the Soviet Union. The legislative organs, the courts, schools, the Atheist Society, the trade unions—all were called into line. At the same time the hitherto unnoticed progress which the sects had made was discovered and a new land policy was introduced in the villages—a policy so radical that it was expected that much opposition to it would be roused.

It is perhaps artificial to divide the "campaign" into two parts, that in the cities and that in the villages, but in each instance the attack is on different grounds and with different weapons. It will help clarify the situation to take it in that way.

First of all a new decree was issued in April, 1929, summing up the position of all churches in the Soviet state and regulating every feature in the life of "religious units of believing citizens of all cults." To form a "religious society" the members must be above eighteen and their society (*i. e.*, every local church or meeting) must be registered with the authorities, as well as their ministers or priests; whether or not lists of all the members must be registered as well is not clear. This registration will make possible a very accurate census of religious bodies. On arrangement, the local authorities will give over to a group of not less than twelve members, churches, synagogues, and mosques, rent free, although it is to be understood that all such are national property and can be taken back at any time; and the group must keep any such building in repair and pay all expenses incident to operating it. In addition, any "society" may use premises offered them by private persons but each "society" may use only one premise—a blow at sects accustomed to meet around at various homes. Such private premises must likewise be registered with the authorities. These "societies" must organize and register with the authorities executive and financial committees "for the administration and use of cult property." Since these committees bear all responsibility for what the "society" does or is accused of doing, there is no rush for membership. "These committees may not enter into

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contract relations, though connected with the cult, but pursuing commercial and industrial aims, such as the hire of candle factories, or of typographies for the printing of religious books, etc." How minutely this provision is to be applied is uncertain.

"Religious unions" are not allowed to create "any associations for mutual assistance, to give any material support to their members, to organize special children's, youths', women's, prayer or other meetings, as well as general biblical, literary, sewing, or religious teaching circles; nor meetings, groups, circles, sections, and the organization of excursions and children's playground, the opening of libraries and reading rooms, the organization of sanatoria and medical assistance." Such a provision hits at much that the sects were doing; but the next provision hits them hardest—"the bounds of the activity of ministers, preachers, teachers, etc., shall be limited to the residence of the members of the 'religious union' attended by them, and the location of their respective prayer premises." This prevents "circuit riding"; and there is a great shortage of Protestant leaders and ministers, one often serving a number of groups.

Such "societies" may collect voluntary contributions but only among members and only for purposes connected with the upkeep of the prayer house, etc. "Prayer meetings" may be held without notification or permission of the organs of authority, although processions and rites in the open (except funerals) need special permission. But if prayer meetings are held in other than "premises not especially adapted" the police must be notified.

This law immediately checked the activities of the sects, and a number of their churches in Moscow and Leningrad closed. The offensive on the church and on religion was now given new strength. In the cities it was concentrated rather more on all religion as a superstitious belief inimicable to the best interests of the proletariat. Against religious teachings the Kremlin had long ago placed diametrically opposite its belief in "historical materialism." Modern science and a materialistic interpretation of history were used to prove the falsity of the belief in a divinity in the universe. Here the chief methods used were educational methods. Every school child in Russia learns by the age of twelve that "Religion is opium for the people," meaning that, in capitalistic governments, religion and church organizations are on the side of capital helping to preserve the *status quo,* serious barriers to any call to the oppressed proletariat to arise and throw off the yoke of their oppressors. To supplement what the schools had long taught, anti-religious meetings and an anti-religious "university" were organized (chiefly lengthy lectures in the evenings and especially on Sundays, open to any one). Anti-religious museums were created and a study of one of these shows how the Kremlin fights both religion as a belief and the church as an institution.

The largest is in Moscow, housed in the church in the historic Strassnoi Monastery, in the heart of the city. It is open every day and is always crowded. The first rooms show the conflict of church teachings with science; here are lengthy and detailed displays of comparative embryology and anatomy, with everything plainly labelled in simple language and guides near by to explain. Another room presents "comparative idolatry"—here are comparisons of ikons, crosses, statues of saints with Babylonian, African and South Sea images and totems. There are lecturers ready to point out the comparisons.

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The next few rooms deal exclusively with the Orthodox Church. The first holds the most spectacular exhibit—in a glass case lie the well-preserved mummified bodies of three famous saints of the sixteenth century, whose graves were once famous shrines. Experienced guides take groups around; the party stops before one of the saints. "Here is the body of St. Sergius," says the lecturer, "which the church always said was preserved from corruption by divine intervention." A few of the more timid cross themselves. "If divine intervention preserves from corruption how do you explain this?" she asks, pointing to an adjoining case. Here lie the well-preserved mummified bodies of a cat, a rabbit, and a dog. Then she explains the scientific reasons for mummification—and tells how much money was contributed annually at each of the holy shrines. Another room emphasizes the relation of the church to the Tsarist state. Here are photographs of the royal family at church, various robes embroidered by royal hands, jewelled crosses, royal ikons, and pictures and exhibits of the part the church played "in keeping quiet the soldiers." Another room shows the rôle of the church in amassing wealth; here are heaps of collection plates, land inventories from the monasteries, account books, and piles of relics, cheap ikons, candles, sacred pictures and tracts which were sold to pilgrims and to parishioners.

One small room—in the rear where once the altar stood—is an exhibit of the activity of the sects, showing their publications, and most particularly samples of their correspondence, with similar groups abroad, lifted from the mails. The letters treat of their activities, of money and books sent, and are used to prove conclusively "the league of the sectarians with the foreign capitalists" —very nearly "counter-revolution" in itself.

The Atheist Society, which organized and opened this museum and many others in the spring of 1929, has been very active in cities, factories, and is beginning to work in the villages. At its congress held a few months ago it reported a membership to 1930 of 465,498 members organized in 8,928 "nuclei." How many of them are active or even intellectually in sympathy is difficult to say. Its magazine now prints an edition of 70,000.

Another measure that has helped the "anti-religious campaign" in the cities and factory settlements has been the famous "abolition of Sunday" through the introduction of the "five-day week." That is, offices and factories in the cities work on a shift basis; one fifth of the employees have Monday free, one-fifth Tuesday and so on; the result is that the offices and factories work seven days a week and one's day of rest varies from week to week. This was introduced more as an economic measure than as an "anti-religious" move but its effect on church attendance is apparent.

The "anti-religious campaign" in the villages is directed also at religion as a belief, but, far more important, against the church as an institution. Up to 1928 the villages continued their old forms of economic and social life, more or less unchanged. In 1928 the village policy of the Kremlin was radically revised. The country needed increased harvests and they could be produced only by more modern farming methods; but the land division system prevented the application of the modern methods—the age-old custom of each family having their own small strips of land and farming them with the horse hitched to a wooden plow, or, if there was no horse, hitching up the wife. At the same time a

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group of "wealthy" peasants (*"kulaki"*) had arisen in the villages; they were out of sympathy with the Communistic régime in the cities. Plans had to be drawn to solve the economic riddle of increasing the crop yield and at the same time crushing the "wealthy" elements in the villages. The remedy offered and applied was "collectivization"; the small holdings of the peasants of a village were to be pooled, the land was to be worked as a unit, the peasants were to be invited, urged, forced or compelled to enter this new structural form; crops would increase as the large fields were farmed by tractors and other modern machinery, and the net profit would be divided among the inhabitants of a village. Naturally, there was strong opposition to such a scheme which so completely upset the old peasants' belief that "the land is mine." Yet the power of the Kremlin was strong . . . and it was planned to "collectivize" 40 per cent of all private holdings by 1933. Forty per cent of the villages would be *new* villages—just as different from the village of Tsarist days as the cities and factories where the Revolution had gone more rapidly. The Kremlin did not know its own strength; it found it easier to put the peasant into collectives than it had thought—and promptly changed its programme—100 per cent of the villages were to be collectivized by 1933.

The Tsar had gone, the landlords had gone—now the age-old system of small land holdings was to go; yet the triple-barred cross still stood. From the Communist point of view the church seemed an anachronism which survived complete uprooting only because of the hold it had on the older generation of peasants. So new rules were issued; peasants entering "collectives" (which was about the only thing they could do) had to give up going to church. This was the situation with the 10,000 Mennonites of German stock who came to Moscow in October, 1929, demanding permission to emigrate. They were willing to enter "collectives" but could not without government help. And the government would give no help unless they gave up their religion. This new form of village organization increases tremendously the power of the government in the village, for its success is dependent on government help, and the priest must have no part in this new structure.

The church, to this time, had frequently been charged with "counter-revolution." "Counter-revolution" is a widely inclusive term in Soviet Russia. It may mean derogatory remarks about the government, as well as actual revolt or bombing. It may mean wrecking a government tractor or putting a wrench in government machinery. It may be advising others to oppose some government measure as well as actually shooting the emissaries sent out to the village to carry out that measure. When the minister of one sect said, "This government makes vodka and lives on its proceeds; therefore it is a bad government and we should not co-operate with it"—that is "counter-revolution." When peasants complain that grain levies are too severe (as they often are) and the priest advises his parishioners to hide their surplus wheat in the cellar of the church—that is "counter-revolution." When the minister of a sect says that "Before Christ all men are equal—there is no such thing as classes or class consciousness"—that is "counter-revolution." When a priest complains to his congregation that, from inability to pay his taxes his cow had been seized by the village Soviet and urges his hearers to protest to the Soviet—with the result that a mob takes the local village head and kills him—that is "counter-revolu-

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tion." When it is serious "the highest measure of social defense"—death by shooting, following a trial, formal or informal, depending on its publicity value—is applied. In less serious cases prison sentences and confiscation of property are meted out. The Kremlin is attempting a wide-spread reform of peasant life; it is, in fact, staking the future of Communist rule in the Soviet Union on the success of this policy, for if the "collectives" fail, Communism falls. The reform arouses considerable discontent among the 27,000,000 peasant huts where forced grain collections in 1927 and 1928 already aroused dissatisfaction. The discontented, the *"kulaki"* (which has lost all its meaning of "wealthy" peasant and meant, to April, 1930, in a swing around the circle, a discontented peasant), seek something that remains from old, some solid buttress amid all the change and confusion round about. They find it in the church. In every village which has been "collectivized" these groups, left out of the "collective," rally round the church; the priest himself has been left out, although a very recent law concedes him the right to stay in the collectivized village. These "rotting elements," as the popular phrase dubs them, unite, for their taxes are higher, they are barred from the stores, the hospitals, the schools, the veterinary—"they may throw themselves under automobiles" was the gracious permission given them by Stalin, the secretary of the Communist party. The same thing is true in the Mohammedan regions where the mosque becomes the centre for "the undesirable elements."

Consequently, whether consciously or not, the church in the villages becomes immediately identified with potential "counter-revolution," and Moscow newspapers are never tired of listing cases where the priests have taken the lead against Kremlin policy in the villages by preaching, by advising, or by actually leading. They accuse village priests, and sects as well, of spreading rumors among an ignorant and superstitious population—"Don't enter the collective—it is against the church and God will therefore send a hundred degrees of frost to kill all crops"; "The collective is immoral—they are going to make all men and women sleep together under one blanket a hundred feet long"; "The world is coming to an end in five years—it is useless to change your life now"; "The Communist policy is too large—it is like Goliath; the church is David—remember who won that fight."

The newspapers and the court lists quote cases of "counter-revolutionary" activity—in Viatka district, where priests, a bishop, and *"kulaki"* banded together saying "Soviet rule is the rule of anti-Christ. It is therefore not necessary to recognize it. The church is the only salvation, for the Communists will ruin the village and carry all the grain for their workers in the cities." The report continues—"A secret printing press was found and when asked from where they received permission to operate it they answered from God. The secret police tried ten for "counter-revolution." In Ukraine a group of priests and *"kulaki"* had banners bearing the device "God save the Tsar."

When "counter-revolution" turns from words to actions and there are riots or killings, the government applies "the highest measure of social defense." Such was done in the village of Anfalovo, where priests and "wealthy peasants," with the slogan "Defend religion," aroused a mob in protest against closing a church, with the result that one Communist was killed; or in Kimri, near Moscow, where a mob defended their church from the group attempting to

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raze it, and half a dozen officials were killed. How many priests have been shot or how many exiled, how many *"kulaki"* are simply ordinary peasants bedevilled to madness by government policy, how many charges have been trumped up—these things no one can tell. Nor can one tell from here how real or significant are the concessions made by the "slowing down of collectivization," as announced by Stalin last March. The point is that the Kremlin considers the triple-barred cross the symbol of old Russia and all who gather under it potentially opposed to the new "Soviet Union." It asks in its newspapers, "The Soviet constitution gives the right of freedom of conscience—but when does it give the right to 'counter-revolution'?" Because the government policy hits at the very foundation of economic life in Russia and because the exclusive right to define "counter-revolution" rests in the Kremlin, the "campaign" against churches and mosque, synagogue and sects, goes on.

In the church-closing "campaign" two other factors have played a part; the new "collectives" are supposed to bring their members greater cultural opportunities; not having the money to build a new club-house the church is closed, at instigation of the local authorities, and converted into a "club," with radio, books, and perhaps a moving-picture screen. Then there is the question of church bells—it has been estimated that there are 333,000 tons of copper and bronze in the bells beneath the triple-barred cross—metals which Soviet Russia must buy abroad, enough to save $15,000,000 worth of imports. The bells from the churches closed go immediately to the foundry with the slogan "Put the bells in the smelter and put tractors in the fields." Seeking the justification of history the newspapers say, "The French Revolution also took down the bells."

It is outside the scope of this article to consider whether closing churches helps or hinders the spread of religion as a belief, as a guide in life. The Kremlin admits that pressure put on the church helps make martyrs; and martyrs have always been better evangelists after their death than before. Rather, it stakes its "anti-religious campaign," in the final analysis, on the success of its education of the rising generation. In the schools the study of the philosophy of Communism, in easy form, begins in the fourth grade. Questionnaires have been passed frequently among children to determine the extent of their belief; many, of course, sign as the majority signs, so the figures are only relative. In one such questionnaire sent to 10,000 children of the eighth grade it was discovered that

7.3 per cent are religious by belief or inclination.
6.5 per cent are religious because of obedience to elders.
24 per cent are "not concerned."
44.1 per cent are non-religious.
18.1 per cent are anti-religious.

Another questionnaire sent through a school in Moscow set the question "Do you believe in God; if so, why?" The answers were (as given in the paper *Konsomolskaya Pravda*):

Yes—must believe without asking	37
Yes—impossible not to believe	23
Yes—parents believe	24
Yes—giving benefits—health, money, etc., derived thereby	47
	131
No—giving no reason	343
No—giving personal reason	17
No—parents don't believe—why should I?	10
No—giving political reasons (Religion a class weapon)	31
No—giving scientific reasons	33
No—"No one ever saw God"	18
	452

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The Orthodox Church, too, before the Revolution, used education as a means for anchoring itself in the Russian Empire. It brought the population to the Revolution 70 per cent illiterate. The Kremlin would educate every one but as a means to imposing its views on them; and in the unpredictable success or failure of its educational programme lies the failure or the success of the "anti-religious campaign." The former nobility, army officers, former merchants—these can be seen at any Sunday service. The Kremlin has made no attempt to stop them; churches are still open and choirs from the operas still chant the morning service. While the Kremlin removes churches in the cities as it wishes when it feels they block traffic or stand in the way of new development, while it converts churches to other uses in the villages and vigorously applies its policy which hits directly at the church, yet, in the meantime, it relies on its monopolistic hold on education to make all church attendance a feature of life that will die out when the classes to whom the triple-barred cross meant so much are gone.

Legacy

By Velma Hutchinson

God rest you sire! If rest you can
With as poor an end as is made by a man:
Your stables barren, your hounds all dead
And me without a roof to my head.

(But your lithe grace has made me fleet
When sorrow follows my lilting feet.)

The old crones sigh, who watch me pass:
"Better not born, poor lass! poor lass!"
While you perhaps, keep rendezvous
With careless souls as gay as you.

(But you left me a heritage, heady as wine:
This strange wild beauty men say is mine.)

The pride of my grandsire's heart, they say,
Was the books you so glibly sold away.
"When one needs wine, books are a stone" . . .
And so I have none to call my own.

(But you left me this to make me wise:
The hungry look in my mother's eyes.)

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J. E. B. STUART

BY CAPTAIN JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Stuart's First War Year

Jeb Stuart's first command was with the Confederate Army which Joseph E. Johnston was forming at Harper's Ferry in the spring of 1861. He was transferred to the cavalry against his wishes. It was commonly considered that the way to promotion and glory lay with the infantry —or artillery—and not with the mounted service, and Stuart was ambitious. But he agreed that the time demanded sacrifices for the common good, and he accepted a colonel's commission and mustered the mounted companies from which was organized the 1st Virginia Regiment of Cavalry.

His regiment observed the Potomac River on Johnston's front, above and below Harper's Ferry for a distance of fifty miles. The Northern invasion of Virginia began in May, Johnston retiring up the Shenandoah Valley to the vicinity of Richmond as soon as the Federal General Patterson crossed the Potomac. Stuart's cavalry was intensely active during this period, picketing the lower width of the valley, observing the enemy's movements, and receiving drill and instruction at every possible interval. It was Stuart's aim to bring his command to the high condition of the old U. S. Regulars, and he drove his men mercilessly.

Early in July, he acted with Jackson's infantry at the small action of Falling Waters. When, on July 18, Johnston moved by rail and marching to Manassas Junction, to join Beauregard against McDowell, Stuart's cavalry covered the withdrawal from the Valley so effectively that Patterson believed, until after First Manassas was fought, that Johnston was still on his front. Marching overland after the army with his cavalry on the 19th of July, Stuart made seventy miles in two days and arrived in time to cover the Confederate left during the fight on the 21st. With about 300 sabres of the 1st Virginia, and a section of horse artillery, he operated, first on Jackson's outer flank, then on Kirby Smith's, and finally on Early's, as their brigades came up and successively extended the Confederate line until it overlapped and turned the last Federal effort against Henry Hill. He pursued the enemy until all his troopers were expended as prisoner-guards, and in the opinion of General Jubal Early, no single person contributed so much to the Confederate success as Colonel Stuart.

General Johnston did not return to the Valley, and he kept Stuart with him in central Virginia. On Johnston's recommendation, seconded by others, Stuart was promoted Brigadier in September, 1861, and his command increased to a brigade. He passed an active winter, continuously drilling and instructing his regiments, and performing the outpost duty of the army to the admiration of his seniors. Numerous small actions marked this period, of which the battle of Dranesville, December, 1861, was the most considerable.

In March, 1862, on the movement of McClellan to invade Virginia by way of Chesapeake Bay and the Peninsula, Stuart acted as rear guard of the Army when Johnston marched from Centreville to Yorktown.

It was to General Joseph E. Johnston that Stuart owed his first opportunities. An independent cavalry force was not thought of in 1861, and on both sides, North and South, cavalry was dispersed on a variety of unimportant details and seldom concentrated. But Stuart worked from the first for an independent mounted unit, and he made himself so valuable, first with a regiment, and then with a brigade, that Johnston approved and furthered his purpose. The immediate result was that the Confederate service had cavalry which actually functioned as cavalry, capable of performing for the army the services of security and information, as well as harassment on the flanks and in the rear of the enemy, a full year before the Federals. The ride around McClellan was the first conspicuous exploit of Stuart's Cavalry.

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III. The Ride Around McClellan

It is related, in George Cary Eggleston's "Rebel Recollections," that, at Stuart's headquarters, "Camp Qui Vive," in the winter of 1861–62, staff talked of what the Yankees might do next. Would they try again through Manassas, now that General McClellan, the "Little Napoleon," was in command? Or would they thrust at Fredericksburg, or what? Stuart laid his hand on that portion of the map where the James and the York Rivers wind down to Chesapeake Bay, and said:

". . . I think he knows the shortest road to Richmond. If I am not greatly mistaken, we shall hear of him presently on his way up the James River. . . ."

In March, when the winter began to loosen its hold, the newspapers and the busy Confederate agents reported vast activity in Washington, troops embarking there, and at Annapolis. Confederate cavalry patrols on the Potomac, at Matthias Point, sent word of a continuous procession of transports, store-ships, ships of war, passing down the river. In the middle of the month General Johnston fell back from the Manassas Junction positions to Richmond, and hurried down the peninsula between the James and the York Rivers to man the lines Magruder had laid out at Yorktown the year before. The last two weeks in March McClellan's army was landing at Fort Monroe; on the 4th of April he advanced on Yorktown, and for a month Johnston and McClellan confronted each other, inactive except for small affairs of outposts and patrols, in which Stuart's Cavalry Brigade was constantly engaged. Meantime, C. S. ram *Virginia* —the ex-U. S. steam-frigate *Merrimac,* burned by the Federals at Gosport Yard —raised by the Confederates and housed in the first armor-plate ever rolled in America—appeared in Hampton Roads. She sank U. S. S. *Cumberland* and U. S. S. *Congress,* fought Ericsson's *Monitor,* and outmoded in a day the wooden navies of the world. But there was only one of her: she drew too much water to ascend the James, and the army had to evacuate Norfolk, her sea base. They scuttled her behind Craney Island in the Elizabeth River; United States gunboats entered the York and the James, and McClellan ponderously advanced on Yorktown, now untenable because the rivers on either hand were lost. Johnston did not wait to fight; on the 3d of May he left his lines, with Stuart's cavalry covering the rear of the army, regiments on each road they used. So languid was McClellan's movement that it was the 4th before he found Johnston was gone, and midday of the 4th before a pursuit began. That afternoon there was hard cavalry fighting between Yorktown and Williamsburg: Colonel Wickham, with the 4th Virginia Cavalry, was broken up on the Telegraph road in the centre, and himself wounded by a sabre-thrust; and Emory, with the Pennsylvania cavalry, got through on the right and blocked Stuart's rear. Stuart abandoned this road and slipped by on the river beach, under the broadsides of the Federal gunboats on the York. Next day the Federal army came up to Williamsburg, where Longstreet, with the rear-guard, turned so savagely upon McClellan's advance that the Confederate brigades were not again molested; Johnston gathered his army behind the Richmond defenses.

Here follows Stuart's letter to his wife, written when the situation stabilized

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and a cavalryman had time to get his boots off and rest a little:

Hd Qu's in the Saddle
May 9th, 1862.

My Darling wife—

Blessed be God that giveth *us* the victory. The battle of Wmsburg* was fought and won on the 5th. A glorious affair, brilliantly achieved by the rear portion (Longstreet's) of our army. On the 4th my Brigade distinguished itself, and on the 5th by its attitude and manœuvering under constant fire prevented the enemy's leaving the woods for the open ground—thus narrowing his artillery scope of fire. *I* consider the most brilliant feat of the 5th to be a dash of the Stuart Horse Artillery to the front, and coming suddenly under a galling fire of the enemy from the woods from a reinforcement of the enemy, wheeled into action sustaining in the most brilliant manner the fortunes of the day till the Inf'y could come to its support, and all the time under a continuous Inf'y fire of 200 yards or less distance. For *myself* I have only to say that if you had seen your husband you would have been proud of him. I was not out of fire the whole day. The day before (4th) the Cavalry made several charges—and Lawrence Williams told the bearer of a flag of truce that I came within an ace of capturing my father-in-law. Our Cavalry charged their Cavalry handsomely and, even they were entirely routed—their artillery captured, the Cav flag of the enemy was captured—but the 4th Va Cavalry lost its standard bearer and flag. Col Wickham was wounded on the 4th and Major Paine, severely wounded on the 5th. Robertson is sick in Richmond. The Floyd County Militia in Pelham's battery behaved in the most handsome style astounding every one beyond measure— I only got them as I passed through Richmond. The 3d Va Cavalry (Col Goode) is now in my Brigade and made a handsome charge. We were without rations & therefore had to withdraw that night from the field, leaving our wounded with the ladies at W*ms*burg—the enemy was driven from the field entirely.

God bless you—

Yours
J. E. B. Stuart.

*Williamsburg.

You can identify most of these incidents in the official reports—but the reports are not so animated as this letter. Notice, also, the assurance: "For *myself* I have only to say that if you had seen your husband you would have been proud of him. I was not out of fire the whole day. . . ." You find something to the same effect, in heavy formal phrase, in Longstreet's report of the action. Stuart wanted to be admired, and himself saw to it that he was always admirable.

Now, basing on the York River, White House on the Pamunkey, at the head of the York, serving as his depot, McClellan approached Richmond with 100,000 men and a siege-train, but so cautiously that nothing happened for the rest of May. Said the Richmond *Examiner,* impatient, "With 120,000 men under his hand, he [McClellan] proposes to attack Magruder's fortifications by regular approaches. As the Confederate generals never attack anybody, it is presumed that he will be met with regular defenses."

But Johnston does attack, at last. About the end of May, McClellan lies astride the Chickahominy, with his left, the corps of Sumner, Heintzelman, and Keyes, at Seven Pines, within five miles of Richmond, from where his campfires can be seen at night. On the 31st of May, Johnston throws Longstreet, with D. H. Hill, Huger, and G. W. Smith, upon

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Casey's Division, which holds the front lines. Casey, in a confused bitter fight, where the infantry wallows hip-deep in mud, and engages in flooded swamps where the wounded drown, is thrown back two miles. Next day the Confederates, having lost nearly a third of their assaulting troops, and salvaged 6,400 good Northern rifles and ten cannon, retired from the field, and the Federal troops reoccupied their old lines. Stuart was all day with Johnston and with Longstreet: cavalry was not engaged. He appears to have enjoyed it immensely, and writes sparkling letters to his wife and to his brother.

The most important result of Seven Pines was the wounding of General Joseph E. Johnston, and the appointment to command, in his place, of General Robert E. Lee, then military adviser to the President.

The appointment of Lee was not acclaimed. He had been unsuccessful on the Kanawa in West Virginia, against this same McClellan: "Evacuating Lee," the sharp-penned Southern editors named him. The editors had approved of his subsequent detail to construct harbor defenses in Southern waters, and hoped, editorially, that he would be more effective with the spade than he had been with the sword. Now they were extremely critical; nobody very sanguine. Only Mr. Davis stood, imperturbable, behind Lee, regarding criticism not at all. Davis was like that: he sustained Lee and Jackson when they were obscure and distrusted; he dismissed Johnston, who was popular; and he favored Hood, against advice, and championed Gorgas and Rains, ordnance officers of enormous ability; and protected Chief Commissary Northrupp, who never, at any time, succeeded in feeding or clothing the men in the field.

Stuart himself writes: "Johnston is in capacity head and shoulders above every general in the Southern Confederacy"; and—in January, 1862—"with profound personal regard for Gen'l. Lee, he has disappointed me as a general." Meantime, Lee takes hold of the army without ostentation, makes a few changes in command; sets it working steadily upon intrenchments, as if preparing for a siege, has all the division and brigade commanders at headquarters for one conference,—the only conference he ever held, I believe,—more to get acquainted, some of them think afterward, than to ascertain their views.

There are a number of threads that must be picked up and woven together, to reconstruct the pattern of the Peninsula Campaign. Lee's idea for the defense of Richmond—a place by nature indefensible, but become at once the moral citadel of the Confederacy—was to hold the Northern forces as far away as possible. He did not think Richmond would ever stand a siege: closely beset, it must fall. And so, eventually, it fell. In 1862 three Federal forces converged upon it: one, of several small armies—Banks, Frémont, and Shields—would come by the Shenandoah Valley; one, McDowell, by Fredericksburg. The third, the main army, was McClellan's, to which all the others would accrue when the Valley and mid-Virginia were cleared. Therefore Mr. Davis—Lee being his military adviser—maintained Jackson in the Valley, and Jackson not only neutralized Banks, Frémont, and Shields, but alarmed Washington. Washington held McDowell immobile, and even drew troops from McClellan before Richmond, to cover the capital against the threat of Stonewall Jackson's clanging victories. Therefore McClellan, with 100,000 men, stayed in his lines,

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where he could see the spires of Richmond, through May and into June, calling for more troops—convinced that there were 200,000 Confederates on his front—quite unwilling to do anything until, at least, McDowell joined him from Fredericksburg, and he was free of importunities for drafts to guard the capital. He was a great organizer, and a capable drill-master, but his idea of a safety factor was seven to one. Actually, Johnston had faced him with 60,000 men from April to the end of May, and Lee, in the ultimate, attacked him with 80,000.

Early in June Lee's offensive plan, of which he said nothing to anybody, was matured. McClellan's right, composed of Fitz-John Porter's corps, 25,000 men, with the cavalry reserve of the army under Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cooke, was north of the Chickahominy, like an arm extended toward McDowell at Fredericksburg. McClellan's line of communication ran back across the peninsula to White House on the Pamunkey, at the head of the York River.

It seemed to Lee that he might bring Jackson down secretly and swiftly from the Valley of Virginia, behind Fitz-John Porter, and then fall on him front and flank. The possibilities of the manœuvre were vast, and included the utter ruin of the North's largest and most threatening force in the field. To this end Lee's first requirement was exact information as to Fitz-John Porter's flank, its situation as to intrenchment and natural defenses. About the 10th of June he sent for Stuart and talked to him, perhaps showed him all his mind. On the 11th of June he issued a written order: Stuart would "make a scout movement to the rear of the enemy on the Chickahominy, with a view to gaining intelligence of his operations—communications, etc. . . . Another object is to destroy his wagon trains, said to be daily passing from the Piping Tree Road to his camp on the Chickahominy . . . you will return as soon as the object of your expedition is accomplished; and you must bear constantly in mind, while endeavoring to execute the general purpose of your mission, not to hazard unnecessarily your command. . . ." Thus, in part, Lee's order. It contained details as to the organization of the raiding column, particulars such as Lee never troubled to bring up again. It was the first large operation in which the two were associated, and all Lee's instructions to his cavalry chief hereafter are loose and general. Too much so, it will be seen.

On the 11th of June Stuart made up a force of selected officers and men and horses from the 1st, 4th, and 9th Virginia Cavalry, and the Jeff Davis Legion, 1,200 sabres in all. Colonel Fitz Lee, the 1st, and Colonel Rooney Lee, the 9th, divided between themselves the 4th Regiment, whose field-officer, Wickham, was still down from his sabre-wound at Williamsburg. Lieutenant-Colonel William Martin led the Jeff Davis Legion—Mississippians. There were two light guns of the Stuart Horse Artillery under Lieutenant James Breathed. Stuart did not mention what he was going to do. In the escort rode, among others, the volunteer John S. Mosby, a quiet little man, formerly a trooper of "Grumble" Jones's, but now without rank; and Corporal Hagen; and the giant Heros Von Borcke, late 3d Dragoon Guards of the Royal Prussian Army. This Von Borcke, to whom we are indebted for the most vivid pictures of Stuart and his men, had taken leave of absence from his king and run the blockade to join the Confederacy. A Yankee frigate chased his vessel, off Charleston, and he threw his

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letters of introduction overboard. He landed at Charleston and made his way to Richmond in May, 1862, where he observed with a guardsman's amusement the highly individualistic soldiers of the Confederacy, but admired the fine blood-horses he saw, and the way their riders sat them. After some hanging around the War Department he is advised to go out and inquire for a job with Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart—since he seems to be a horse soldier himself—and he turns out in hunt kit—pink coat, white breeches, top-boots, and his long dragoon sword, making sure of notice. So Stuart met him a few days before Seven Pines, and was delighted: he took him in at once. Von Borcke rode with him the day of the battle at Seven Pines, endured shelling with gratifying equanimity, and carried messages ably under fire. Stuart includes him on this enterprise and comes to love him and to make good use of him.

The column was formed, says Stuart, without flag or bugle: no glitter or show about it. On the Brook road, a fine wide turnpike, it could ride in fours, taking up, in close order, with the artillery section, about half a mile. After it turned eastward from Hanover Court House, threading along the country roads that traverse the low river lands between the Pamunkey, the Chickahominy, and the James, it would have to ride in twos, and, with advance-guard, main body, and rear-guard, it would fill well over a mile of road space. And that mile would progressively lengthen, for the rear of a column is always losing distance.

It was assembled on the Brook turnpike, north of Richmond, and rode out through the infantry camps the morning of the 12th of June. Infantry assumed that Jeb Stuart was riding up to join old Stonewall, in the Valley—the Brook road led that way—and Infantry called, "Why don't you stay where the fightin' is?" An Old Army friend passed: "How long you goin' to be gone, Beauty?" Stuart turned in his saddle and laughed joyously.

> "Oh, it may be for years,
> And it may be forever . . ."

he sang, and Sweeny's gleemen, with no delay at all, can raise——

> "Kathleen, Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking,
> The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill . . ."

So the column jingled off, singing in the dew-spangled June morning, Breathed's horse-guns clanking behind, northwest, toward Louisa Court House. Not a bad idea for Richmond and for McClellan that Lee feels able to send reinforcements to Stonewall Jackson, in the Valley: the papers mention it next day. The column passed a place called Yellow Tavern, inclined west to cross the Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac Railroad, passed west of Ashland station, and, just short of the South Anna River, turned sharply east down the stream. It bivouacked without campfires, scouts well forward: and the troopers remark that this ain't the way to the Valley. Twenty-two miles it covered that day. Stuart has some information, from previous examination of the front: Fitz-John Porter lies at Mechanicsville, and his outposts operate along the Virginia Central Railroad, northward.

On the morning of the 13th the column got quietly to horse, and the scouts went eastward, toward Hanover Court House five miles away. Stuart assembled his field-officers and told them his mission, "so as to secure an intelligent action and co-operation in whatever might occur." Now he will move on Old Church: directly in Fitz-John Porter's rear. They ride through the quiet

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morning, and close to Hanover Court House the enemy is reported, in and around the place—cavalry. Stuart hears his scouts and sends Fitz Lee with the 1st Virginia to detour and get behind whatever it is, over there. Himself, he follows gently with the main body, his points keeping in sight of the blue-coats.

They are about 100 troopers of the 5th U. S. Cavalry, Fitz Lee's old regiment, under a Lieutenant Leib. Their main body, Captain Royall, is camped at Old Church, ten miles east, and they are on patrol. Leib sees the graybacks about the time they see him, estimates them at two squadrons, and falls back slowly, showing no alarm. A sergeant of Leib's falls out and is captured. At Cash Corners, where a road branches off to Mechanicsville, the Yankees turn south and Stuart does not wish to follow; his mission takes him east. Fitz Lee rejoins the column, much disappointed, having been detained in crossing a marsh; and Stuart proceeds on the Old Church road, by Taliaferro's Mill and Enan Church, meeting nobody. But Leib has sent messengers to Captain Royall, who rides keenly up from Old Church, with 100 men of the 5th. About noon, Royall hears firing ahead; Stuart's advance-guard, Rooney Lee and the 9th Virginia, have collided with a 5th Cavalry picket and ridden it down. There was a running fight for a mile or two, past Hawes Shop, where Von Borcke got among the Yankees with his long sword, to the admiration of all: then across the Totopotomoy Creek, where Stuart slows up and throws out flank-guards as well as he can in the thick country (it is such a fine defensive position that he thinks there should be Yankees in it, but there are not); and on toward Gibson's Mill, where the woods are heavy to right and left, and flankers ineffective. Here they collide with Captain Royall, and Captain Latané's squadron of the 9th Virginia rides at him—both forces in column of fours on the road. "Cut and thrust!" yells Royall, his pistol out; "On to them, boys!" yells Latané, leading with his sword. The columns shock together: Latané is shot and killed, and Royall falls with a bad sabre wound.

When two cavalry forces ride into each other there is a screaming confusion and a dusty tumult, wherein nothing is very clear, then or afterward; and where, after the fewest frantic minutes, one party or the other runs. The horses, already brought to the highest excitement, plunge and rear, trying to get free of the press, and their men hack and slash, each trooper just as likely to shear an ear from his own mount, or to rake a comrade's ribs, as to get home on the enemy. All things being equal, the men and horses will break first who are least hardened by discipline against their natural aversion to getting hurt. Latané's squadron forced Royall's back to where the ground opened a little, on the sides of the road, and the blue cavalry drew clear and tried to reform—true, the Confederate officers noted, to the steady tradition of the Old Army. But the Confederate column had its elements exactly spaced for combat, and before the Federals could recover from the first charge Rooney Lee's second squadron was flung against them and they were swept away, scattered irretrievably. Fitz Lee's regiment passed rapidly to the front and led the pursuit, following the fugitives through their camp under the pleasant shade-trees at Old Church, where the pious folk of the region were wont to hitch their animals on Sundays. The camp was looted and burned, and numerous prisoners gathered, but more escaped in the woods to the south and east. Among these last was Lieutenant

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Byrnes, a junior of Royall's, who took with him the remarkable impression that the Confederate cavalry was supported by from three to five regiments of infantry. He may have seen a few dismounted troopers, thrown out by Stuart to the flanks where the going was thick, before the skirmish; more likely he was a young officer in his first fight, who thought he saw things which were not there.

By 3 P. M. Fitz-John Porter's cavalry commander, Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cooke, has heard the news: a report from Leib, a report from Royall before the fight at Gibson's Mill, a report from Lieutenant Byrnes afterward. Fugitives arrive at headquarters. The last report affirms that three to five regiments or rebel infantry, as well as several thousand cavalry, are on the Old Church road, and the mention of infantry causes Philip St. George Cooke—who is also Stuart's father-in-law—to stop and think. Cooke sends cavalry, Rush's Pennsylvania Lancers, and some of the 1st Regulars, and six squadrons of the 5th and 6th. These go a little way, discover that they have no forage with them, and halt and send back for it. Cooke also wants some infantry and guns, and they must wait until the infantry and guns arrive. By 10 P. M. the Federal pursuit force, all arms, is on the Old Church road near where the fight occurred, and makes for itself no easy problem. In the first place, its pace must be set by the infantry; General Cooke and General Emory did not care to risk a cavalry contact with those reported Confederate regiments of foot. Then, in an obscure country of woods and swamps, where all the roads were crooked and narrow and looked exactly alike, especially in the dark, and where there were no prominent natural features to guide one, there was no telling which way the rebels had gone: the pursuit seems to have halted and pondered at every crossroads and searched for tracks, and examined all the natives, white or Negro, that they came across. The Federals lacked friendly guides. They had no Private Frayser or Lieutenant Christian, resident in the locality, to direct them, as Stuart was directed. Their unwieldy column—horse, foot, and guns—was nearly eight miles long when it had shaken itself out, and it moved very slowly, the infantry, it is reported, suffering much from the heat. All of Fitz-John Porter's corps was thoroughly aroused and entirely mystified.

Stuart, meantime, reassembled east of the Old Church camp, had two courses open to him—go back the way he came, or go ahead. His scouts, working to the south during the day, had brought in reports on Fitz-John Porter's dispositions, and that was what Lee wanted to know. The Federals were gathering—or ought to be gathering—across the road back: Stuart was now well in the rear of the infantry lines. Considering the matter, he decided to return by making a circuit of McClellan's army, riding right across his lines of communication. Certainly nobody would expect him to do such a thing, and that was in his favor. This decision he characterized, in his report, as "the quintessence of prudence." He had scouts from the New Kent Company of the 3d Virginia Cavalry, local people who knew the country which he would have to traverse, and he told his officers what he proposed to do. "While none accorded a full assent"—it did look risky—"all assured me a hearty support in whatever I did," he reports. So—"with an abiding trust in God, and with such guarantees of success as the two Lees and Martin and their devoted followers"—he turned his horse's head east-

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ward—toward Tunstall's station. It was afternoon. He had marched and fought for fourteen miles.

The column moved, and Stuart reported: "There was something sublime in the implicit confidence and unquestioning trust of the rank and file in a leader guiding them straight, apparently, into the very jaws of the enemy, every step appearing to them to diminish the faintest hope of extrication." Stuart could always find time to savor, happily, moments like this. But he never let them take his mind from the matter in hand.

The rear was now of as much importance as the front; in fact, there was no rear, with the enemy all around. Rooney Lee leads: Lieutenant-Colonel William Martin and Breathed's guns pound behind. About dark Martin thinks he will be attacked, and faces about, but it is a party of Federal soldiers who want to surrender; meeting rebel cavalry back here, it seems to be the sensible thing to do. The day declines and the column makes good progress, snatching amazed prisoners and upsetting supply-trains along the roads that fed the Yankee army. At Garlic's landing, ten or twelve miles from Old Church, where the Pamunkey loops within a mile of the road, Stuart sent a squadron to burn whatever was there: prisoners had mentioned supplies at Garlic's. They found, and fired, two laden schooners and a park of wagons, and the supply-trains of the 17th and 44th New York Volunteers.

A few miles ahead was Tunstall's station, on the York River Railroad, and the aides, Burke, Farley, and Von Borcke, with Mosby and a detail, were sent galloping ahead to capture it and cut the wires. They seized two bewildered squads of infantry, station guards, and learned that a train was expected. Before they could tear up the road, the train appeared, took alarm at the obstruction they had begun to build, put on speed, and dashed through, toward White House. Von Borcke thinks he killed the engineer, "firing my blunderbuss into the cab," and a few soldiers in the cars were hit by the ragged fire of the troopers. Stuart and the main body came up: they found at Tunstall's a loaded wagon-train, and freighted cars, and numerous sutlers' stores and provision dumps. The rolling-stock and stores were fired, and the Black Creek railroad bridge destroyed, and the men allowed to ration themselves as they pleased on the Yankee abundance. It was getting dark, and a body of blue cavalry came out of the woods from the east, observed the scene, and retired discreetly. Five miles in that direction lay White House Landing, McClellan's main supply base. It was guarded by gunboats on the river, and soldiers ashore. Stuart weighed the chances of an attack, but thought that the country was getting too warm to hold him. He assembled and rode on, seven miles, to Talleysville. White House plantation was the home of Rooney Lee, and you imagine him looking that way in the dark.

Over at White House there was much alarm: stout Colonel Ingals, McClellan's quartermaster, was mustering the sick, the wounded, the teamsters, the commissary clerks, the roustabouts—every man able to lift a weapon—these in addition to his guard, 600 strong. He expected to be attacked, but he sent no appeals for aid. "I have not been pressing for troops, because I hoped we could defend the depot with the force provided, and because I know the General Commanding wishes every good soldier with him in front of Richmond," he writes McClellan, reporting the affair. A very sturdy, able officer, who deserves

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to be remembered for the way he stood by his stuff.

At Talleysville, or Baltimore Store, there is a hospital—army surgeons, nurses, and several hundred sick and wounded. Stuart, riding now by moonlight, arrives about nine o'clock, and allows his column to halt and close up. They rest for three and one-half hours, after some thirty-five miles, no little fighting, and a long day in the saddle. On the hospital, the Federal officers handsomely concede, Stuart commits no depredations.

During the halt the tired horses draw breath: troopers remount themselves, here and there, on captured animals, the plunder is stowed—such as a man can carry on his saddle—and the prisoners are sorted out and put astride their fellow captives, the horses and mules with the U. S. brand. At midnight Stuart leads straight south, having eight miles to go to the Chickahominy, which he must ford. Behind him, two hours later, the first of the pursuit arrives—some of Rush's Lancers, very tired. They stop and rest until dawn. Stuart is making poor time, over heavy roads, his guns now double-teamed, and Rush halted just four miles in his rear.

The Chickahominy, astride which McClellan lay, is a little winding stream of black, sluggish water. In dry weather it is fordable at many places, but it rises quickly and its current becomes treacherous and swift. It meanders through a wide, swampy bottom-land, impenetrable except by the narrow country roads. Stuart expected to ford it at Sycamore Springs, by a private ford on the property of Lieutenant Jones Christian, who was now guiding the column. They rode down to the river after daylight and found it risen, so that the ford was gone. Rooney Lee swam his horse across to try it, and had such a time that swimming was at once abandoned. The main body arrived, closed up, and waited, and every man looked at Jeb Stuart, who sat his horse and gave the river his bright regard, and stroked his beard reflectively as was his custom, his aides say, in times of crisis. He sent off a corporal with a despatch to Lee, giving his situation and asking that the infantry make a diversion on the Charles City road, to engage the attention of McClellan's left wing, behind which he had yet to pass. Then, no bridge being possible here, he cast about, and they set upon the ruins of the old bridge on the road from Providence Forge to Charles City Court House, a mile below Sycamore Springs. It had been burned during earlier operation, but the piling stood, and there was an empty warehouse near by. He set the whole command—energetic aid being given by the prisoners also—to tearing down the warehouse and constructing a passageway. Very soon there were foot-planks, and they began to swim the horses over, leading them from the planking. By the time the warehouse was down a sort of structure was up, and the remainder of the command, with Breathed's guns, crossed dry-shod. Fitz Lee was the last man over: at 2 P. M., as he climbed the southern bank, the first of Rush's Lancers rode out and shot at him from the other side. Lee's men put fire to their bridge and rejoined the column; they had to ford another branch of the Chickahominy, muddy and shallow, and lost there a limber, the only piece of equipment not brought back. There was no pursuit south of the Chickahominy.

Richmond was now thirty-five miles away: it was late afternoon of the 14th, but the worst danger was over. Stuart had to ride twenty miles, with the James and its gunboats on his left, and Hooker's infantry line on his right, before he

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was entirely safe, but he made it without incident. By Christian's, down to Charles City Court House, and thence to Buckland, he came by dark. Here he allowed the command to bivouac, giving orders to Fitz Lee to follow with it at eleven o'clock. Himself, he took an orderly and rode on to Richmond, reporting to Lee's headquarters before sunrise on the 15th. His column had with it 165 prisoners and 260 animals, and had burned and destroyed notably, and suffered just one battle casualty, Captain Latané. The regiments reported four enlisted men missing, straggled, or lost in the woods.

Latané was a man well-born and much beloved, an officer of promise. They left his body at the house of Doctor Brockenborough, where the women were alone, all their men serving with the Confederate Army. Next day the Brockenborough ladies, and the Newton ladies, neighbors, buried the body, slaves digging the grave for it. They asked the Northern cavalry, in the vicinity, for a chaplain, but no chaplain was detailed, and the service was read by some person there present. This is one of the romantic and tender stories of the Peninsula Campaign: from it came a poem of Thompson's, and a painting, "The Burial of Latané," copied much in steel engravings, which hang now in old Virginia homes.

On the morning of the 15th of June the column rides through Richmond, behind Jeb Stuart, who galloped ahead to report to Lee, and galloped back to lead his people into camp—which adds at least thirty miles to his personal distance, but he will not rest until they are bedded down. The colonels are at the heads of their regiments—brisk, compact Fitz Lee, with the jolly gleam of white teeth in his dark beard; big Rooney Lee, with his heavy, dependable air, tall on his tall horse; Lieutenant-Colonel William Martin—hard and competent. Then the troopers—the smart soldiers, their gray jackets buttoned, sitting up in their saddles—the dull, tired soldiers, slouching on their weary horses—the gay soldiers, with keen, roving eyes for the pretty Richmond girls. And Lieutenant James Breathed and his guns, hoping nobody will notice that he is a limber short; Captain John Pelham of the Stuart Horse Artillery will be displeased about that limber, even though the general said: "Leave it." The column is dirty and unshaven, and red-eyed from lack of sleep. Hanover dust, New Kent sand, and Chickahominy mud are plastered thick from horse's fetlock to rider's cap, and the horses are drawn and gaunt. But the people cheer, and the ladies wave, and a song starts at the head of the column, and rings back to the solemn guns:

> "If you want to have a good time—
> Jine the Cavalry!"

You can drive to-day over Stuart's ride, about a hundred miles, following the roads he used. The country is much as it was then, and the roads follow the same trace—little narrow wagon-ways, winding through the densest country, seldom used by any vehicle. A column, following such roads, rides blind and needs great confidence in its leader. But the country favors an enterprise like Stuart's: a compact body of determined men, knowing what they are going to do, can slip readily through an unwieldy host that is of several opinions. The thing made a great noise in the world: cavalry had not been so used since Napoleon loosed Murat and Kellerman and LaSalle upon the Germans. The Southern press was triumphant, and the Confederate army notably enlarged in spirit. Congratulatory orders

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were published by everybody concerned: Stuart recommends his regimental commanders for advancement, which they receive; asks a commission for Von Borcke, which he is given; and singles out Redmond Burke, Farley, Mosby, Doctor Fountaine, Robbins, his chaplain the Reverend Mr. Landstreet, and Corporal Hagan, for special praise. All statements give much credit to Almighty God; the governor of Virginia presents a sabre to Stuart's orderly Farley; and the girls in Richmond throw flowers before Stuart's horse when he rides through the town.

Even the Northern papers admire. McClellan finds it hard to explain; Fitz-John Porter reports: "I have seen no energy or spirit in the pursuit by General Cooke," and Stuart's father-in-law is called upon for a statement in writing as to why he let the rebels get away, and stews for days, explaining it. It was a great and brilliant cavalry deed-at-arms.

But, thinking it over, with the maps and the reports, and the knowledge of what came afterward, one wonders. Stuart could, as the events turned out, have retreated up the Pamunkey, a little north of the road by which he came. Being a trained officer, he assumed—as he had been taught to assume—that the enemy would use good judgment, and block this line of retreat at once. But Cooke proved incapable, and Stuart could have gotten out. The only advantage in the course Stuart took lay in the fact that it was totally unexpected by the enemy. And McClellan was, of all generals, most sensitive about his communications: after Stuart had thus cut across his lines of supply, he began to take thought, and correspondence with Ingals the quartermaster, and with the navy in the rivers, regarding the practicability of supplying the army from a base on the James, began within two days of Stuart's ride. In consequence, when, in the last week in June, Lee brought Jackson upon Fitz-John Porter's flank and attacked in front with the Richmond army, and swept down the north bank of the Chickahominy, McClellan was able, with no loss of time at all, to shift his base by water around to the James River. McClellan was a slow thinker, but Stuart's ride applied a very powerful stimulus to his careful brain.

It is hard to assess fair judgment upon such an exploit. Its moral value was enormous: the Southern trooper was confirmed in his opinion that he could outride, outfight, and outdare anything the Yankee nation might put on four legs, and for a full year the Confederate cavalry superiority was hardly disputed. The Seven Days' Battle, which followed at the end of June, was opened on the information brought back by Stuart as to Fitz-John Porter's dispositions; and his examination of the terrain, gained in the raid, was the basis of Lee's orders to his striking flank. But if Stuart had turned back from Old Church after the fight on the 13th, he would have missed his fun among the wagon-trains, yet he would have had most of the important information—and I do not believe that McClellan would have been ready for that change of base which saved his army from complete disaster. Still, military history would be poorer by a fine and daring thing.

The further adventures of J. E. B. Stuart will appear in subsequent numbers of SCRIBNER'S.

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A drama of the tennis courts

A Young Man's Game

BY VALMA CLARK

He had gone direct from the specialist to the courts, taxiing, out to the Stade Roland Garros, Auteuil, where, on that sunny June afternoon, he was scheduled to eliminate his young countryman and former *protégé,* Leo Meyer, in the semi-final match of the French net championships. He strode through the crowds . . . out from the nocturnal shadow of horse-chestnut trees, onto that gravelled, sparsely shaded stretch which leads, with deadly progression, to the human grill of red clay courts. Clad in his tennis flannels and overtopping every one, he was recognized instantly by French, English and fellow Americans; by the very barkers who called the programmes of his match, and advertised red cotton seat-cushions to soften the match! Samuel Cochrane had been for eight years now, as tennis star holding every major title except champion of France, the focal point of news and moving-picture cameras. His lank, gaunt frame, with the hunched shoulders, the caved-in chest, the stiltlike, carrying legs, was not ever one to be mistaken. He walked through their nudging comments with supreme indifference. Meticulously he bowed to an acquaintance. He made for the shelter of the "tribune" under which the players' lockers were housed, as a shot dog makes for cover. He needed, beyond anything else, a few seconds to himself.

But Jules Bianchi, the young Frenchman who was the present holder of the coveted title, stopped him: "Luck, Cochrane. I want to meet you to-morrow."

"Thanks. You will," was Cochrane's terse reply. They grinned briefly at each other. Instinctively they liked each other as enemies. Chance had so far kept them apart. Their meeting to-morrow would be a high spot in both their tennis careers. And the end of his, Cochrane reflected, if what that damned, whiskered, French doctor had said, was truth. . . .

For he was alone now, and could face it. Not that he put any credence in the verdict. He was himself, but for those moments of dizziness in the heat of the play. Cochrane's hawklike face set in characteristic lines of biting decision. The doctor was an ass. He was not one to be barked out of a victory. A battle half lost was always a battle won, for Cochrane. Preliminary counts against him only added zest to his play. Why, the fellow's decisive, pitying words lacked any reality to back them up. Cochrane flexed his strongly muscled, magician's wrist to prove it.

They said always that tennis was "a young man's game." Cochrane himself, concerned for the future of his beloved sport, had broadcast to the press ur-

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gent pleas for young blood. And yet, he had taken the most perverse pleasure in cracking the general rule where himself was concerned. He liked nothing better than to be pitted against one of these fresh, confident youngsters; like an old campaigner, to play out that youngster's strength against his own knowledge and experience of the game; and to feel the youngster break, proving to himself and to his public that the champion was still the champion. . . .

Not that Cochrane was old, in anything but an athletic way. He was only thirty-four. But he knew that the time was, inevitably, not too far distant, when he would be relegated to what he contemptuously designated as "sideline tennis." The match-playing would give way to exhibition playing, with such journalistic comments as, "Still plenty of fine tennis left in Sam Cochrane's lanky frame." Next he would become a mere writer-about and teacher-of tennis, heard with respect on the score of his once having been a world champion. And finally he would pass into the shades of those legendary giants of tennis whose chops and spins were occasionally recalled in sporting columns. Cochrane was still playing superb tennis. He could still beat them all, handicapped by a wrenched knee, years, or even a heart, by the Lord, if he had to—he had proved it again and again. But in his wholly honest moments, he sometimes asked himself if he were not already on the downward curve. And since tennis—and nothing else—had made his life for more than a decade now, he thrust back the question with desperation.

And yet, if that French specialist knew his stuff, here was his opportunity! He could wrest this last title from Bianchi, and could retire with all his laurels intact. He could, without any implications of poor-sportsmanship, go down into history as the unbeaten champion. And Cochrane, who had sometimes given out to the press interviews on the subject of true sportsmanship, paused to regard the brand of his own sportsmanship. . . . But the doctor had warned him that hard play might be fatal to him. Well, then, he would play Bianchi—he would play him like fury if it cost him his life! Wouldn't that be sporting? All of Cochrane's battling blood stood up to the challenge. Nothing—nothing!—should cheat him of his victory over Bianchi! He was taken with a sudden impatience of this match with young Meyer, which was all that stood between him and Bianchi. And Cochrane vowed grimly that he would finish off Leo in short order, conserving himself for the big match to-morrow!

That little cheap creature, Kathie Gold, who, in their own parlance, called herself Leo's "girl," chose this inopportune moment to intrude upon him. "I'm coming in, Mr. Cochrane!"

She had no right to be here, and she knew it. But she had that boldness of the persecuted race, which, in Leo, took the reversed form of an ingratiating shyness. That she had been infected by Leo's reverent version of him, Cochrane had no doubt, from her very pertness, her brazen air of do-it-or-die. "Well?" he snapped.

"Mr. Cochrane, did you know that Leo and I are engaged?"

"I'd rather suspected it," said Cochrane drily.

"Did you know we couldn't afford to get married? It might look as though we could if I can follow Leo over here. But we came tourist third, see, and the sporting-goods house where Leo works paid *his* way on the chance that he'd

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make a showing, and I paid my own, on my savings. I'm a good stenographer, and I tossed up my job, but there's other good jobs where that one came from," she shrugged, with the philosophic indifference of a person who knew all about jobs. "But Leo says you're his friend, and you must have been his friend or you wouldn't have paid his way to so many of these matches in the past——"

Cochrane said crisply: "I did that for tennis. He looked like good material."

"And then, when he didn't prove up, you dropped him! And if he doesn't prove up this time, the sporting-goods house will drop him, too. But, Mr. Cochrane, Leo *can* play! All he lacks is just only the confidence."

"It's a big lack," Cochrane told her. "*I* can't supply him with confidence. Do you know much about tennis, Miss Gold?"

"No." She lifted the bold, pleading black eyes of a beggar: "But I know everything about Leo. He—he thinks you're the world's crack player, Mr. Cochrane, and I guess you are. He says if he could take two sets from you in a five-set match to-day, he'd feel as though he had the whole works right by the tail! And I've told him, Mr. Cochrane, that if he takes those two sets I'll marry him to-morrow. I'll not touch him, though, until he feels for himself that he's got his running start." Cochrane, staring at her, was suddenly swept with admiration of this nervy small person who could make her own ridiculously arbitrary terms, and stick to them in the face of her own desires. She was dressed as well as any Frenchwoman, by her own knack, he guessed. She still lacked maturity, being in that tenderly swelling stage of the young Jewish girl's almost tropically early and transient beauty. He was suddenly stabbed with pity that such freshness passed so fleetly . . . and that those two could not have and enjoy each other before it did.

But he shrugged: "You are shrewd. Leo is as quick as a panther. He should play net every chance. But to be a good volleyer, one must be naturally aggressive, and Leo isn't. There's his trouble."

"If he won just those two sets from you, it might change his whole attitude." The black eyes besought him. Beggars, both of them! The girl asking outright. . . . Leo, waiting on you, ready for any bones you might toss him in return for the doglike devotion he paid out to you. But this was overstepping! For Cochrane had a theory about himself that he never played tennis for less than all that was in him; he could not so insult the game. He said, very brusquely: "If he wants two sets from me, let him win them!"

He left her, and strode out into the arena of the central court, baking in the full afternoon sun like a brick-colored platter in a potter's kiln. Beyond the boundary of green fence rose the packed tribunes, with faces, in rows, as regular as the letters on a printed page. This was an unimportant match, offering not even the excitement of a national issue; but any match in which Cochrane played always drew the crowds.

Business of hefting rackets, and choosing one . . . of standing, alone, and with Meyer (a slight fledgling beside Cochrane's gaunt, poised figure, with eyes that flowed out in constant quest of the master's approval), for the battery of cameras. Further business of tossing for service . . . of warming up.

Meyer was clearly nervous. And just the sight of him was an aggravation to Cochrane. The lad sensed this, and became more nervous. Long ago, Leo had

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been Cochrane's bootblack, and neither of them had ever quite outgrown the relationship. Cochrane had got him a Sunday job as ball boy on the New York club courts where he played. He had later discovered the kid's amazing facility with a racket, and had spent time and effort in developing him. Leo was now that saddest thing, a promise which had never quite fulfilled itself. And Cochrane, every time his eyes rested upon him, felt the natural annoyance of a prophet whose weather signs have betrayed him.

Cochrane began the match with every intention of blasting his opponent from the court. He took two sets, 6—0 and 6—2, showing an almost contemptuously easy control of the balls as against Meyer's erring nervousness. The latter gave him points in every way a rattled opponent could: by constant double-netting, driving out, and double-faulting. And Cochrane pressed his advantage at every instance. Between games, he strolled about, twiddling his racket, conversing once or twice with friends in the box behind him. During the games, he was, as usual, the terror of that little ball boy, who was over the court like a monkey on a string to capture the stray balls, which so annoyed Cochrane that he would neither serve nor play while one of them was in sight. His idiosyncrasies were well known, and were catered to by every club employee. Cochrane had only to snap a finger at any delinquent. He was the aristocrat and the autocrat of the courts. He knew the figure he was in tennis, and lived up to it. For, in spite of his air of disdain, he had his vanities. He loved his rôle, as he loved everything about match-play—the feel of the racket's handle against his palm, the ping of the ball against the gut strings, the matching of wits with a clever opponent. . . .

But this was no duel. It was a walk-away! Cochrane felt again intense irritation that a pupil of his should make such a public showing of himself. Nerves were not enough to account for it. Cochrane knew all about nerves. He remembered his own fledgling days when every "Bravo!" every hiss of the crowd, had been reflected in his strokes. But never to that extent! Meyer was playing a defensive game from the base-line. The base-line was the natural position for Cochrane, but it was all wrong for Meyer, whose greatest asset was a wonderful speed. Cochrane had told him so a hundred times. And now, even when a slow ball gave him every opportunity to come in, he did not dare. "Net, you fool!" It was the teacher in Cochrane which spoke. Meyer rushed it, but too late. His face was one red stain, his eyes flowed out to Cochrane's in appeal. Like a wilted puppy—faugh! The youngster was no fighter—the very head between his shoulders was set wrong.

Cochrane continued with his merciless, fast-driven balls. But Meyer came more to the net now, and caught a sudden lob with a pretty smash that put the ball away. "Well played, Leo," Cochrane sang out. And the lad's confidence grew.

Cochrane's pedagogical pride was mollified. He would have resented any implication that he was gentling the balls for Leo in that third set. But, in reality, he was testing out the youngster's variety of strokes, and mentally approving when Leo made good. And the other felt the encouragement. He was playing now for Cochrane's approval only. He was gaining courage and daring. The master noted, with interest, that his former pupil had got control of his backhand stroke. The boy was good—better than Cochrane remembered him. He must, of course,

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have something, to have arrived at the semi-finals of this tournament. But even Cochrane was surprised when, on a brilliant spurt, Meyer took two games and the third set at 6—4.

After the ten minute rest, Cochrane, having remembered the heart and the necessity of conserving his energies for Bianchi, came on with a determination to run out the match quickly. But Meyer seemed to have got his range at last, and Cochrane was amused to find that the youngster was making him play for it. In the long duel which followed, the champion fluctuated between admiration of Meyer's catlike agility, the almost superhuman balance of his recoveries in a series of long rallies, and annoyance that the lad could make him extend himself even ever so slightly. But in spite of caution, the lure of the play caught him. And he was matching strokes with Meyer, with all the old tension, the keen zest of the champion playing high-powered, championship tennis with everything that is in him. Cochrane drove the other back from the net by tossing the ball just out of his reach, or shot it down the side-lines with a flat, stiff-arm drive for a clean passing placement. But he merely divided points with Meyer, who, again and again, risked everything on getting to the net and won with a spectacular volley. The crowd, delighted with the youngster's spirit, cheered his every point, as crowds so often cheer the weaker of two contestants. And Meyer seemed to need only their encouragement to play ever more daring and brilliant tennis.

Cochrane himself had never felt in better trim. He was sure now that the specialist was wrong in his diagnosis. If this was heart trouble, then heart trouble was an exhilaration! Other men, condemned as he had been, saw the world go black on them. But Cochrane had never seen the sun so dazzling . . . had never felt more spring in himself or in the balls . . . had never known a surer control of his game!

But as the set wore on, he experienced a curious reaction. Cochrane had always had nerves in plenty, but he had always known how to pour them into his game. But suddenly it seemed as though the nerves were taking it out on him for every time he had turned them to his own uses. Cochrane was inordinately annoyed by the furnacelike glare of the sun, by the sticking of his shirt to his back, by the overhead drone of an airplane which seemed like nothing so much as a colossal fly thawed to activity by the heat of the day. He could not endure the lethargy of that fat umpire on his perch, while he, Cochrane, was kept dancing in activity below. He took a special animus to the fellow's habit of calling *"Avantage,* Meester Cochrane" when the point was his, and *"Avantage dehors"* when the point was Leo's—as though he were trying to curry favor with him, Cochrane, by mentioning his name! And when the fat one, following the erroneous decision of a linesman, called *"Avantage dehors"* again, when the point was really his, Cochrane stopped his service to wither him with a long stare—until the umpire reversed, like a bowl of jelly turning upside down, and called the point *"A deux."* . . . The grand stands hissed. . . . And Cochrane glared at as much of the crowd as he could. . . . It was all very well for him to drop a point to his adversary when the umpire decided unfairly in *his* favor—he had done that often in the past, winning the applause of the grand stands for himself—but wasn't he entitled to some showing when the point really was his? It wasn't as though he had points to give away! For all he knew, this might be his last match on

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earth! . . . He could make an umpire himself—and a better umpire than that one; Cochrane made a wry face at the picture of himself perched up there over the courts in which he had reigned as tennis king so long. His well-trained body was playing for him mechanically perfect tennis, but Cochrane's mind was off his game. Leo's racket flashed once, twice, in inspired placements. The set was his, 8—6, and they stood even, two each. And the veteran, catching the youngster's heady smile of gratitude—as though he believed that Cochrane had *given* him the set!—remembered that the Kathie Gold person went with it. Leo had *made* his girl.

But the issue had now become a challenge to the champion. Cochrane went into the fifth set, roused as he must always be to play his finest tennis. In that spirit he would win—he had never failed to win. He brought to those last games his own peculiar brand of deadly concentration, and his whole complement of strokes under perfect control. Cochrane, at his best, had no weak points. And he had never played such tennis. He stood well back in the base of the court, and placed his returns from side to side, so varying the length, pace, and spin of the balls that Meyer, while running hither and thither, was forced to solve a most bewildering puzzle. The lad again rushed the net. But Cochrane rested on a series of beautiful lobs, spaced between very short balls, that wearied Meyer still further. And confidence oozed from the boy as juice oozes from a squeezed orange!

The games stood 4 to 1 in Cochrane's favor. The psychological turning point of the match had been reached and passed. The set was his for the taking, and Cochrane knew it. These youngsters—so quickly inflated, so easily pricked! Not for all their spectacular agility, would he exchange his years of steady practice and cumulative knowledge of the game. Watching the way Meyer caved in, it suddenly occurred to him to wonder whether one of the boy's lacks might not be just—food! What sacrifices had gone into this trip for Leo? . . .

And measuring him still, as he was accustomed to measure each young American player, half-hoping, half-dreading to find an heir for himself, Cochrane saw that Meyer had the headwork and the footwork—had truly all the requisites of a great champion except just only the steady-burning faith in himself. But it was a vital lack. Given the confidence, Leo would have made a worthy successor to Samuel Cochrane! He could hold Bianchi to-morrow, and it would have made a pretty duel, those two flashing players, matched even in years! And given just only that confidence, Cochrane would so gladly have passed over to him the responsibility of to-morrow's match. For his heart felt curiously like a dam against which the water had pounded too long, and Cochrane knew, finally, that that specialist's verdict was truth. But there was no way in which he could make Meyer a present of self-confidence! Or was there?

A scene flashed before Cochrane. Leo, aged seventeen, was sitting on the floor of the club's locker room, unlacing his sneakers, while Cochrane berated him for their loss in a doubles match. And suddenly he had lifted his kid's face, and breathed: "Gee, you've bought me the shoes—you've taught me everything I know. I've just got to show you I can —do it. If I could ever beat *you,*" he grinned, "I'd know I was the world's crack player!" Leo had believed that then, as he believed it now. And believing it so strongly, and winning from Cochrane, might he not just go in and *be* the world's champion?

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An astonished Meyer, through an inexplicable faltering of the champion, took the next three games too easily. The set stood 4 each. And the fickle crowd—which, just for the very monotony of Cochrane's long-held championship, was used to coming out and cheering his opponent, and then sinking back with a sigh of satisfaction when the champion began to make good his title again—shifted to Cochrane's side.

It was too much to ask of himself. He saw the headlines: "Meyer Beats Cochrane in Semi-Final." . . . And he saw the courts, watered and made smooth for a match to-morrow in which Leo, not himself, would meet Bianchi! Cochrane took the next game on his service.

But now it was tennis, not himself, he was thinking of. For Cochrane's victory to-day would spoil his own record, but it might, too, make all the difference in the future national winnings. . . . If any one had told him that his feeling for young Meyer was half-fatherly, he would have resented it. Cochrane was an avowed bachelor. Years before, he had sacrificed the Only Girl to tennis. Having to follow these tournaments, he had lacked the capital for matrimony, too. She was happily married to a New York banker now. She came sometimes to Cochrane's matches, and congratulated herself, he suspected, upon her fate. . . . But he had fathered Meyer in a tennis way. There was no one to whom he would rather will his titles. And he saw now how he could make Leo his tennis heir. . . .

Five games each, and his serve. Cochrane, juggling three balls in his hand, asked himself abruptly if this was a man's work. Did it matter so deeply which of them won? Hadn't he paid out to tennis more than the game was worth? . . . But no, no! Cochrane believed in tennis. He had always felt that these tournaments were on a par with the old Greek Olympics—fine for the morale and the health of the state. He was proud to have served the game as he had. And it was no slight thing he was doing, the handing over of his sceptre to Meyer.

Leo's game, and only one more game for him to lose. He need not overtax the heart more than was sane. But it came to Cochrane that an easy victory was not what Leo needed. The boy needed a long, steady grilling in which he must fight for every point. He needed it to *set* his confidence in himself—and as a workout for the Bianchi match to-morrow. He must feel that his win over Cochrane was no accident.

So the match continued. The games shifted: 6—6 . . . 6—7 . . . 7—7 . . . 8—7. Cochrane was playing now as though he were under an hypnotic spell. It seemed as though there had never been any time in his life when he had not been playing this same set. There was no sound at all except the plunk-plunk of balls against gut, which seemed to keep time with the thumping of his heart. Heat seemed to rise up from the baked court like a valley mist, and wrap him in so that he must strain to see the ball. Through it he heard, far away, the pattering of applause . . . the drone of the umpire's voice . . . the tiny beating of a gasoline grass-mowing machine, like a disembodied heart. . . . He heard that specialist's words: "No smokes . . . no alcohol. . . . And any violent exercise, *Monsieur,* may prove fatal. . . .

And as he fought on, this match became merged with all the other matches he had ever played. In this one struggle, he lived back over the history of his career. He was the fledgling finding his stride in that duel with the veteran player, Smithe. . . . He was the champion in his full glory, sweeping the courts.

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. . . He was the veteran himself now, on the downward curve. His career was like that white ball describing a perfect lob: rising bravely, flashing in the sunlight, falling away. A tennis career was just a lesser life; and all of life was rhythm; and the rhythm was beautiful, even in its falling notes. . . .

Cochrane's sneeze gave Meyer the game! He remembered his old aunt, who had sneezed constantly, and had always apologized: "It's my heart." Would he, too, go about sneezing, and so apologizing? His chuckle, just at the inopportune moment when Leo served to him, gave the latter the first point in the new game.

But Leo's balls were too easy. The boy suddenly did not want to win from him! "Play, damn you!" Cochrane shouted. And Leo obeyed.

Cochrane was done. He no longer had it in him. He fought, but the set was Leo's. . . . And in that moment of powerlessness he suddenly hated the other. . . .

"Love trente . . . love quarante. . . ." Cochrane flung down his racket, and grasped the boy's hand. He walked slowly from the court, accompanied by the dead silence of the grandstands. He heard the uproar of applause, and guessed that it was as much for him as for Leo. That girl, Kathie Gold, was at his elbow. She breathed: "I'll never forget what you've done for us!"

"Not for you," said Samuel Cochrane testily. "For tennis."

Bianchi was there, too. But Cochrane passed him, with a smile that was a grimace of pain, only saying, "The kid will hold you!"

The dizziness seized him, and he clutched at Kathie Gold's shoulder. "Get me—out of this! It's my—heart! Don't let Leo know. He's got to believe—till after to-morrow—that he's whipped—a whole man!"

The girl did not fail him. He was alone with her, behind a locked door, when he came to. Softly she touched his cheek, and murmured: "Leo's out there. He's beginning to think it's queer."

Cochrane found his feet. "All right now. Let him in."

Leo entered, with shining, reverent eyes. "I'm sorry, sir."

"No need," said Cochrane brusquely. "You're the better man, Leo. You'll prove it again to-morrow by whipping Bianchi!"

"Oh, Mr. Cochrane—you think I can?"

"Don't think it. Know it. But I want to coach you a bit, son. I can still give you a few pointers on the game," said Cochrane, grinning at the boy.

The first of the long stories selected for publication in SCRIBNER'S *$5,000 Prize Contest will appear in the August* SCRIBNER'S. *It is in effect a short novel complete in one issue. One of these long stories will be published each month. From those published, the prize-winner will be selected. Will the August story win the prize? The Contest closes September 20.*

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Is it present-day English or that of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers which is to be the medium of expression for most Americans? Mr. Eaton in lively fashion points to a vital flaw in methods of teaching the most important subject.

English as a Dead Language

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

It is the general testimony of educators with whom I have talked that English is less satisfactorily taught in secondary schools than any other subject. Not long ago, during an extended tour that took me to many colleges, I found frequent complaint that freshman English teachers were compelled to do over again elementary work the schools were supposed to have accomplished. The freshman text-books certainly bore out this contention. Inasmuch as English is the one subject in the curriculum which all of us, without exception, never get away from all our days, and as it is potentially, then, of more importance to our lives than any other study, it seems strange that it is not more successfully taught.

What do we mean by "successfully taught"? What, for the average man or woman, would be success in the study of English? The answer, of course, is not simple. Some might say success surely includes the rousing of an appreciation for literature, the growth of taste in reading; others that it must include the acquisition of some knowledge of our literary past, so taste may be solidly based. But all would probably agree that one is not successfully taught English unless he can express himself in that language clearly, grammatically, and with sufficient flexibility of vocabulary to make justly any ordinary shadings of thought. Most would probably agree, too, that this should be true of one's spoken as well as one's written work. That, for the ordinary man or woman, success in teaching English depends at all upon the development of artistic creative ability in the use of words, I think nobody would maintain. Artists are few in any medium, and require their own special training. English is successfully taught when it enables the average man or woman (which means, of course, boy or girl) to express himself clearly, cleanly, and with sufficient vigor to make effective his communications with his fellows. The lack of clearness, cleanliness (*i. e.,* sharp, logical definition of sentence and phrase), and vigor in the speech or writing of the average boy or girl constitutes the real failure of English teaching.

In searching for the more basic among the many possible explanations of this failure, I came recently upon a class of fourteen-year-old boys compelled for their composition work—that is, for their practice in writing English—to concoct essays in the style of the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers." Need we seek

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further? They were being instructed in the use of their living tongue by the employment of a dead language! Addison was a good if perhaps not stupendously great man, but the language in which he wrote is as strange and affected and unreal to the American schoolboy of to-day as his periwig and silken coat would be. Maturer students might develop their historic sense for literary styles, and potential artists might learn much by prolonged study and imitation of him. But the average boy, I venture to say, gets nothing at all from such study but boredom. He doesn't talk like that; his parents and friends do not talk like that; indeed, his teacher doesn't talk like that—not a bit! Moreover, even if it was not true in Addison's day (though, of course, to a considerable extent it was), it is certainly true to-day that the ideal of effective writing closely parallels the ideal of effective speech, and literature tends ever more closely to approximate the rhythms, the tang, even the idioms of the living language of men and women. Consider, for example, the modern drama of democracy, and contrast it with Addison's "Cato" or even Congreve's "Way of the World." "Cato," not only in theme but in langauge, followed an artificial style—a style now quite forgotten and lifeless. Congreve's comedies no less followed a style, though no doubt it was one to some extent in actual conversational use. It will always remain a question how far Congreve and his kind were artificial in their dialogue. However, it is certain there was a considerable element of conscious artifice, of polish and rhythm and brilliance. To an adult the result is delightful, even to-day. But to the average boy, trying to learn how to write in this modern world, and seeing about him the successful writing of his contemporaries, the result could only be confusion.

For what does he see about him? He sees the dramatic literature of democracy tracking down the idioms of the hour, and praised for its success. He listens to the latest and most popular play or "speakie," responds to it, feels everybody around him responding to it, gets from it the tingle of reality. He may not know it, to be sure, but he unconsciously senses the fact that the men who are writing plays to-day, or for that matter stories, or novels, or newspapers, are working to create a sense of reality, and can only succeed, so far as their language is concerned, by employing the idiom of current speech. The boy knows perfectly well (just as his teacher does!) that if *The Saturday Evening Post* should print a story written in the language of Addison nobody would read it, and if an actor should produce a play written in the language of "Cato" the audience—if any—would howl derisively. If you don't believe this, suppose you reread one of the "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" and an act of "Cato," neither of which you have probably laid eyes on since your student days. (Not, of course, that I mean to imply schoolboys have to study "Cato"—it isn't that bad!)

Two of the admired American plays of recent years were "What Price Glory?" and "The Show Off." They were considered especially admirable in their vivid reality of phrase, their employment of characteristic speech as the material of literary expression. Neither would be comprehensible to Addison. They were written in a different language. I don't say that they may not be incomprehensible to us in another fifty years; that is neither here nor there. They were alive in their day, they gained the sharp impression of reality, they roused and stirred us, because they were couched in living speech. If we, the adults, demand of our plays to-day the

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reality of living speech, why should we expect our boys and girls to be satisfied by something else? Why should we expect them to secure the sense of life (which alone can impart any propulsive interest to a study) from literature that would leave us cold? Why should we drive on with our language into new styles, new experiments, new usages, and expect them to acquire facility in using this language by studying quite a different one? Why should we expect a boy to acquire facility in writing for his fellow Americans of 1930 by reading and imitating Addison, or Burke, or Milton, or even Shakespeare?

I am well aware that by choosing for illustration modern democratic drama I am inviting all sorts of legitimate retorts. Drama is only a narrow field of writing, and it reproduces conversation exclusively. England has developed a better drama than ours without resort to so much slang and popular idiom. Realism is as much a phase, a fashion, as any other style. You cannot write permanent literature in slang, or even perhaps current idiom. And so on. I admit that fifty years from now some reader of an old file of the New York *Herald Tribune* may find this caption under the picture of a baseball player and wonder what it means: "Alexander, a baseball elder, had been sunning his creaky soupbone in peace in the bull-pen when the order came in the seventh to step into the battle. The situation was desperate. Any kind of a hit would tie the score. Alec shifted his quid and shuffled onto the mound. The rest is baseball history."

There is nothing Addisonian about that, is there? It was dashed off by some newspaper man, who had to write twenty more captions that day, and make each fit a given space. But you and I, and our sons, know exactly what it means to-day, and from it we get a vivid picture both of Alexander and of the whole game. To us it has the unmistakable tang of vivid reality, and definite characterizing values. It may not be fine writing, but it is vivid writing, it is highly competent use of our current speech, it is admirably calculated to facilitate the communication of ideas between average Americans of our age. And, if the plays of our age, including of course the speaking pictures, the newspapers of our age, the public speakers of our age, to a considerable extent the printed literature of our age, employ this language, this idiom, inevitably this idiom has got to be reckoned with, because it has superior vitality and reality, and has got to be made a starting-point in the study of English, so far as that study is directed toward the cultivation of an ability to speak and to write clearly, cleanly, and with some vividness and shading. People do not write in a style essentially different from their speech, because they *think* in speech, and clean writing can only result from clear thinking. Nobody can learn to use his language effectively till he makes it follow a logical thought process. That is all grammar and sentence structure amount to. So we must build from the living, vital language of the age, and through practice and analysis come at a better use of written English.

It is true that the people of Great Britain in all their literature have employed far less than we the more popular idioms of the hour, or at least the slang of the hour. That may be due to a realization of the ephemeral nature of slang, or to an aristocratic tradition of letters. But, none the less, one of Shaw's keen-cutting, conversational, rapid-fire preface paragraphs would seem almost as strange to Addison as a passage from Mark Twain or Ring Lardner; while it would be perfectly comprehensible to

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an American schoolboy (if he could grasp the intellectual idea), and would, furthermore, sound to him exactly like normal though very excellent speech. We have made altogether too much of the rôle slang plays in differentiating modern English from the antique, and the "American" language from the parent stock. Ninety per cent of all slang is quickly forgotten, and plays at best but a minor part in the average man's speech. Slang, to be memorable, to get into the language even for a brief hold, has to be picturesque and vivid, or to have some mysterious quality of oddity about it; in short, it has to be created by artists. The average man never creates slang. He merely repeats it. What he elects to repeat is what captures his fancy and can be applied to some practical use in communicating ideas. It becomes, in other words, if only temporarily, a part of the living language, it ceases to be slang and takes on the nature of an idiom or of an expanded vocabulary. For example, some sport writer once no doubt called an old pitcher's arm a "soup-bone," in scorn of its withered muscles. The term, however, is so apt, and has so exactly the right quality of amused contempt, that it passes into the category of synonyms valuable for use by all who understand and talk about baseball. To call it "vulgar," or to try to tell a schoolboy it is sinful, is silly. He knows better. He knows it is alive, and wakes an image, a definite train of ideas, in his mind.

But even the slang which thus passes into the language (for shorter or longer periods) is comparatively unimportant in differentiating one period from another, or American from English speech. What differentiates them is rather the tone and temper of the age or race, the rhythm of life, the habits of thought, the objects one instinctively turns to for the creation of metaphor. Synge's prose, wrought from the Gaelic speech of the Aran Islands, had a rhythm and a metaphor wild and celtic. The prose, say, of John Galsworthy has a rhythm and metaphor that suggest its parentage in a society who a generation ago read Walter Pater and talked with Arnold at Oxford. The prose of Shaw has the rhythm and metaphor of a supremely able platform speaker for the sturdy, serious Labor party of Great Britain. The prose of Mark Twain had the rhythm and metaphor of a man who had swapped yarns on the frontier. The prose of Ring Lardner, even if he discarded his slang, his bad spelling, his unkempt grammar—all adopted to convey a humorous sense of reality—would still have the rhythm and metaphor of the commonplace American life he so hilariously, but underneath sometimes so bitterly, depicts. They are all, in short, a direct expression of their age and society. There may be belated or stray artists in every age whose style seems a thing apart —Arthur Machen in England, perhaps, or James Branch Cabell here? But, in the main, different as two styles may seem superficially to be, they will be kindred in a kindred land. The sharp bareness of Mrs. Wharton's prose in "Ethan Frome," which so admirably and economically does its work, and the terse if picturesque profanity of "What Price Glory?" are alike symptomatic.

The average schoolboy, of course, can come rather nearer to the speech of "What Price Glory?" than to the prose of "Ethan Frome." Our job is, let us say, to lead him from one to the other, from expressiveness gained by sharp if haphazard jabs for picturesque words in the welter of current speech, into expressiveness gained by a more careful choice of what is enduring in that welter, and a much more careful putting together of

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those words into coherent sentences that shall still have for him the picturesque warmth of reality and the quick, sharp rhythm of our daily converse. Our job is not to substitute for schoolboy English (which is merely a copy of popular phraseology) an alien style, without warmth, without reality, but to work with what we have, to broaden and at the same time refine its vocabulary, to clarify its use in speech, that thought may be clearer and hence writing cleaner. And my whole point really is that this cannot be accomplished by the antiquated methods of the past, and, I fear, to a considerable extent of the present, too; that is, by the intensive study of a dead language, of the English of Milton and Addison and Burke. No doubt it is a pity that our poets don't write like Milton, our column conductors like Addison, our orators like Burke. But the fact remains that they don't. They wouldn't get far if they tried it. To touch on these ancient writers in a survey of literature, to analyze and absorb their excellences in more adult study, is one thing. But to employ their works as a weapon for teaching the boy of twentieth-century America to use his living language effectively is time largely thrown away. The English courses imposed on our schools by the college-entrance requirements are in large measure antiquated and ridiculous. A good school debating-society, a school newspaper supervised by a teacher who does not coerce but merely corrects, the production of a play like "Androcles and the Lion," in which the actors learn by heart speeches marvellously effective but in their own tongue, are worth a wilderness of idiotic attempts to write essays in the style of *The Spectator,* on the entirely false assumption that its style is admirable. Above all, constant practice in composition that shall, when read aloud, approximate the speech natural for the boy, but that is compelled into lucidity and finer and finer shadings of meaning, should be the major occupation. Slang will tend to disappear as finer shades of meaning are sought, for a slang phrase is always a cliché, and once used becomes stereotyped. That, and not its imagined "vulgarity," is its sin. But far better slang in the schoolboy theme than words or phrases or meandering, stiff sentences which have no warmth for him, no connection with his speech and that of his fellows. If he is to write better he must first speak better, and he will not, and should not, speak other than in the living tongue. We must build from that, and, keeping his writing always alive, always vitally real to him, build to a wider and more richly shaded vocabulary, and a greater consciousness of correspondence between sound and sense, of that ebb and flow of syllables which carries good prose along in unbroken step with its reader.

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As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THE death of the Poet Laureate of England, Robert Bridges, at the age of eighty-five, on April 21, leaves a vacancy that attracted the comment of the newspapers before he was buried.

In ancient Greece, poets, heroes, and winners of the various events in the Olympian track meets were crowned with laurel. Thus the word laureate came to be connected with some form of distinction.

The origin of the laureateship in England is rather obscure. Chaucer called Petrarch laureate, and he himself was called laureate by his disciples and was pensioned. Later Skelton called himself Poet Laureate. Spenser received a pension, and so did his contemporaries, Drayton and Daniel.

The official laureateship got away to a good start with Ben Jonson, who, on February 1, 1617, was attached as poet to the royal household and given a regular pension. The patent under which the existing laureateship is held is dated March 26, 1630. In 1638 Sir William Davenant became poet laureate, and his successors were as follows: 1670, Dryden; 1689, Shadwell; 1692, Nahum Tate; 1715, Nicholas Rowe; 1718, Laurence Eusden; 1730, Colley Cibber; 1757, William Whitehead; 1785, Thomas Warton; 1790, Henry James Pye; 1813, Robert Southey; 1843, Wordsworth; 1850, Tennyson, who died in 1892. In 1896, Alfred Austin; in 1913, Robert Bridges.

Beginning with Ben Jonson, there have been sixteen poets laureate. Of these, only four were great poets, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Wordsworth, Tennyson. In the eighteenth century the laureateship was offered to Thomas Gray, who rejected it with scorn. He wrote to the Reverend William Mason, on December 19, 1757:

> Though I very well know the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, "I make you rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me Sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be serjeant trumpeter or pinmaker to the palace. Nevertheless I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrieveable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my lord mayor not to the king. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for

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there are poets little enough to envy even a poet-laureat.

In 1813 the laureateship was offered to Sir Walter Scott, who declined it, and suggested the name of Southey, which suggestion found favor. Then, when Wordsworth died in 1850, the laureateship was offered to Samuel Rogers, who declined it on the ground of old age; he was eighty-seven, and lived to be ninety-two; he had called on Doctor Johnson, and saluted Swinburne. His digestion was more remarkable than his poetry, for he was the leading gastronomer of the world. When Rogers declined the offer, many urged the name of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, although a woman has never held this position. It was finally given to Tennyson, who held it forty-two years. The disgraceful average of laureates in the eighteenth century had been raised superlatively in the nineteenth.

Southey was not a great poet—consider his contemporaries, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth; but he had a great reputation, and enjoyed in his own day a certain portentous popularity. Although horribly punctured by Byron, he was not deflated. And whatever may be thought of Southey, his two successors, Wordsworth and Tennyson, belonged and will always belong to the front rank of English poets.

When Tennyson died in 1892, the appointing power missed the chance of the century. It was possible to keep the Laureateship at the high standard it had enjoyed for nearly eighty years. William Morris was a Socialist, and Swinburne a red republican, hence both were politically ineligible. Christina Rossetti was a woman. But there was a rising star in the East, Rudyard Kipling, who had already received an accolade from Tennyson. Kipling should have been chosen; he is a man of genius, and a convinced Imperialist, precisely the one foreordained Voice of the Empire. He had alluded in his dialect poetry affectionately to Victoria as the Widow of Windsor, and it has been said that that prevented his appointment.

After waiting four years, an inconceivably ludicrous choice was made; Alfred Austin became Poet Laureate of England in 1896, and held the office till his death in 1913. How perfectly this poetaster illustrated the truth of Gray's remark: "if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous." Mr. Austin was a little Tory squire down in Kent, who had attracted no attention by his verses, but had in the year 1871 achieved notoriety by a vicious attack on his great contemporaries. He had had the temerity to publish a volume, called "The Poetry of the Period," which contained a poisonous discharge on the reputation of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, and others. I have read this book in amazement; the attack on Browning is peculiarly insulting. Austin said Tennyson was a very bad poet, although he did his best; but Browning was an impostor, who swindled the public. How amazed Browning would have been if he could have known that this mannikin would be the next Poet Laureate, and how overwhelmed Austin must have been when he saw the world-flooding fame of Browning. Austin, in his autobiography, a funny book in two volumes, took back much of what he had said of Tennyson, but he never forgave Browning; and as for Browning, it is a pity he ever made any allusion to his microscopic assailant. In "Pacchiarotto," published in 1876, Browning represents himself as serenaded on his birthday by his hostile critics. He attacks them in a Rabelaisian manner, saying that his housemaid will

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throw unmentionable slops on them, with this allusion to Alfred Austin:

While as for Quilp-Hop-o'-my-thumb there,
Banjo-Byron that twangs the strum-strum there—
He'll think, as the pickle he curses,
I've discharged on his pate his own verses!
"Dwarfs are saucy," says Dickens: so, sauced in
Your own sauce, . . .

At the foot of the page is a note:

No, please! For
"Who would be satirical
On a thing so very small?"
—*Printer's Devil.*

In examining the Browning manuscripts in the library of Balliol College, Oxford, I was astonished to see that in this poem there is no allusion to Austin. Something must have happened while the book was in press, to enrage the poet; for he added the Austin joke while reading the proofs.

Doctor Robert Bridges, who held the Laureateship from 1913 to 1930, while not a great poet, was far above the average of his predecessors. He was a scholar and a gentleman, who knew more about English prosody and the quantity of English syllables than any living man. He had a splendid and spacious mind, and published at the age of eighty-five his *magnum opus,* "The Testament of Beauty." This is full of cerebration and breathes a noble idealism; but I do not think it contains any sustained flight of poetry. There are magnificent lines and a marvellous vocabulary; but like his previous volumes of verse, there is more of the intellectual than of the emotional or the imaginative. He never was a quotable poet; and I find it difficult to understand the idolatry he steadily received from English critics.

He himself seemed quite indifferent to public opinion. Long before his day, Wordsworth had stipulated that he should not be required to produce a poem when there was a birth or a death in the Royal Family, or when there was some national celebration. Tennyson did not object to doing this; his most successful effort was the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," published on the day of the duke's funeral, in 1852.

When peace was declared in 1918, Robert Bridges was requested by individuals and by newspapers to produce an ode on the subject; he quite properly refused. Some member of the House of Commons asked what was the use of a Poet Laureate if he did not become vocal when the occasion called for it. An intrepid reporter bearded the lion in his den. He found the old poet sitting in his garden, and told him that there was a public demand for an ode. "I don't care a damn," was the rejoinder.

A few years ago, when Robert Bridges came to America to reside for some months at the University of Michigan, the New York newspaper men went down the harbor to get an interview. Not a word of any kind could they get out of the independent octogenarian; so one of them produced the following headline in a metropolitan newspaper:

KING'S CANARY WON'T CHIRP

John Masefield is the Poet Laureate. There was certainly an embarrassment of riches. Every one of the following poets is far above the average of those who have held the position. Kipling, Housman, Masefield, Noyes, Yeats, De la Mare, Hodgson, Watson, Gibson, "AE," Chesterton, Davies, Drinkwater, Nichols, Sassoon; fine poets all. The Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, is an inveterate reader of poetry,

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and he certainly made a remarkably good choice.

One of the literary events of the year is the appearance of the second and concluding volume of the life of Thomas Hardy, by his wife, Florence Emily Hardy. It is called "The Later Years of Thomas Hardy 1892–1928." (The first volume was published toward the close of the year 1928.) This seems to me as close to the perfect biography as one has any right to expect. The only fault I can find with it is that it is not longer, more voluminous in detail; but perhaps not every one has such a consuming interest in the personality of Hardy as I have had since my youth. To me he was not only a man of genius; he was much more than a great writer. He had an amazingly interesting mind; everything he contemplated in nature, every thought born of solitary reflection, when cast in literary form, had a flavor all its own.

His physical and mental vitality was astounding. He died at nine in the evening on the 11th of January, 1928; had he lived until June, he would have been eighty-eight years old. On November 28 he said "he had done all that he meant to do, but he did not know whether it had been worth doing." On December 11 he sat at his writing-table, a sick man, and said that for *the first time in his life* he felt totally unable to work. In the middle of a night toward the end, he asked his wife to read aloud to him "The Listeners," by Walter de la Mare. On the day before his death he wrote a check for his subscription to the Pension Fund of the Society of Authors; and for the first time in his life his writing lacked its firm outlines. In the evening he asked his wife to read to him "Rabbi Ben Ezra," by Browning, the gospel of the great optimist; he listened intently to all the thirty-two stanzas. In the dusk of the next and last day, January 11, he asked her to read to him that defiant stanza from Omar Khayyam beginning

> Oh, Thou, who man of baser Earth didst make

He died that evening.

As I have read elsewhere that there is no such thing as *expression* on the face of one who has died, but that all faces immediately after death are exactly alike in being devoid of anything resembling happiness or fear or sentiment of any kind, I quote from Mrs. Hardy. And how such a statement about any other death would have interested Hardy!

> An hour later one, going to his bedside yet again, saw on the death-face an expression such as she had never seen before on any being, or indeed on any presentment of the human countenance. It was a look of radiant triumph such as imagination could never have conceived. Later the first radiance passed away, but dignity and peace remained as long as eyes could see the mortal features of Thomas Hardy.

As the world certainly owes to the loving care and understanding of Florence Hardy the long preservation of the great writer's productive powers, so the world owes to her a biography, which in dignity, sincerity, candor, and charm is worthy of its subject.

Another highly interesting biography is "Mary Gladstone—Her Diary and Letters." This is admirably edited by Mrs. C. F. G. Masterman. Everybody who was anybody came to eat at Gladstone's table, and these records are full of diverting gossip on Tennyson, Browning, and all the great Victorians. Mary Gladstone was married to the Reverend

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Harry Drew in 1886, and she died a few days before Thomas Hardy, on the 1st of January, 1928, eighty years old. At the age of sixteen she reports the following fight between Disraeli and her father in the House:

> Dizzy made a speech lasting two hours and fifty minutes. Papa spoke for an hour and thirty-five minutes—and the contrast between the two! The first was simply full of stuff and nonsense, ungentlemanlike and really inconsistent. The second was splendid . . . he did look so grand and noble when he got up and spoke, now with indignation, now with calmest contempt.

People who imagine that Gladstone was invariably solemn, and who did not read last year the book by his son, will have another opportunity to revise their views in this diary.

> I was in my room at 9.30 and heard him and Mama coming up the stairs singing "A ragamuffin husband and a rantipolling wife" at the top of their voices . . . in such spirits, he sang "My heart is true to Poll" all through dinner.

Simultaneously appear two volumes on Alexander Pope—is there to be a Pope revival? One is the biography, "Alexander Pope," by Edith Sitwell, a high-spirited, high-hearted memoir, interesting from first page to last, though she overvalues both his genius and his character. Pope was one of the most brilliant men of his age, and it was a brilliant age. He does not, however, belong to the first rank of English poets, and as an artist, despite his dexterity, he does not compare with Milton. Miss Sitwell calls him "one of the greatest of our poets, and who is in his two finest poems perhaps the most flawless artist our race has produced." Admitting all that can be said for "The Rape of the Lock," how about "Lycidas"? One might as well compare a butterfly to an eagle.

Furthermore, if a deliberate, habitual, crafty, and self-seeking liar is a Good Man, then Pope was one. Yet I commend Miss Sitwell's biography for its brilliant, incisive style, and for its liveliness.

Miss Sitwell will be both interested and pleased when she finds that along with her Defense appears a beautiful Facsimile Reprint of "The Dunciad Variorum," copying in every detail the first issue of the original edition of 1729, with an introductory essay by the accomplished scholar Professor Robert K. Root, of Princeton. Although Professor Root does not praise Pope so extravagantly as Edith Sitwell, he believes and says he was a great poet, and thinks the time has come to give him a higher place in literature than that usually accorded him. If Pope does rise again, it will be for the first time since Joseph Warton's destructive criticism in the middle of the eighteenth century, for Byron's admiration of Pope was regarded as an eccentricity. No intelligent person can help admiring Pope's cleverness —but as a Poet, do you see him as a peer in the company of Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, and Wordsworth?

The death of Charles Scribner on April 19 took away the head of a great publishing house and a man who had all his life added to the profession dignity, honor, and renown. To me personally it was the loss of an intimate friend, whom I shall miss more and more. There was a charm and beauty in his character that seemed to elevate conversation; he was, in the best sense, an idealist. I shall always remember with pleasure our last meeting. It was at the Metropolitan Opera House on the afternoon of March 29. He was sitting with his old friend and associate Mr. Robert Bridges. Between the acts we had good talk. Mr. Scribner, in spite of a recent illness, was

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full of good humor, and spoke in his usual charming manner. Without any effort, he exerted a noble and beneficent influence.

With reference to my statement in the May SCRIBNER'S that men of letters were receiving constantly more recognition in America, and that some of them now attracted more attention and inspired more curiosity than prize-fighters, I was interested to see exactly the contrary view stated by Hugh Walpole in the *New York Herald Tribune Sunday Magazine* for March 16:

> Here is at once a difference. I cannot find, for instance, any sign that the American man of letters is important in America. To speak quite at random, you have three living men of genius in America, many more, I dare say—I think of these three immediately—Dreiser, Robert Frost, and Willa Cather (she is a "man of genius" in the only real meaning of that word). Do you make any proper fuss of them? You do not. They are worth from any sort of estimate of values, financial, economic, moral, æsthetic, patriotic, all your Coolidges, Hoovers, Sharkeys, Babe Ruths, Murray Butlers, business magnates, rolled into one. Are they national figures with fitting national recognition? They are not. I imagine that they do not wish to be, but it is interesting to reflect that they will be giving pleasure and happiness to their fellows long after all the politicians, millionaires, and baseball players are completely forgotten.

I think Hugh is mistaken. Theodore Dreiser, Robert Frost, and Willa Cather receive the public recognition their works merit. No one would think of drawing up a list of living American poets and leaving out Robert Frost, or a list of novelists and omitting Willa Cather. Furthermore it appears to me that Calvin Coolidge's services to his country, Herbert Hoover's services to the world during the war, and Doctor Butler's services to education are not despicable. It is rather early to judge of Mr. Hoover's work as President. He came to the office with no experience in practical politics; his only qualifications are brains and character.

But while I cannot agree with Hugh on his instances, I am in hearty agreement with him on the general principle that men of letters should be rewarded by public acclaim. And it is certain that if their works survive, they will be. Charles Dickens has more popularity to-day than any of the statesmen or athletes of his time.

Norreys Jephson O'Conor, the American poet and scholar in Irish literature, sends me with justifiable concern the following article from the London *Evening Standard* of March 31. He writes, "I have seen similar statements from time to time in other English papers, but this happens to be more violent, and is by a man who should know better, since he holds a Litt.D. from his own University of Cambridge and from Oxford. I constantly meet people in England who think that America has given up not only the English language but English traditions and customs, and I am much distressed. It must come from our vociferous young writers, who are of other than Anglo-Saxon stock and are not sympathetic to the usual cultural influences, if they happen to have received college training."

The article is by the Reverend Doctor John Arbuthnot Nairn, formerly headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School, and a scholar and writer of distinction, who has heard with alarm a proposal to exchange schoolmasters between England and America, and who is quite sure, that so far from Englishmen having anything to learn from Americans, the danger is that they might be debased and corrupted by our horrible use of the language.

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I can adduce no special or first-hand knowledge of American methods, but, judging by results known to all the world, I am far from convinced that I desire to see the methods that have produced them adopted to any considerable extent in our own country.

Our system of public-school education may be all wrong: indeed, I myself have found certain points in it to criticise. But at any rate it inculcates, and that successfully, a reasonable regard for discipline. Our boys in after life have always shown that they can obey; and exact obedience—in itself a result that may give legitimate cause for satisfaction to those who were responsible for their training. . . .

I am told that American slang has a vivid and picturesque character that more than justifies its existence. It may be so, but until it has proved its quality in the hands of some great master of literary style I am still sceptical. And the fact remains that up to the present, though aspirants are not lacking, no characteristically American writer has made any serious bid for immortality.

"Vernacular American," we are told, "is to the ordinary Englishman a foreign tongue. Whether English English is as unintelligible to Americans may be doubted, but it must at least sound terribly archaic." This is a fearful indictment, and I should have despaired forthwith of the future of my race, whose very language is condemned as unworthy and despicable, were it not for one glimmer of light.

The English Speaking Union has taken up the matter, and we may hope that the imported schoolmasters from the great republic of America will teach us how the King's English should be spoke. It is too late, unfortunately, for Shakespeare, Milton, Defoe, Bunyan, Gibbon, and countless others who have enjoyed an unmerited repute to profit by the lessons. But no matter. We are told that it is never too late to mend; and when we have all become proficient in the American vernacular, and by study acquired it as "a second language before we become utter foreigners," all will be well.

Meanwhile I remain an unshaken partisan of the English that is so "terribly archaic," the language I learnt in infancy, the language of Shakespeare and the Authorised Version of the Bible. I am too old now, I fear, to acquire this second language, or I should doubtless gasp in admiration of this latest educational experiment and exclaim at its exponent, in vernacular American:—"Sure kid, you've slobbered some bibful."

That "no characteristically American writer has made any serious bid for immortality," apart from the inelegance of the expression, is a statement that might call for some modification, when we remember Joel Chandler Harris and Mark Twain.

But the chief difficulty with our learned English ecclesiastic seems to me that he is comparing the language spoken in America by ignorant persons with the language spoken in England by scholars. Why not compare the language spoken by English bootblacks with the language spoken by American clergymen? He is angry elsewhere in his article because the "English accent" is ridiculed; why should the English not speak with an English accent, since we invented the language? Now as a matter of fact, a cultivated Scotsman or Irishman often speaks English more purely than an average cultivated Englishman, because he speaks without accent of any kind. What is meant by the "English accent" is not the English spoken by the average cultivated Englishman, but a "stage" accent, what H. G. Wells, himself an Englishman, has called the *whinnying* accent.

Mr. Wells, however, has declared that one reason why the American nation as a whole is backward intellectually, and why it cannot progress in the right direction with any rapidity, is because we have no language fit for the production or interchange of serious ideas. We have only vulgar and immature slang. So the Reverend Doctor Nairn is not the only Englishman who does not like the "American language." Years ago, Oscar Wilde said that after all there was little difference between the English and Americans, except of course the language.

Now when we read such an article as that by Doctor Nairn, we can do one of

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two things. We can allow our blood to boil, to have our patriotic instincts aroused, to call him a conceited, complacent Britisher, and a liar, OR—we can consider his remarks coolly to discover if there is any truth in them. The latter attitude is the only intelligent one, for merely to give the *tu quoque* is to relieve our feelings at the expense of mental improvement. If there is anything in this accusation, we ought to consider it calmly, and perhaps profit by it. Then it will have done us good and no harm. For even if the English think they are perfect, we know we are not. An angry rejoinder closes the gates of the mind.

The facts in the case are that while intelligent and well-educated Americans speak the English language well, most Americans are careless both in pronunciation and in enunciation. Furthermore, we have altogether too much slang, even in our periodicals seriously devoted to literature. Slang in intimate conversation is all well enough, and certain slang words fill a vital need and eventually find their way into respectable use, like the word "mob," once thought very vulgar. But there is no reason in reviews of books and plays and music to employ anything other than dignified English. Slang, like profanity, is the resource of those whose vocabulary is limited. To imagine that forcible ideas cannot be expressed in excellent English is an illusion. Our book reviews, our play criticisms, and many other articles in the public press are disfigured by words that smack of intellectual immaturity. I saw a printed comment on a new book the other day; it was the commendation by a woman who herself has written much for publication. "Lord! what a swell book!"

So long as we are sadly in need of improvement, let us not think it patriotic to boil with rage when some foreigner, imperfect himself, treats us with contempt. It is better to profit by insults than to resent them.

THE FANO CLUB

Lester Breckenridge, Professor Emeritus of Mechanical Engineering at Yale, and for many generations known to undergraduates affectionately as "Breck," was travelling with Mrs. Breckenridge in Italy. On the night of the Ides of March they were in Perugia, and his duty was revealed to him in a dream. He dreamed that I was an Italian "traffic cop," that I held aloft a pure white baton, on which was inscribed GO TO FANO. Not daring to be disobedient unto the heavenly vision, they motored to Fano the next day, and sent me snapshots of the place. So many "retired" professors seem lonely and jobless that the cheering words of Professor Breckenridge should be quoted:

> Say—Billy, it's a great thing to be old and well and a retired Yale Professor. Try it sometime—if you can—Let your wife do the thinking.

Mrs. Andrews Little, of Ann Arbor, Mich., writes:

> After a chequered passage over the mountains from Arezzo, [exactly the way the Brownings first travelled to Fano in 1848] and a black, rainy night at Urbino, the Guardian Angel at Fano looked particularly lovely and soothing on Feb. 21. Such an agreeable young priest showed us the chilly little chapel, and the dismantled church. One wonders whether if Browning had seen the picture now, he would have been so enthralled? The colouring seems to have darkened, unfortunately, but the charm of expression is of course changelessly pleasing.

Dan Lindley sends me a postcard from Fano:

> I hope this will serve as my card of admission into the Fano Club.

Mrs. Annie W. Outerbridge, of Oyster

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Bay, Long Island, visited Fano on the 16th of April, and wrote a poem.

Mrs. Charles E. Merrill, the publisher, travelling with Mrs. Outerbridge, writes:

Another of your Saturday's children wishes to join your Fano Club.

I am afraid I was overcomplimentary to human nature when, discussing the question of unemployment in the May issue, I said that unwillingness to work is rare. I ought to have said it was rarer than formerly. Mrs. Edith Seiders, of Toledo, Ohio, writes:

Among some classes, perhaps, yes, but do you know that many of our best women workers in the home are produced by the possession of perfectly worthless husbands? . . .

And perhaps you have forgotten the wretched flotsams who offered their services when the order "Work or Fight" was issued during the war.

My suggestion in this same issue of SCRIBNER'S that no newspaper make any mention of Prohibition for one year has not only been received with enthusiasm by many periodicals and individuals, but at the end of a long editorial in *The Morning Mercury* of New Bedford, Mass., I was pleased to find the following sentence:

May first is the day proposed by Professor Phelps when we should resolve to talk about something beside Prohibition and on and after that date we will conform with Mr. Phelps's suggestion to curtail discussion in this column.

William H. Walker, of Albany, N. Y., sends me the following headline, which appeared in *The Albany Times Union*, March 22:

COP IS PIP ON DIPS
BUT DIP IS ALSO PIP,
COPS A POP OF COP

The explanation of this mysterious and opaque superscription is that a policeman in Evanston, Ill., reporting at headquarters at the end of a perfect day, "No pickpockets," was asked by the sergeant, "Where's your gun?" and on looking at his holster, the policeman elided the previous report and wrote "Article picked—one pistol." I might add that there was not the perfect "silencer," for the report of this pistol could not be kept quiet.

The Manuscript Department of the British Museum has recently acquired four manuscript volumes of epitaphs, collected by John Browne of Greenwich, who died in 1837. He had examined more than seventy graveyards, in order to make his anthology. Here is a good sample:

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Arabella Young,
Who on the twenty-fourth of May
Began to hold her tongue.

Here follows the list of books mentioned, with authors and publishers.

"The Testament of Beauty," by Robert Bridges. Oxford. $3.50.
"The Later Years of Thomas Hardy," by F. E. Hardy. Macmillan. $5.
"Mary Gladstone—Her Diary and Letters," edited by Mrs. Masterman. Dutton. $6.
"Alexander Pope," by Edith Sitwell. Cosmopolitan. $4.
"The Dunciad Variorum," edited by R. K. Root. Princeton University Press. $4.50.

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Behind the Scenes

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

SHERWOOD ANDERSON was known as the prophet and slayer of the small town for years. He had learned intimately the Middle Western town. His residence in Marion, Va., where he owns and edits two weekly newspapers, has acquainted him with the Southern small town. He found not the sweetly impotent South of tradition, but a South nourishing, and being nourished by, the beautiful machine. He would remind America to gain a balanced industrial outlook.

Juanita Tanner in "Demoniac Possession," an article in the June SCRIBNER'S, stood up for "queer" women. In the present article, "Came the Millennial Dawn," she suggests that Bertrand Russell's point of view is shockingly masculine, and offers a feminine panacea for the problems of marriage and morals.

For nine years—that is, since his college days—Earl Sparling has been a newspaper man. At 27 he was writing editorials for the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain; for a year he ran a column on the New York *Telegram,* and he is now special writer for that paper. In the course of his reporting, wild experiences have come his way. His "Mystery Men of Wall Street—the Powers Behind the Market," an almost indiscreetly revealing book, is a best-seller in financial circles. He has written one short story and will write more when he "knows enough about himself and about America." "I have paddled pirogues down the bayous of Louisiana, ridden horses across the flats of Texas, driven automobiles by the light of derrick lamps and gas flambeaux through the oil-fields of Oklahoma. Why I should be fighting subways and gyp taxi-drivers in New York I don't know."

The short stories of Josephine Herbst, author of two novels besides, have been appearing regularly in the magazines, and she was represented by a story in the second American Caravan. After three years abroad she now has her home in Florida. Yawl-boats and double-enders and jigger-sails came into her life when she herself cruised in and around the Eastern harbors in a sail-boat.

Waldo Frank has recently returned from a lecture-tour in South America under the auspices of the Mexican and Argentine governments. A discussion of conditions, and of his ideals with regard to them, appeared in the June SCRIBNER'S. Here, in "The World from the Air," is an individual experience. He laced the country with air trips, and from these adventures he, as an articulate observer, translates into words the emotions of men in this new medium.

His days as a Wyoming rancher and as a private in the Aviation Signal Corps may be behind him, but Struthers Burt retains the alert quality which has brought from him some of the tartest and most sensible papers written by an American author. From his terrace at Southern Pines, N. C., he keeps a finger on the nation's pulse and is not misled by the clamor from the wets or drys, or from the pros and antis on any subject.

Charles Yost is "supposed to inhabit New York," but since he finished college, two years ago—he is only twenty-two now—he has been abroad most of the time, a year and a half "in Europe and in Paris," with excursions into Russia and the Balkans as a concluding gesture. This European residence was in preparation for entrance into the diplomatic service, as are his present untiring efforts in Washington, D. C. The idea for his story, "Holiday," arose in Tia Juana in the course of a cross-continental trip in an ancient Dodge three years ago.

Doctor John Rathbone Oliver, priest, psychiatrist, scholar, legal doctor, bestows on four facets of experience the energy and the love which most men give to only one. The humanity, the broad point of view gained from each of his interests, he carries over into the others. Five impressionable years in Europe rounded out his heritage of good New England tradition. He went to Baltimore after service in the Austrian army during the war, a sick man and a stranger in his own land. He won his place as psychiatrist-priest and as chief medical officer to the Baltimore Supreme Bench. He is author of "Fear," a remarkable study, "Victim and Victor," unanimous choice of the 1929 Pulitzer Prize Committee, and his autobiography, "Foursquare."

William C. White for the past three years has

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been studying at the Institute of Soviet Law in Moscow on a Penfield scholarship from the University of Pennsylvania. Speaking the language and seeing with open eyes, he has observed conditions at first hand and studied Russian documents. He finds the recent agitation which elicited protests from the Vatican and other religious sources nothing especially new.

Working hard at his regular duties on the staff at Washington in anticipation of leaving shortly for active duty on the Asiatic Station, Captain John W. Thomason has had time only to acknowledge the cheers which followed the publication of the first instalment of his life of Jeb Stuart. It must be remembered that Captain Thomason is a professional soldier and proud of the fact. "I do some writing and some illustrating on the *side,* and I regard myself as a Scribner author, if any," he wrote us before he became so busy. The italics are ours. We are happy that the entire manuscript is in the office, for the first outbreak of anything which would require Marines might find Captain Thomason among the missing, his literary work suddenly as unimportant as his dress suit.

Valma Clark's stories have appeared in numerous magazines ever since she turned to writing them, soon after she finished college in 1916. Her home was in Rochester, N. Y., but at present she is living in Paris. She writes from there that this story of the tennis courts "was suggested by the championship matches, which I followed enthusiastically here through a broiling season." Although she was horrified to discover that she had launched the script of "A Young Man's Game" on Friday the 13th, it turned out luckily for every one.

If Walter Prichard Eaton can be said to have a particular interest, it would be the theatre, although his books have talked of many things. His warm love for the theatre—he was dramatic critic on New York newspapers for a good many years—has taken him all over America as inquirer and lecturer. The Boston *Evening Transcript* regularly carries his authentic articles on antiques and old New England culture. He lives in Sheffield, Mass.

Lilian H. Woody is a native of Montana, but has been teaching English in California for the past few years. Velma Hutchinson lives in Portland, Ore.

William Carlos Williams, a leader among the new poets, combines an international literary reputation with a flourishing medical practice in Rutherford, N. J.—the latter so that he may have the former.

What You Think About It

It is not often that a magazine has the opportunity of helping to alter an impression of a great writer. We speak in particular of D. H. Lawrence, who died recently in France, a greatly maligned and despised man. His merits and faults have been widely discussed since his passing, and it is a source of pride to SCRIBNER'S that the chance came of presenting the good side of Lawrence's character at a time when there were few kind words being said about him. We are finding from the flood of letters and newspaper clippings coming to us that his article "We Need One Another" created a profound impression even upon those most inclined in the past to shun anything written by him.

Arthur J. Busch, writing in the Brooklyn *Citizen,* said:

> Probably the most heartrending of the tragedies that befall great men during their lives is the tragedy of being misunderstood. . . . Lawrence died at the age of forty-five with a smirch upon his memory, having given of his strength to a sane revaluation of life and love, with scorn and calumny as his earthly reward. . . . It seems now that the smut-mongers have been fighting down a man who stood for the finest moral standards. . . . The man who was charged with inciting us to go back to savage standards, was in reality urging men and women to come together sanely, morally, beautifully, in order that the sordid muck and mud of the divorce court might be avoided. . . . If there be any to say that I am talking through a cocked hat let them read Lawrence's own plain-spoken summing up of his attitude in the current issue of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE in an essay written by the author of "Sons and Lovers" shortly before his death. There, unequivocally and with almost compassionate tenderness, is his plea for a saner attitude towards life and love which goes beyond morals and yet cannot violate the sacred traditions of the most moral among us. The title of Lawrence's posthumous essay is "We Need One Another," and in that simple, informal label rests the thesis of this fine plea for sanity. The foolishness of our fixed standards to-day is revealed and a new attitude to-

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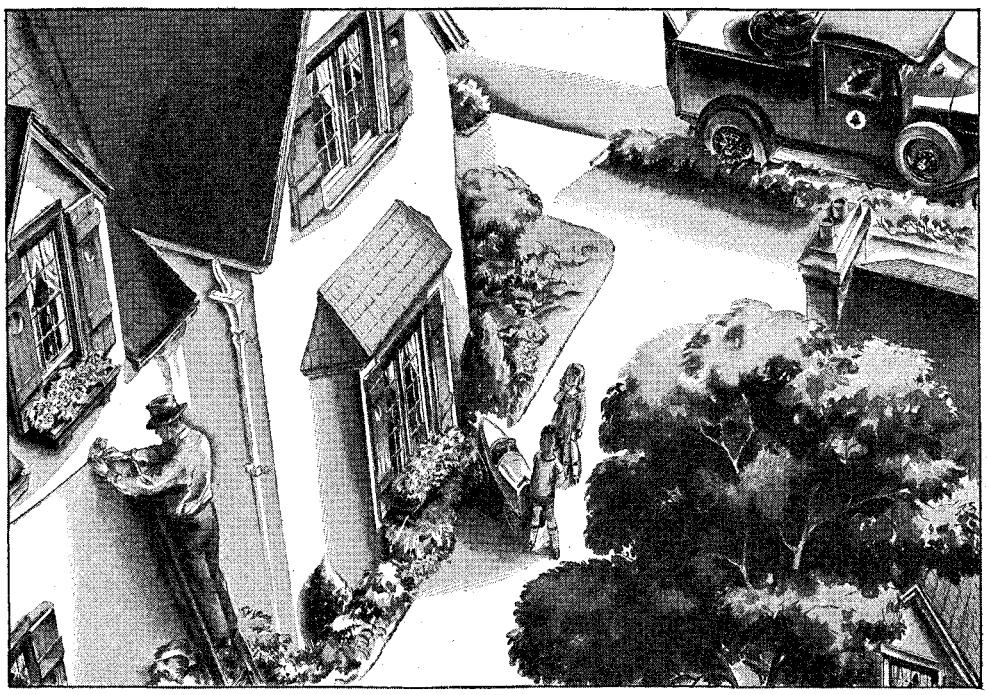

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You want quick and accurate service, free from trouble. Good as the service was five years ago, today there are a third less troubles per telephone. During this same period there have been marked increases in the already high percentage of perfectly transmitted conversations.

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The operation of the System is carried on by 24 Associated Companies, each attuned to the area it serves. The staff of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is continually developing better methods for the use of these operating companies.

Your telephone service today is better than ever before. The organized effort of the Bell System is directed toward making it even better tomorrow.

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(Continued from page 30)

wards sex put forth which strips it of hypocrisy and narrowness.

A writer in the San Francisco *Call Bulletin*—whose name, unfortunately, was not included on the clipping which came to us and who deserves credit for his fine work—says:

It is strange how often help comes when it is most needed. Sometimes it is from within. When you think you are weak, a sudden surge of strength rises and takes possession to shame you out of your littleness. Sometimes it is a new truth that shines blindingly, like a mighty sun in a night you thought would be endless.

Last week I read a book on "Sex and Character"—by Otto Weininger—and did not believe it was true. But somehow it stayed with me as the room in which a man has died dreadfully keeps its horror long after it has been scrubbed and washed. The book would not go away.

Not till yesterday, when I read one of the last articles D. H. Lawrence wrote before he died, did I find relief. Lawrence wrote poems and novels and many fine people considered him nasty and immoral because he wrote so much and so frankly about sex and men and women. But this article in the May SCRIBNER'S is the cleanest writing a man or a woman could read and the right sort of thing for any boy or girl to be given.

He calls it "We Need One Another" and he makes it sweetly clear how necessary men and women are to each other. He takes all the empty egotism out of you by making it very plain how little you are when you stand alone, how incomplete, how worthless. Napoleon alone on St. Helena became a peevish, puerile little fellow, Mary Queen of Scots in her prison changed to a catty little person—"and we, wonderful creatures that we are, become trashy, conceited modern egotisms."

So many men think their wives are distinct and definite, fixed personalities. They grow, but their wives do not. Their wives are "model" housewives or "model" mothers or "model" helpmeets, but not WOMEN. They never see them as they are seen by Lawrence.

Lawrence called modern city people "about the crudest, rawest, most crassly savage monkeys that ever existed when it comes to the relation of men and women" and all he saw about him in this civilization were men and women "smashing each other emotionally and psychically to bits."

To him sex meant the whole relationship between man and woman. In that relationship, nothing is fixed. A man changes. A woman changes. "Yet the great flow of the relationship goes on all the same, undying, and this is the flow of living sex, the relation between man and woman, that lasts a lifetime, and of which sex-desire is only one vivid, most vivid, manifestation."

And that is the marriage men and women dream of and hope for and promise one another, and so rarely create for themselves.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

We had hopes that there might be a few readers in the South who could be induced to read about Jeb Stuart, but we, along with the South, were not prepared for the adulation which poured from the North. It begins to look as if the war—the Civil War, we mean—is over. These remarks are caused by R. H. L., the widely read columnist of the Chicago *Tribune*. Mr. Little greeted Captain Thomason's work in this manner:

Dashing Jeb Stuart! What a grand, romantic, two-fisted, rollicking trooper he was! Capt. Thomason, who wrote "Fix Bayonets!" has begun a series of articles on Gen. Stuart in May SCRIBNER'S and, judging from the first installment, nobody could do the job better. We visited the battlefield of Chancellorsville once and as we walked around amid the tangled thickets and stunted trees we could just see Jeb Stuart, who rode at the head of Jackson's men at Chancellorsville after Stonewall was killed, riding out to take over. The men were distressed over the death of their beloved "Ole Jack" and bewildered by the way the various commands had got mixed up in charging through the woods. And we could just see Jeb Stuart with his gay plume flying from his hat as he rode out under heavy fire and, turning towards his boys, took his sword as though it was a baton, and beating time to the music got his whole army singing:

"Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness,
Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness,
Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness,
At the sound of Gabriel's horn."

We hope Capt. Thomason won't forget to put that in.

The Knoxville *Journal* greeted this phenomenon as follows:

Time was when the Chicago *Tribune* would have been the last place to look for joyful praise of a Confederate General, even of such a hero of romance as Jeb Stuart himself. But times are not what they once were. Old enmities are gone. Gray or Blue makes little difference. "A Line O' Type or Two" on the *Tribune's* editorial page makes happy comment on the appearance of SCRIBNER'S new story of General Stuart, known far and wide for his "Fix Bayonets!" and well fitted, says the *Tribune's* columnist, for the job of making the gallant, old time soldier live again.

The sketch so far is done with rare spirit and enthusiasm, although it paints a portrait rather than tells a tale. Its most notable effect perhaps, is the explanation it unconsciously gives of the difference in the feeling for war as seen by the generation of to-day and that which inherited the atmosphere of the war of the '60's.

THE PENROSE MYTH

The Philadelphia *Inquirer*, staunch Republican organ of that city, took exception to that portion of Henry Hart's "Penrose" which had reference to the influence of the Pennsylvania Czar on the nomination of Warren Harding for President of the United States.

In SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE Henry Hart writes of the late Boies Penrose as "An American Machiavelli." It is a rather curious mixture of fact, fancy and questionable anecdote which he assembles, and those who knew Penrose well are privileged to accept or reject such portions of it as they see fit. But the author seeks to perpetuate one myth which ought to be disposed of in justice to political history. It is that which placed Penrose in actual control of the Republican National Convention of 1920, which nominated Harding for President.

Mr. Hart represents Penrose as saying to himself: "At best my career can last only a few years more. With what better service can I crown it than by so exerting myself

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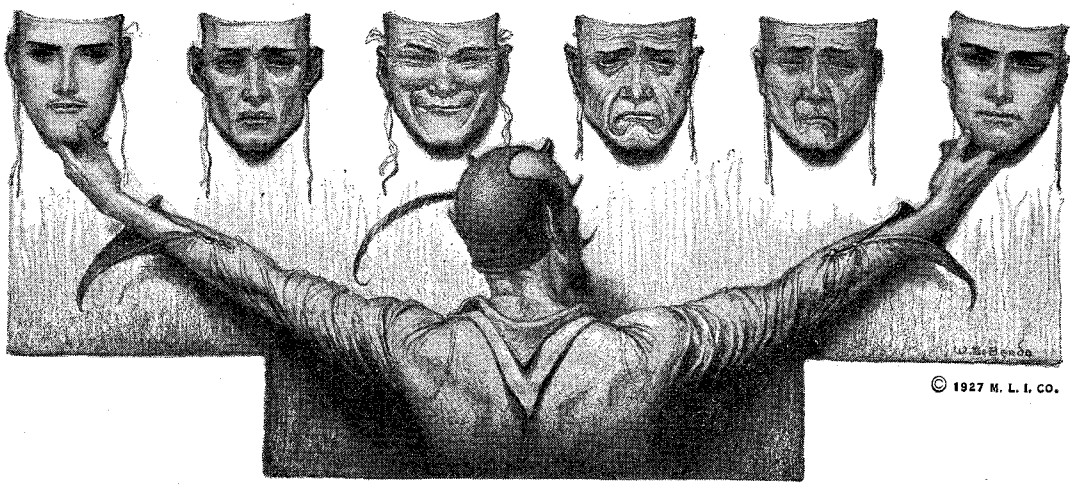

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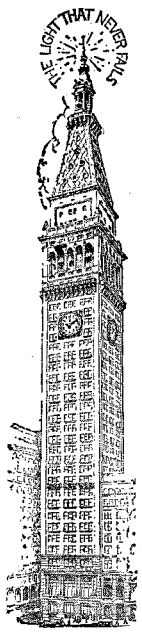
The Great Imitator

Mankind's most dangerous enemy is syphilis. It takes the form of many diseases, masking as rheumatism, arthritis, physical exhaustion or nervous breakdown. It may seem to be a form of skin, eye, heart, lung, throat or kidney trouble.

Most tragic of all, it often attacks the brain and spinal cord. It may result in blindness, deafness, locomotor ataxia, paralysis and insanity—a life-long tragedy. No wonder it is called "The Great Imitator".

In certain general hospitals, as high as 30% of all patients were found to be suffering directly or indirectly from this disease. Yet many of its victims had not known what was robbing them of health and strength until a medical examination, including blood and spinal fluid tests, revealed their actual condition.

Syphilis can usually be cured by competent physicians if detected in time and if the patient *faithfully and persistently follows the complete treatment prescribed by his doctor.*



If the early stages are neglected, cures are less certain, but a great deal can still be done to relieve suffering.

It is estimated that about thirteen million persons—one out of ten—in the United States and Canada have or at some time have had syphilis. Because of fear and ignorance, millions of victims have been imposed upon by quacks, charlatans and blackmailers pretending to practice medicine.

A most effective way to reduce the amount of syphilis is the pre-natal treatment of mothers suffering from this destructive disease.

Parents and teachers owe it to those dependent on them for education and guidance to replace secrecy by knowledge, frank instruction and friendly advice. Physicians, health departments and social hygiene societies willingly offer their aid.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Great Imitator". You are urged to send for it. Ask for Booklet 730 S

NOTE: The Metropolitan first published "The Great Imitator" in January, 1928. Since then, leaders of public health organizations and directors of big business have requested that it be republished and that booklets be provided for wide distribution. The booklets are ready.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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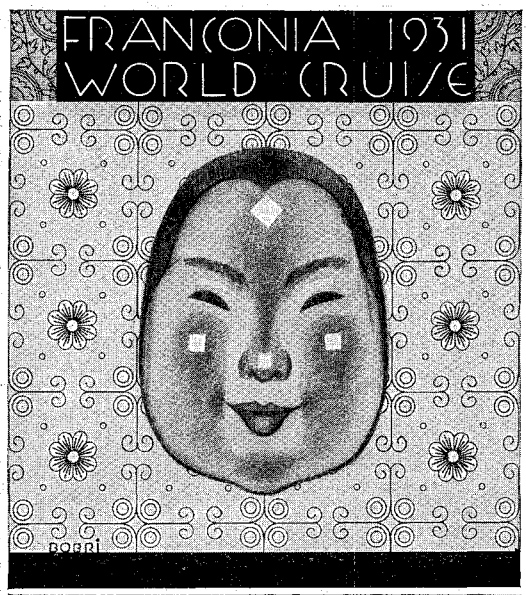

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The Franconia sails Eastward on January 10—returns May 28 . . . again two world-famous leaders of travel join their 179 years of experience, achievement and tradition.

Also Westward Around the World in the Samaria sailing from New York Dec. 3

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WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT IT

(Continued from page 32)

that a man fitted for the duties of the Presidency be named?" But previous to the convention Penrose fell very sick. He had arranged to go to Chicago even if he had to be carried there. The author is right in this respect. But fate was against him. He could not be moved. Let Mr. Hart continue:

"And so from a room in the Penrose home at 1331 Spruce street, Philadelphia, the home of his childhood, the only home he ever had, he was to dictate the nomination of Warren Harding. Private telephone and telegraph wires were to be installed, and over the distances which separate Philadelphia from Chicago, the fixated, determined will was to speed in code and to be obeyed."

The writer in SCRIBNER'S remarks: "The reasons for the selection of Harding are too involved to be told here. Are they fully known? . . . But of one thing there is no doubt: Penrose dictated the nomination from his sickbed in Philadelphia."

There is the myth, the repetition of which once more proves how difficult it sometimes is for truth to overtake fiction and squelch it.

For as a matter of precise fact, not one word passed between Penrose and his followers at Chicago.

The wires were there, but the Senator was unconscious of what was going on at the convention. Indeed, the Pennsylvania delegation, which had been pledged to Governor Sproul pending its transfer at the command of Penrose, found itself without a head at Chicago and played a most unimportant and uninfluential part in the proceedings.

Any one who wishes to may believe that Penrose from his sickbed dictated the choice of Harding, but if so he believes what is actually false, and *The Inquirer*, with personal knowledge of what did or did not transpire, makes this statement unequivocally.

In reply, Mr. Hart made the following comment after first getting in touch with *The Inquirer:*

The editorial, alleging possession of unequivocal facts that Penrose did not influence, direct, dictate—whatever word you will—the nomination of Warren G. Harding, naturally led me to write to *The Inquirer* and ask that such historically important facts be made public. They would be useful now, and of course in future histories.

I based my assertion that Penrose effected Harding's nomination upon the statement of the doctor that attended him when he lay ill in his Philadelphia home, and upon the testimony in the Tea Pot Dome hearings given by the operators of the private telephone and telegraph lines which connected Penrose's bedside with the Republican convention at Chicago.

I was shocked when I received from *The Inquirer* the letter printed below, which seems to indicate that the editor of *The Inquirer* is one more to whom Penrose told pretty stories.

"Mr. Heustis, Editor of *The Inquirer,* has been ill and unable to reply to your letter personally, but he authorizes me to say that his information regarding what transpired at the Penrose home was derived from Penrose himself.

"After the convention and while Penrose was convalescent, Mr. Heustis had a long talk with him. The Senator disclaimed all influence over the convention; said he was too sick to know what was going on. Had he been there, he said, he could have done almost anything; could even have pushed Governor Sproul through, although, of course, he would not have attempted to do any such thing. His friendship for Harding is not to be questioned, but he was in no position to play any active part.—J. MORGAN COOK, *Associate Editor.*"

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240 thousand stockholders own General Motors

THE intensive sale of Liberty Bonds a decade ago created hundreds of thousands of new security owners. These people became more interested in the financial sections of newspapers. They became familiar with financial terminology and, once accustomed to the receipt of income from investments, developed a normal and wholesome appetite for more.

At the same time a number of major corporations, recognizing the public's increased interest, instituted a policy of greater frankness. Among these corporations General Motors was a leader.

For ten years General Motors has published not only its annual and quarterly earnings but also each month exactly how many cars have been sold to the dealers and delivered by them to the public; as well as current news regarding its overseas operations, its investments in allied industries, and all other developments of importance. No direct effort has been made to secure a wider distribution of securities among investors, yet the number of stockholders rose steadily from less than 2000 in 1917 to more than 71,000 in 1928.

During 1929 the increase was especially marked. There were 125 thousand in June and 140 thousand in November. Today their number has reached a total of more than 240 thousand—a gain of 115 thousand in the past twelve months.

General Motors believes that the soundness of American prosperity is aided by widespread public ownership of the larger industries, and is gratified to be one of the very few corporations in which nearly a quarter of a million Americans have indicated their faith by the investment of their savings.

GM GENERAL MOTORS

GENERAL MOTORS

"A CAR FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · MARQUETTE · OAKLAND
VIKING · BUICK · LaSALLE · CADILLAC · ALL WITH BODY BY FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW COACHES AND YELLOW CABS
FRIGIDAIRE—THE AUTOMATIC REFRIGERATOR
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GENERAL MOTORS RADIO · GMAC PLAN OF CREDIT PURCHASE

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A Bull on "Bonanza Preferred." Mr. Stock Buyer, New Style, Is a Little Hazy on How Fortunes Are Made

The Bonanza Fallacy

BY S. PALMER HARMAN

If you have observed even casually the innumerable charts that decorate the business pages of newspapers and magazines—charts showing output of commodities, merchandise exports, chain-store sales, corporate profits, prices of stocks and what not—you must have been struck with one characteristic common to nearly all of them. Surveyed over a long enough period, the sweep of the curve is inexorably upward wherever the reference is to dollar volume or ton-kilowatt-gallon volume of business transacted.

True, there are numerous hair-raising breaks in the line—breaks which have meant bankruptcy for business enterprises and distress for thousands of wage-earners and security holders. But here, as in the wider field of evolution, nature has been "careful of the type," even while ruthlessly destroying the individual. Every setback in the aggregates has been followed by a greater advance.

Men and women with money to invest have known these truths in general terms for a long time. They may be regarded as the statistical basis for the saying "Don't sell America short." But only within the last decade or less have great masses of people awakened to the fact that the charts might have a dollars-and-cents meaning to them. With eyes open at last they have read a meaning into those rising zigzags and, critically or uncritically, this is what they read: Here is a vast panorama of wealth on the upward march, and it accrues to those who own the common stocks of American corporations.

Consequently, a totally new concept has suddenly been injected into investment theory and practice—the concept of profit as a legitimate, perhaps the dominant, investment aim. Safety for the money at stake had previously been the touchstone by which the canny buyer tested his purchases, but in the new philosophy safety is swallowed up in gains, for if a stock is going to double in value in five years safety takes care of itself. There is, however, a fly in the sweet ointment of the new-style investing. The old precepts by which the security of a fixed-term, fixed-income investment might be judged went overboard, and there were no new precepts, widely understood and generally applied, to take their place.

Stocks have for generations been the medium of speculation. There has grown up around them a tradition of mystery and manipulation, of market rigging by powerful pools and individuals, of fortunes made by those in the know. To succeed at this game it is necessary to tap sources of reliable information, keep one's eye on the ticker and one's ear at the keyhole of great Wall Street offices. The fact that certain stocks might advance in accord with definite principles was slow in taking hold.

So the new-style stock buyer often has had very hazy ideas about how to tie his holdings to the rising prosperity curve shown in the charts. For lack of a better plan he still is inclined to act on tips picked up across the bridge table or in the club locker-room. Somewhere, he is convinced, is a stock that will make him rich. Somewhere—heaven help him find it—is another Standard Oil or Ford Motors in the making. Wanted: a bonanza!

This point of view, far from being new, is hoary with age. Consult Macaulay's description of the mania for joint-stock shares in the time of William the Third.

"A crowd of companies," says he, "every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence—the Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl Fishery Company, the Glass Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Sword-blade Company. There was a Tapestry Company, which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlours of the middle class." Others were a copper company, a diving company, and a Royal Academies Company which offered to instruct pupils in polite and useful

(Continued on page 38)

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NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES

The largest Fixed Trust*
in the United States

THE investment portfolio underlying NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES is composed of shares of common stock of the following outstanding corporations, deposited with Guaranty Trust Company of New York, Trustee—

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The Atchison, Top. & Santa Fe Ry. Co.
Canadian Pacific Railway Company
Illinois Central Railroad Company
Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co.
The New York Central Railroad Co.
The Pennsylvania Railroad Co.
Southern Pacific Company
Union Pacific Railroad Company

Oils

Royal Dutch Company (N. Y. Shares)
Standard Oil Company of California
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
Standard Oil Company of New York
The Texas Corporation

Industrials

American Rad. & Stand. Sanitary Corp.
The American Tobacco Co. (Class B)
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company
Eastman Kodak Company of N. J.
General Electric Company
Ingersoll-Rand Company
National Biscuit Company
Otis Elevator Company
United Fruit Company
United States Steel Corporation
Westinghouse Elec. & Mfg. Co.
F. W. Woolworth Company

Utilities

American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Consolidated Gas Co. of New York
The Western Union Telegraph Co.

A security valued today at more than the original offering price of last year—having returned 11.2% in the meantime.

Inquiries invited from Banks, Trustees, Institutions, Dealers and Investors

DISTRIBUTORS GROUP

Incorporated

63 Wall Street, New York

**** Over $80,000,000 purchased by investors.***

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(Continued from page 36)

accomplishments, including "the art of playing the theorbo."

Macaulay, we may take it, was a convinced buyer of Consols at 3 per cent, and properly scorned these get-rich-quick schemes. But look again at the enterprises which he names. In our time insurance securities rank as good investments. Money has been made in paper and glass bottles, though lutestrings have not done so well. Alum (modern equivalent: chemicals) is a promising industry to-day, coal made millionaires until it recently fell on evil times, the swordblade enterprise under good management would have begun to turn out carpenters' tools or safety razors when the demand for swordblades slumped. As for tapestry, certain great mail-order houses have found it profitable to supply pretty hangings for the homes of the middle class, besides nearly everything else that the middle class buys.

In a word, Macaulay's promoters, like most of their kind, were long on vision but short on organizing ability and technical skill, short on regard for what was possible, short on responsible backing. Their victims were gulled by the lure of the bonanza. The question is, can to-day's investor go in for future profits on a basis which will meet the requirements of common sense? Where are the bonanzas of which we hear so much, and how can they be recognized?

There are listed on the New York Stock Exchange about 850 common stock issues. Other exchanges throughout the country, and the vast "over-the-counter" market account for thousands more. Our common stock buyer having necessarily abandoned most of the old rules for estimating safety, and being keen on sharing the benefits of the rising prosperity curve, it behooves him to approach this labyrinth of issues with a clear idea of what he is about. Without a fairly definite philosophy he will find himself tricked and stripped, for he will have no guide but impulse, and for deep-lying psychological reasons impulse in the stock-market is almost invariably wrong.

Lying before me are the lists of stocks owned by five investment trusts, members of that remarkable group of enterprises which has sprung to life in the last five or six years as proponents of the new method of common-stock investing. The longest list contains about one hundred and forty names, the smallest thirty-one. There are ten stocks which occur in all five lists, fourteen which occur in four, twenty in three and twenty-one in two. Without exception they are the stocks of powerful, well-established corporations,

(Continued on page 40)

A DECADE OF GROWTH

SIGNIFICANT of the productivity and progressiveness of the area served by the Associated Gas and Electric System is the 109% increase in gross earnings, the 248% increase in net earnings and the 99% increase in the number of customers for the period 1920–1929 as shown below.

Dec. 31	Annual Earnings Gross	Annual Earnings *Net	Sales K.W.H.	Number of Customers Electric	Number of Customers Gas, Water, etc.
1920	$ 49,410,687	$14,449,787	1,020,912,328	342,373	344,651
1921	53,301,038	17,195,389	985,365,167	381,238	353,871
1922	56,828,970	20,663,844	1,143,467,323	444,233	369,660
1923	63,638,228	24,325,142	1,348,986,857	513,007	381,288
1924	67,417,018	26,733,159	1,400,942,454	590,692	398,527
1925	73,977,348	31,531,123	1,579,150,849	665,366	416,896
1926	81,646,959	35,652,028	1,854,708,852	736,451	437,490
1927	88,113,621	40,148,195	1,921,527,571	782,887	454,228
1928	93,624,445	43,196,594	2,110,949,196	845,551	465,487
1929	103,556,864	50,282,036	2,372,274,311	896,630	472,231

*Before depreciation.

To make an Associated System investment write for Circular G-3.

Associated Gas and Electric Company

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WITH total assets of more than a billion dollars, the CITIES SERVICE organization takes rank as one of America's greatest industrial enterprises.

It is growing each year, because the more than 125 companies controlled, through stock ownership, by CITIES SERVICE COMPANY market products and services that are in growing demand as necessities of modern life—electric light and power, natural and manufactured gas, and petroleum.

CITIES SERVICE has been growing for 19 years—many of its constituent companies have been growing still longer—some for half a century. The consolidated gross earnings of the organization are now in excess of $185,000,000, and steadily rising.

CITIES SERVICE earnings are shared by more than 362,000 investors who are holders of CITIES SERVICE COMPANY Common stock—one of the most popular and widely distributed common stocks in the world's investment markets.

At the current market price, CITIES SERVICE Common stock yields, annually, over 6½% in stock and cash, dividends being paid monthly.

When you invest in CITIES SERVICE Common stock you become a partner in this highly successful enterprise, with a record of nineteen years of growth—and an assured future of greater usefulness.

Mail the coupon below and we will send you, without obligation on your part, an interesting booklet describing CITIES SERVICE and its investment securities.

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A view of Ponca City refinery of Empire Oil and Refining Company

DIRECTLY or through affiliated companies this Cities Service subsidiary is engaged in producing, transporting, refining and marketing of petroleum products.

The principal producing properties are located in the Mid-Continent field and the four refineries, with a daily refining capacity of 20,500 barrels of crude oil, are connected with the various producing wells of the system and wells of other companies through 900 miles of oil pipe line.

Refined petroleum products are distributed through more than 540 tank and service stations located in twelve states.

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Cities Service Radio Program—every Friday, 8 P.M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time—N. B. C. Coast-to-Coast and Canadian network—WEAF and 32 Associated Stations.

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Send copy of booklet describing the Cities Service organization and the investment possibilities of its securities.

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(Continued from page 38)

leaders in their respective fields, rich in cash and other quick assets, most of them with substantial dividend records.

This unanimity of judgment gives us an important clew. It seems to indicate that there is arising a certain aristocracy of common stocks, selected and certified by students of investment who, regardless of their individual limitations, are probably better able to choose a list of good securities than the average individual. It is not necessary to dismiss all the stocks outside of those held in common by three or four trusts as unworthy of the buyer's consideration. Another group of investment trust holdings would reveal other favorites. The point is that professional investment managers agree on a remarkably restricted collection of stocks as offering the best possibilities.

What becomes of the bonanza idea? Where are the windfalls? What about the new and promising enterprises, the companies which have not yet made good but are sure to do so, the stocks that are going to advance because of mysterious happenings or because they have been tipped for manipulation by a Wall Street pool?

If the investment trust managers are right, it appears that the bonanzas are to be found among the companies whose names are household words, from which the element of mystery has been pretty well deleted. Purchased and held as a group, such companies are described as a cross-section of American industry. The implication is obvious: such a group, because it is widely representative, tends to identify itself with the composite picture of national prosperity presented by those fascinating charts previously referred to. They represent an average, a norm, whereas the single specialized enterprise, however promising its field, necessarily departs from the norm.

Back of these selections, no doubt, is the conviction that commercial victory goes to the corporations carrying the heaviest guns in the way of financial resources, proven management, and established position. In the close-knit fabric of American business the leaders enjoy other important advantages. They have the facilities for carrying on the enormous and costly research which more and more is necessary. New developments gravitate in their direction. An illustration is the way in which the talking movies and the radio have tended to align themselves as functions of the electrical communications and electrical manufacturing enterprises.

When all is said, however, about the strength

(Concluded on page 42)

MEMBERS:
New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, and Hartford Stock Exchanges

Chicago Board of Trade

New York Cotton Exchange

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New York
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Detroit
Springfield
Worcester
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An investor in Railroad Securities

IN 1929 there were transported by the railroads of the United States 2,427,000,000 tons of revenue freight and 780,000,000 passengers. A total of over $25,000,000,000 has been invested in the properties of these carriers. They employ some 1,700,000 persons who receive yearly wages of nearly three billion dollars.

Since 1916 American railroads have increased their gross earnings 75%, their capital only 13% and their outstanding common stocks only 4%. They have expended billions of dollars from earnings and capital to increase property accounts and operating efficiency.

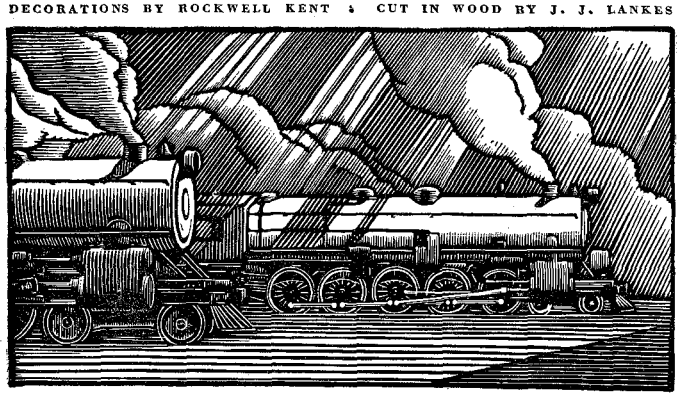
United Founders Corporation and subsidiaries own diversified railroad securities, representing substantial investments but no control of properties. At present these investments are in railways of leading American systems operating over 60% of the Class I mileage in the United States.

With its railroad holdings, United Founders combines investments in other basic fields. It has important investments in leading systems in the electric power and light industry in addition to its interests in investment companies, banks and insurance companies.

Through control of American Founders Corporation, United Founders is interested in a group of investment companies which have operated successfully over a number of years. This interest provides United Founders also with extensive economic, analytical and research service.

The operations of United Founders Corporation are directed to obtain the cumulative and substantial results which accrue from long-pull, managed investing.

DECORATIONS BY ROCKWELL KENT ✦ CUT IN WOOD BY J. J. LANKES



UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

This advertisement is the third of a series outlining the investment activities of United Founders Corporation

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Rapid Transit "L" trains use this "busiest cross-over in the world"—an average of 224 trains of 1244 cars passing here during the busiest hour daily [20 cars a minute]. During last winter's record blizzard, over 5,000,000 passengers were carried by the "L" in one week. Commonwealth Edison Company supplies electricity for power, heat and light.

Commonwealth Edison Company

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Commonwealth Edison Company has paid 162 consecutive quarterly dividends to its stockholders. Send for Year Book. Stock listed on The Chicago Stock Exchange.

A $400,000,000 System of Electric and Water Properties With Established Earnings Records

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INVESTMENTS that ENDURE

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New York Milwaukee Minneapolis Louisville
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Kansas City Detroit San Francisco

(Continued from page 40)

of the great corporations and their superior chances of success, mutability remains an unescapable law in the field of business, and no corporation of to-day holds the future in fee. At any rate, no corporation in the past has done so, and prudence whispers that the basic facts are unchanged. Further, whole fields of industry undergo emergence and submergence. Where are the swordblade companies to-day, and where was radio twenty years ago? A list of companies which might have looked impregnable at the beginning of the present century would contain strange candidates to-day for our list of common-stock aristocrats.

For all that, it is possible for such a group to make a brilliant price showing. One such list of twenty-five stocks indicates that a theoretical investment equally divided among them in 1901 would have increased in value nine-fold in twenty-five years. Numerous other statistical studies reveal the same trend, though one recent investigator has shown how such a list may work out at a tidy loss.

Here, then, we have the paradox which lies at the heart of common-stock investing. For maximum profit the buyer must be prepared to hold his securities for a term of years, in order that the course of his investments may at least roughly parallel the rising prosperity curve. On the other hand he should be prepared to sell any securities which show signs of deviating permanently from that curve, lest his average profits be pulled down and possibly converted into a loss.

Difficulties such as these indicate the wide gap between equity investing, or the holding of an owner's interest subordinate to the funded debt, and investing in fixed-income securities which are cushioned against the shocks of business life by the existence of that equity. But the prosperity curve has become a national symbol, confidence in its continued rise is deeply embedded, and the taste for profits dominates the investment point of view of increasing multitudes of buyers.

To gauge the extent of this taste it is only necessary to recall that the current dividend yield on high-grade stocks is substantially lower than that on high-grade bonds. Every individual who buys such a stock in preference to a bond is betting that he will be more than compensated, in the long run, for the present sacrifice of income. To realize these expectations, however, demands a peculiar kind of skill and mental steadfastness, and those will profit most who have the clearest grasp of the rules of the game.

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Understanding England

More Products from Aldous Huxley's Overcrowded Brain—A Novel of Hushed-Up Scandals in the Reign of Good King Edward—Guarded Opinions of America

By R. E. SHERWOOD

BRIEF CANDLES, BY ALDOUS HUXLEY.
Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. $2.50.

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY is to me a singularly terrifying individual. He knows so much, and while it would be unfair to say that he flaunts that knowledge, he keeps it always in evidence to discomfort the ignorant reader. If he were only a specialist, master of one coherent group of subjects, he would be easier to bear; but he has a complete grasp of everything from Etruscan art to Rotarianism, and can without effort employ instances from the most outlandish sources to adorn his meanings. He has also an enlightened understanding of the simpler and yet less readily ascertainable mortal fundamentals, and this understanding seems to be gaining in strength and in importance in his consciousness, and will probably shove his appalling erudition into the background where it belongs.

"Brief Candles" is a collection of four small novels. The first two (justifying the title) are terminated with deaths; the other two might have gone for hundreds of pages, though one may be grateful that they didn't. It is in these stories that have no endings that Mr. Huxley is at his impressive best. With remorseless accuracy he has fashioned some truly terrible characters; and though, having created them, he doesn't know just what to do with them, he manages to make the reader so acutely aware of their actuality, their very physical nearness, that it is a positive relief to discover that one doesn't have to accompany them any further through their dismal careers. Why bother with them at all? you may inquire, but I can assure you that however much Martha Claxton (that good woman) or Miles Fanning (that prodigiously brilliant bore) may enrage you, you will concede that they are amply worth knowing. In Fanning, Mr. Huxley achieves a real triumph, for he introduces him as a fabulously successful novelist, a "man who understands women," and then enables him to be just that. He quotes enough from Fanning's mouth and from his pen to convince us that the man's works are persuasively profound and immensely popular and that in the lot of them is not one ounce of genuine weight.

Aldous Huxley is not a glad author. He has no love for his creatures. In painting his careful portraits of all of them he is actuated by a terrible, searing snobbishness which, however, he is artist enough to make harrowingly plausible.

THE EDWARDIANS, BY V. SACKVILLE-WEST.
London: The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

The brief reign of King Edward VII was a calm, elegant, genial interlude between the strenuous century which began with Napoleon Bonaparte and ended with Victoria and the gigantic effort of 1914. This placid period provides the substance of Miss Sackville-West's new novel which, appropriately enough, is very mild but pleasantly entertaining. The background of the slight story is a superb one: a ducal country estate, with its masters, mistresses, guests, servants, tenants and imperishable traditions. Throughout the fabric of this musty background is woven the pageant of English society, frequently irregular but never incorrect, with the immaculate Homburg hat of his late majesty as its focal point.

Miss Sackville-West's novel has also a foreground, occupied principally by a young duke and his problems, but this is less believable and therefore less interesting.

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In a foreword to "The Edwardians" it is explained that "No character in this book is wholly fictitious," which would seem to be a somewhat too consciously provocative touch.

THE AMERICAN ILLUSION, BY COLLINSON OWEN. *London: Ernest Benn, Ltd.* 10s. 6d.

The author of "The American Illusion" confesses that it is almost impossible for an English visitor to the United States to record his true impressions of that vast welter of prohibition, prosperity, sex appeal and gang-warfare; for, says he, every guest from overseas is so sedulously seduced by American hospitality that, in the name of common decency, he must needs keep his real opinions out of print.

Mr. Owen tries valiantly to overcome this difficulty by blending compliments (for well-bred, broad-minded individuals) with complaints against the shocking, noisy, criminal mass; but his compliments are so graceful as to be unassailably sincere, whereas his protests sound half-hearted, half-truths. Nothing that he can say against America (and he obviously wishes to say a great deal) is nearly so valid or so vehement as the normal utterances of H. L. Mencken, Elmer Davis, Charles Merz or other native flame-throwers. The trouble with Mr. Owen is that he suffers from the British national vice of politeness, a vice of which we American he-men are happily free. He expresses numerous grave doubts and apprehensions, but he lacks the gumption or perhaps the venom to carry them to their logical conclusions.

Any American reading "The American Illusion" will be interested primarily in the author's absorption in the movies. Though he visited New York, Chicago and the Grand Canyon in a perfunctory manner, his real objective was Hollywood. Such is "the city of romance." He was puzzled to observe that New York laughs insultingly at Hollywood when, in his own London (which he calls, amazingly, "the most sophisticated city in the world"), Hollywood is taken with intense and reverent seriousness.

I have a suspicion that Mr. Owen wrote his book more for the benefit of American readers than for English ones. He is trying to interpret to them England's attitude toward their country. He does this intelligently and often very amusingly, but he can't quite escape from the slightly erroneous belief that England's attitude has always been that of the protective and infinitely forgiving big brother.

I hope that "The American Illusion" will be published in the United States and will reach many readers. They will agree with almost everything Mr. Owen says and profit by many of his comments, even though they may regret that he gained much of his knowledge of international relations by sitting at the feet of William Randolph Hearst.

A NEW BOOK ON WASHINGTON

THE UNKNOWN WASHINGTON: BIOGRAPHIC ORIGINS OF THE REPUBLIC, BY JOHN CORBIN. *Charles Scribner's Sons.* $4.

In order to establish the correctness of a premise developed Mr. Corbin has made an effort to trace out the development of the elusive character of Washington and to determine how and in what manner he came to the position that not only enabled him to lead the individually jealous colonies through the Revolution, but also to abide with them through the days of the Confederation —"the zero hour" of American history—and then to help weld them through the instrumentality of the Constitution into a cohesive and powerful nation. The result, though not strictly a biographical study, is yet a book of absorbing interest. Washington's early career is depicted in its more significant aspects, his abiding love for Sally Fairfax, his neighbor's wife, is narrated with sympathetic insight, and his dramatic handling of the threatened mutiny of his officers at Newburgh is effectively set forth. Washington is pictured in the days following the Revolution, not as a soldier whose work was done, but rather as a statesman, who after a brief respite, undertook to help finish the work begun by the soldier.

The eyes of the world were turned upon the American people to discover whether republican institutions were to fail once more or to endure. Washington had crushed the Newburgh attempt of the army's "threatened departure from strict constitutional republicanism," only to find leading men willing to compromise our national honor in the name of a poor particularism that all but strangled the Constitution in the hour of its birth. Though he "was a surveyor and not an engineer, a planter and not a merchant," Mr. Corbin believes Washington, in fact, "something more than either. He was the creative force of the great modern republic." Because his "knowledge of the people was broad and his regard for them

(Continued on page 12)

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James Boyd

Long Hunt

by James Boyd, *author of "Drums," etc.*

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was deep," Washington always "frankly realistic" counselled the Constitutional Convention "to raise a standard to which the wise and good might repair" that the democratic dogmas of specious equality and incipient communism might be laid. What he urged and what the Constitution intended was "to establish liberty as opposed to equality, an organic balance of orders and interests as opposed to atomistic democracy —in short a republic." The resulting conflict between the spirits of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution, between Jefferson and Hamilton, is here concisely stated. The struggle between these opposing conceptions of democracy continues unabated the world over, no less than in the United States.

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The essence of Washington's position in the formation of the Constitution was that while he favored a government of and for the people, he felt that this government should be administered by a really select body of leaders. To this extent he stood between Hamilton on the one hand and Jefferson on the other. Hamilton is viewed as "the abortive young leader" who though "Brilliantly progressive and creative along financial and economic lines" was yet politically "backward-looking" with a "heart . . . curiously untouched by love of the American people or by sympathetic understanding of them." Jefferson, on his part, with an "unreality of thought" that insisted on a strict construction of the Constitution, yet wavered "with time and tide and with his own political predicament" between democracy and republicanism. "Unbalanced John Adams" who "was beyond a doubt, the Great Constitutionalist" and whose "thought seems to have been a decisive factor in shaping the ideology of . . . Washington" was a consistent upholder of the true "constitutional principle—a balance between the wisdom of the few and the

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will of the many." This conception became "basic in the constitutional thought of Washington."

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T. R. H.

THE ETERNAL RICHELIEU

RICHELIEU, BY HILAIRE BELLOC.
J. B. Lippincott and Co. $5.

In matters of style and diction Mr. Belloc is a delight, and from time to time he is an intel-

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lectual stimulus. It is necessary, however, to qualify the second compliment. Mr. Belloc may always be depended on for one major historical assumption—the eternal glory of Catholic Christendom and the baneful effects of a wicked Protestantism. No one should object to the assumption; but one may register annoyance in finding it repeated in all of his books without accompanying proof.

In this biography we meet again the author of "The French Revolution" and of "The Servile State." Once more we are caught in the swift rush of his clean sentences and rejoice as always in his terse and vivid epigrams. And as usual we are disappointed by his failure to enlarge upon and to substantiate his old familiar thesis. For instance, we are told that French culture and the Catholic faith are identical; but to prove this literally nothing follows. Tradition, according to Mr. Belloc, is a word synonymous with civilization. As the statement of a general truth some might consider this announcement invalid; once made, however, it receives no elaboration at the hands of Mr. Belloc. Nationalism, we are assured, is the curse of contemporary Europe and for it Protestantism is responsible. Here is a hypothesis worthy of an entire volume; but in this book it is loudly proclaimed and then apparently forgotten.

In his "Richelieu," as in his shorter "French Revolution," Mr. Belloc does four things: he makes a number of striking and arresting generalizations; with rapid stroke of pen he describes vividly a number of personages; with precise logic and in well-balanced proportion he covers a considerable stretch of narrative history; and finally he dwells in loving detail upon battles, sieges, war, and military strategy. In writing on the latter, unless we include Mr. John Buchan, he is without a peer. But to accomplish the above is not the professed aim of his "Richelieu," either as stated in the first chapter or in the conclusion. Mr. Belloc has demonstrated once again that he is both a skilled artist and an indefatigable student. In philosophy, however, his rank is not high, and he continues to be the despair of the historian.

W. P. H.

WILKES, FRIEND OF AMERICA

THAT DEVIL WILKES, BY R. W. POSTGATE.
The Vanguard Press. $4.

A study of the famous 18th-century English apostle of liberty, most maligned and admired man of his age; the book's chief merit lies in its readability. Scattered through the text are a number of Wilkes's epigrams and witticisms. Thoroughgoing sensualist, avowed libertine, Wilkes possessed courage and political integrity. An idealist, despite his cynicism, he seemed to devoted followers (rich city merchants, the proletariat and the American colonists) a phenomenon, being both honest and a Member of Parliament! This dissolute incorruptible secured the liberty of the press, nullified general warrants and vindicated the rights of electors against Parliament.

D. de K.

THE COWBOY AS HISTORY

MY REMINISCENCES AS A COWBOY, BY FRANK HARRIS.
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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FRANK TARBEAUX, BY DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE.
Vanguard Press. $2.50.

Indians, cattle, horse-flesh and danger made up the early lives of Tarbeaux and Harris. They were later frock-coated friends in London and Paris. Wild Bill Hickok, that legendary hero, was an associate of both, revered by Tarbeaux and respected but not loved by Harris. As you read these books do not be too eager to set down these early tales as the mere garrulousness of romantic old men. The Old West was in truth a fabulous, unbelievable land, full of characters who will in years to come—and justly so—assume a place among the American deities.

Aside from the fact that he seems to slight the European days of Tarbeaux, of which we wanted to hear more, Mr. Clarke handles the story with gusto and high competence. All of your resentment at the literary dialogue of Harris's cowboys and at the thought he might be asking you to believe a trifle too much, disappears when he gets to the epic scenes of the cattle coming North to market. The theft of the cattle from the Mexicans, the stampedes, the Indian raids, the dash for help, the struggle to keep the cattle from kicking each other to death on the freight-cars, and the climax of the great Chicago fire. It is American history at the most thrilling.

K. S. C.

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